

Outdoor America

NOVEMBER,
1928

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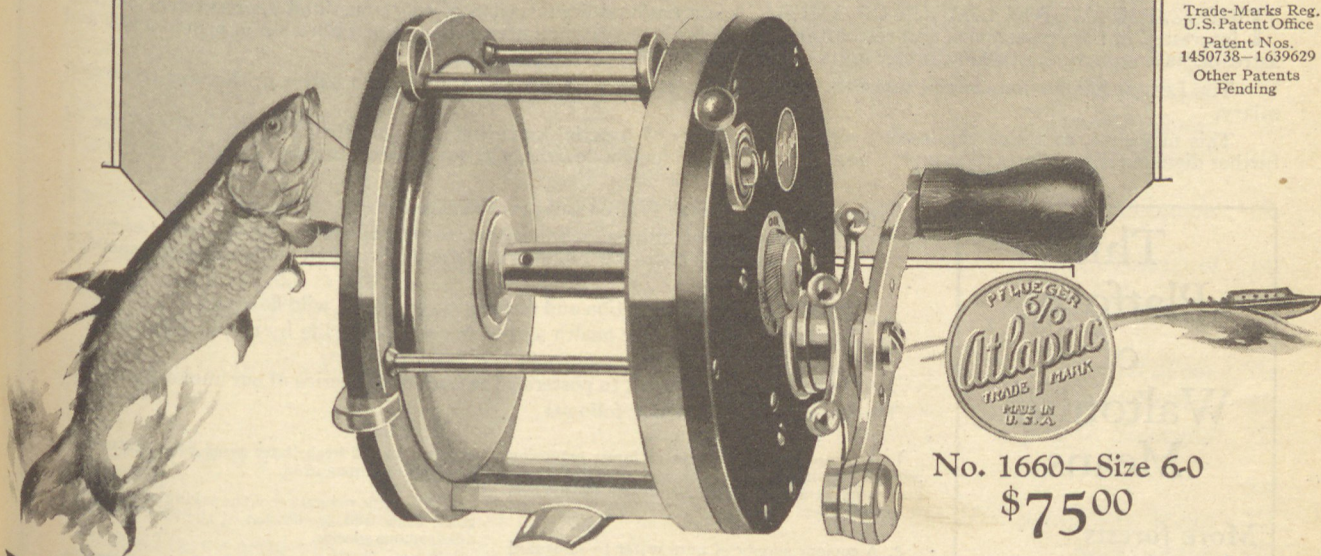
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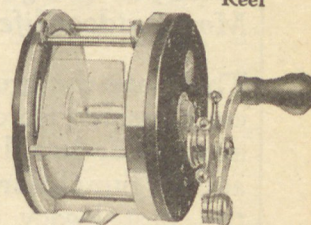
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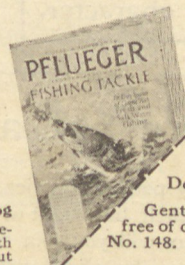
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THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA is a national organization of sportsmen and sportswomen actively interested in the preservation and restoration of America's recreational areas and the perpetuation of sports afield and astream, having more than 3000 chapter units throughout North America.

The League has no commercial interests, political alliances or religious affiliations. No officer or director receives a salary.

This magazine, to which the leading writers and artists of America contribute, is published only for the purpose of further disseminating information on the necessity for conserving the remnants of our national heritage.

This Platform of Waltonism Means

*More forests
More clean streams
More fish and game
More outdoor life*

These are the greatest blessings we can acquire for ourselves and for our children, the best legacy we can leave them, adding to their happiness, their health, and their character.

The objects of the Izaak Walton League of America are:

To develop opportunities for the enjoyment of the great outdoors as an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of our people.

To encourage the protection and restoration of woods, wild flowers and wild life. To safeguard the public health and conserve aquatic life by the elimination of pollution, and

To restore and transmit to posterity the Outdoor America of our ancestors.

The League's platform is as follows:

1. A comprehensive system of forest extension and management, reforestation of denuded areas, and proper encouragement to private landowners to grow timber.

2. A copious supply of pure water to safeguard public health and conserve aquatic life, and an aggressive campaign to eradicate pollution from inland and coastal waters.

3. Opposition to drainage projects which injure natural resources without equivalent benefit to the general public, and the restoration of unwisely drained areas.

4. More adequate protection for beneficial wild life, and the establishment of an ample number of properly administered fish and game refuges, and public fishing and hunting grounds.

5. The establishment of sufficient fish hatcheries and game farms for increased propagation and wider distribution of fish and game.

6. The establishment of biological experiment stations for the training of scientific workers to guarantee expert supervision of all game and fish propagation and distribution.

7. Opposition to the sale and interstate shipment

of game and of fresh water game fishes, except for purposes of propagation.

8. Scientific regulation of the taking of salt water game fishes and prohibition of the sale of certain anadromous species.

9. Encouragement of a more universal appreciation of the aesthetic and economic value of our birds and wild flowers.

10. To develop greater opportunities for and encouragement of outdoor recreation as an essential part of the character-building, and the spiritual and physical development of the American people, especially our boys and girls.

11. The practice of true sportsmanship, respect for the property of others, and strenuous opposition to all unfair and illegal methods.

12. The teaching of nature study and the fundamental principles of conservation in all schools of America.

13. Co-operation with all organizations having like aims and better co-ordination of the efforts of such organizations with state and governmental agencies.

14. An unceasing militant educational campaign to attain the declared objects of the Izaak Walton League.

Are You a Man

who will passively permit America, our boys and our girls to be robbed of their birthright of health, happiness, prosperity and sport, or will you join and aid this League, save and restore that vanishing heritage?

Answer Now!

Izaak Walton League, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago:

I will help. Here is my \$5 for membership and OUTDOOR AMERICA for a year. Assign me to a chapter if there is a local one.

Name.....

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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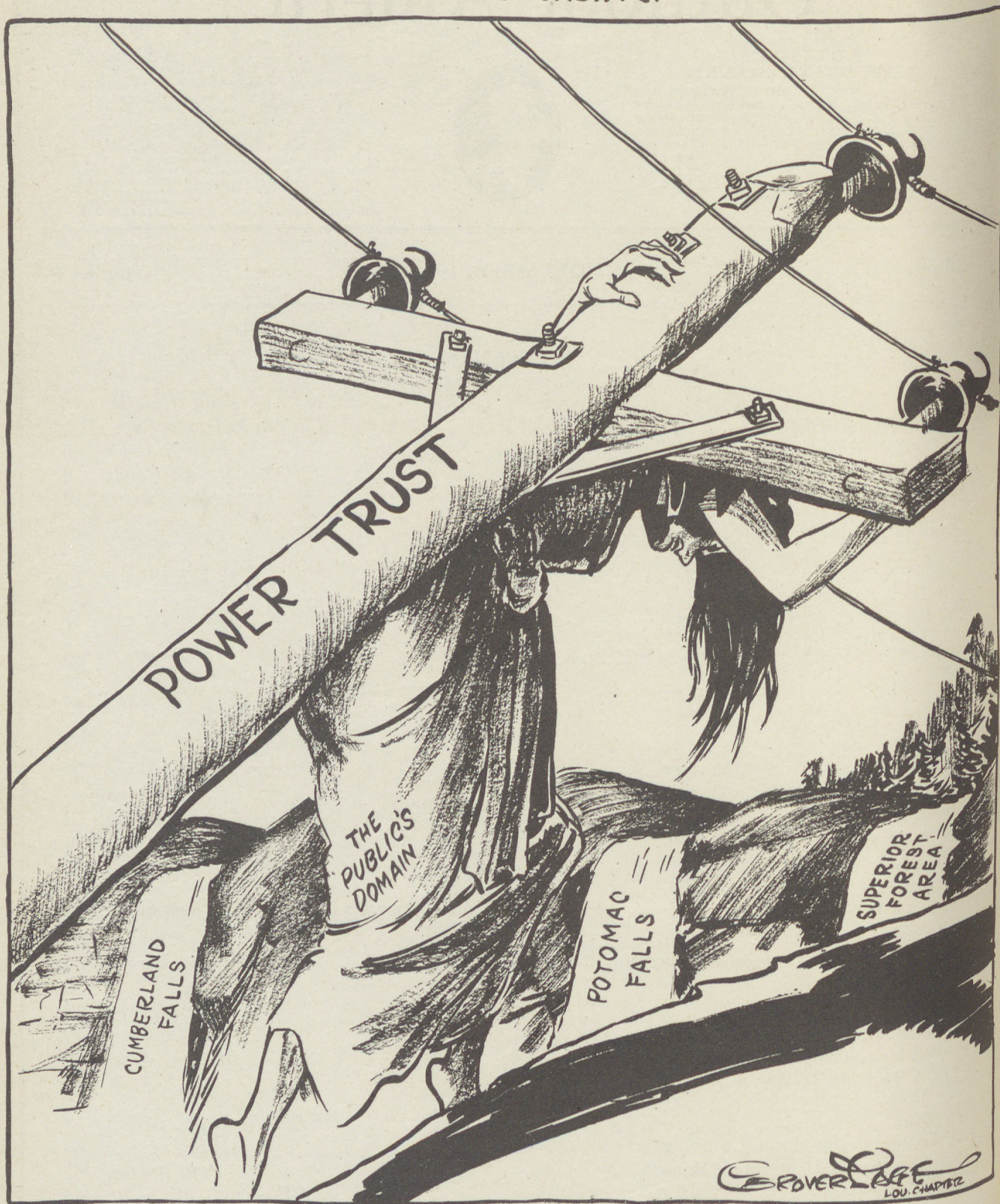
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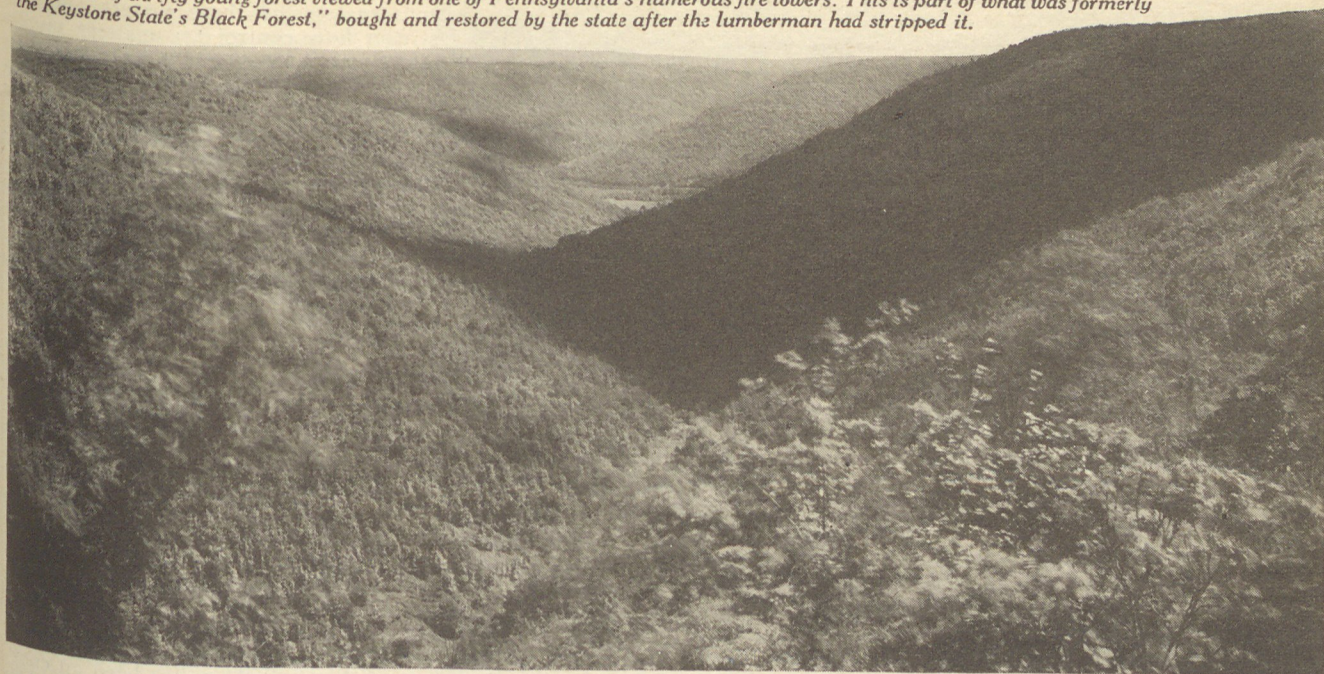
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THE ROAD TO CALVARY



The Izaak Walton League has vigorously protested the recent recommendation of Mr. O. C. Merrill, Executive Secretary of the Federal Water Power Commission, that a permit be granted for the hydro-electric development of Kentucky's greatest scenic beauty, Cumberland Falls.

Many miles of thrifty young forest viewed from one of Pennsylvania's numerous fire towers. This is part of what was formerly "the Keystone State's Black Forest," bought and restored by the state after the lumberman had stripped it.



\$25,000,000 for Forests

Pennsylvania Promotes Another Master Stroke in Conservation

PENNSYLVANIA has been held up as a shining example of what can be accomplished in conservation work by following a consistent, businesslike long-term policy. At the coming election the people of that state will vote upon, and undoubtedly approve, another forward step—a \$25,000,000 bond issue for state forests. This step will in all probability be emulated by many other states. Every thickly populated state needs more public-owned lands upon which not only to grow a future supply of forest products, but to furnish places for public recreational uses.—EDITOR.

By JOHN E. GABLE

PENN'S WOODS, the leading lumber producing state in 1860, was so badly denuded by unwise lumbering practices and carelessness with forest fires that only fifty years later the Keystone State ranked twenty-first in lumber production.

Statesmen with foresight, led by the late Doctor Joseph T. Rothrock, prevailed upon the state to begin buying back her cutover land and to establish a real forward-looking forest policy. The groundwork was well laid by Doctor Rothrock and his associates, and the forest practices and accomplishments of Pennsylvania today stand at the head of the list.

But the work has really only begun, and after 29 years of irregular acquisition of state forest lands, Pennsylvania votes Tuesday, November 6, on an amendment to the constitution authorizing the state to issue bonds to the amount of \$25,000,000 for the purchase of lands for state forest purposes. This is purely a banking proposition, and the Legislature may retire the bonds by appropriation as fast as they are issued if that body desires to do so.

The Forest Bond issue has long had strong endorsement by various organizations, but the process of getting the question to a vote on the ballot has been a slow one.

Began in 1899

BEGINNING with 1899, when 17,010 acres were acquired, Pennsylvania's State forest areas were increased until in 1915 the total was 1,000,405 acres. Since that time the additions have been small, the total acreage January 1, 1928, being 1,133,051. There were a number of reasons. Forestry heads like Gifford Pinchot sought to develop lands already acquired rather than to buy more lands. The war period made appropriations more difficult while it was demonstrating the need for reforestation and the increas-

ing value of timber and timber products. And a state administration of four years devoted its energies largely to the wiping out of indebtedness and the balancing of actual appropriations of funds with appropriation obligations which had piled up.

Resume Purchase of Land

THE present administration at its beginning found a strong demand for resumption of forest land purchases as well as a speeding up of forest planting, equipment and manning of forest stations, construction of fire towers and roads and trails, and increased capacity of nurseries. This expressed itself in liberal regular appropriations and a \$500,000 appropriation for forest land purchase by the Legislature of 1927, and the adoption of a purchase program under Governor John S. Fisher and Secretary Charles E. Dorworth of the Department of Forests and Waters. Meanwhile, however, the technical deficits in the State Treasury have disappeared. Instead there are large accumulations of cash on hand, with prospects of continued increased cash balances unless the revenues of the State shrink unexpectedly or the sources of revenue are changed by legislation.

A Battle in Prospect

BECAUSE ample money is available now, State Treasurer Samuel S. Lewis is openly advocating a "pay-as-you-go" policy on forestry and other matters. There are two principal answers to the contention of Treasurer Lewis. First, no General Assembly can bind any succeeding Legislature to any policy as to biennial appropriations for any purpose, but each General Assembly will be bound by the Constitution to provide funds for interest on and for the



The water supply for the City of York has been safeguarded and the flow equalized by planting the watershed with thousands of forest trees. Many Pennsylvania cities receive a similarly protected water supply from the State's public forests.

retirement of outstanding bonds. Second, the purpose of a forest bond issue and the nature of the expenditure is different from all the other proposed bond issues or any outstanding bonds. Forestry is a long-time investment; not simply a cash expenditure.

Master of Grange for Bonds

MR. E. B. DORSETT, Master of the State Grange, which has always adhered to a pay-as-you-go policy, says borrowing as proposed for forestry in Pennsylvania is a real pay-as-you-go plan. An enabling act already passed provides that not more than \$2,500,000 of the \$25,000,000 to be authorized shall be issued in any one year, so that at least 10 years will be required for completion of the purchase program with the proceeds of the bonds, and no price-gouging will be likely as might be the case were the entire fund available at one time, and any session of the Legislature can appropriate funds to retire the bonds already issued, or may halt the program if for any reason a halt appears advisable.

Pennsylvania's hunters and fishermen know that state-owned forests are essential to good hunting and fishing. These two armies are perhaps the strongest support of the forest program.

Purpose of State Forests

THE State itself recognizes other purposes of forestry than the production of timber, and these purposes have been written into the basic law embodied in the Administrative Code of 1923. This law says the State forests are created:

"To provide a continuous supply of timber, lumber, wood and other forest products, to protect the watersheds, conserve the waters and regulate the flow of rivers and streams of the state, and to furnish opportunities for healthful recreation to the public."

Wood—Water—Recreation. Lumber was long a principal product and the basis of a leading industry in Pennsylvania. The principal waters are three rivers, historic hunting and fishing grounds in magnificent timber—the Delaware, the Susquehanna and the headwaters of the Ohio, the Allegheny from the north and the Monongahela from the south. The "opportunities for healthful recreation" are those of approximately 10,000,000 people. The

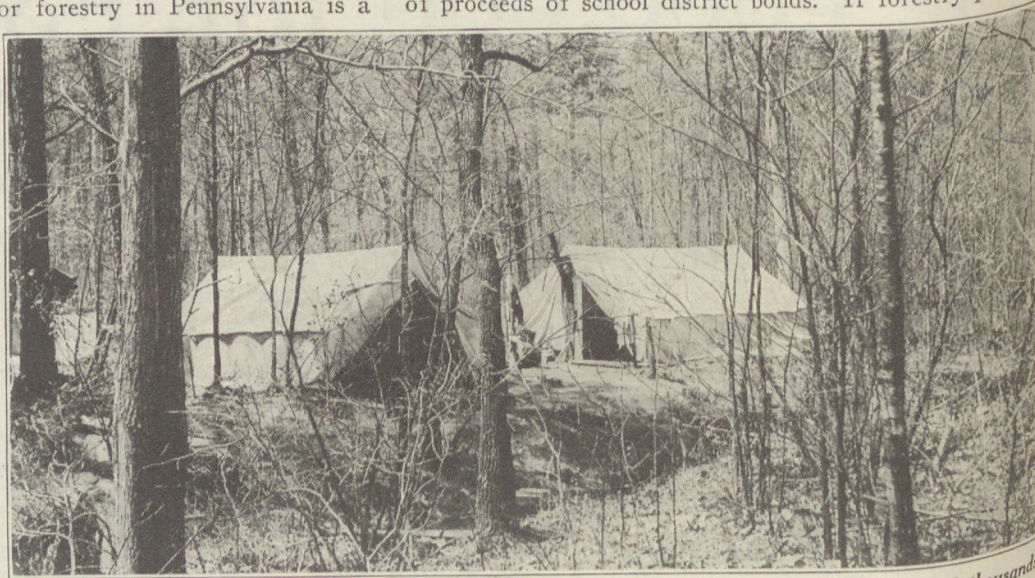
conservation of these waters and the stream flow control are matters vitally affecting the enormous industries of the greatest industrial state of the Union, some of the richest agricultural lands in the nation, and the lives of all the people dependent upon them. The forest development on the Allegheny and the Monongahela watersheds will have its effect upon all the states bordering the Ohio and the Mississippi down to the Gulf of Mexico. The reforestation of Penn's Woods is a matter of interest to the people of all the land.

Profits Go to Schools

THE Keystone State has a provision in its law creating the department of forests and waters which adds a special interest to the forest bond question. The Administrative Code says:

"The net receipts arising out of the occupancy and use of State forests hereunder shall be paid into the State Treasury, and shall belong to and form a part of the State School Fund."

The State aids the local school districts. In all classes of school districts, from the cities of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh to the lesser rural districts, there has been an enormous expansion in public school facilities and much of the construction and equipment of new buildings is by the use of proceeds of school district bonds. If forestry pays in



A hunting camp on Father Penn's public-owned lands. The State forests of Pennsylvania furnish thousands of good sites to pitch a tent for hunting or fishing, or for the erection of substantial camps and summer homes.

Pennsylvania, when built up by low-interest State bonds, the schools will benefit. If the present area of a little over a million acres of State forest is a good investment, the proposed area of five or six million acres to be acquired by bonds will be a much better investment. The sooner these lands are bought and developed, the sooner the schools and the State as a whole will profit. So the friends of the public schools in Pennsylvania become the allies of the hunters and the fishermen, the tree lovers and the timber users, in support of the bond issue.

Stories in Statistics

STATISTICALLY the most consistent figures are those set down in the income column for Pennsylvania State forests.

The annual income statement begins with \$1,227.87 in 1900; runs up to \$88,199.46 in 1924; was \$62,263.66 in 1927, and totals \$701,138.05 up to and including 1927.

Of this amount \$427,462.39 has been deposited under the State School Fund. The Forest Department operated under four different laws in the period of accounting. A clear definition of what shall constitute net receipts from use



and occupancy is being sought for enactment into law. This definition is not likely to take into account all of the elements of overhead, supervision, management and profit and loss such as would go into a purely commercial accounting. The schools are more apt to gain than lose by this recognition of the fact that the State is not, strictly speaking, in the timber producing and lumber industry in competition with private persons or corporations.

Average Cost Per Acre

THE average cost of forest lands for the 153,000 acres contracted for under the 1927 appropriations, which made a resumption of buying possible, was \$2.81 per acre. The average for the 1,133,051 acres up to 1927 was \$2.29 per acre, the total cost being \$2,561,702.58. The average price per year, including survey, title search and other costs, has varied from 16 cents to \$3.11 per acre.

An interesting story is told too in the tabulation of the number of forest trees planted by years, beginning with 1,000 for 1899. By 1910 the number was increased to well over 1,000,000; by 1913 to over 3,000,000; by 1916 to 5,500,000 and by 1918 to more than 6,000,000. Then, with curtailed appropriations and a change in policy, the number dropped to 238,000 in 1920, climbed to over 500,000 in 1923 and is now back to about 1,000,000, where it is likely to remain for several years. The total State forest plantings to date are 37,720,419 trees.

But a new story began at the million mark in 1910. The State started to supply trees for planting to private landowners. The distribution in 1910 was 66,374, went over 100,000 in 1914 and in 1916 spurted to nearly 1,500,000.

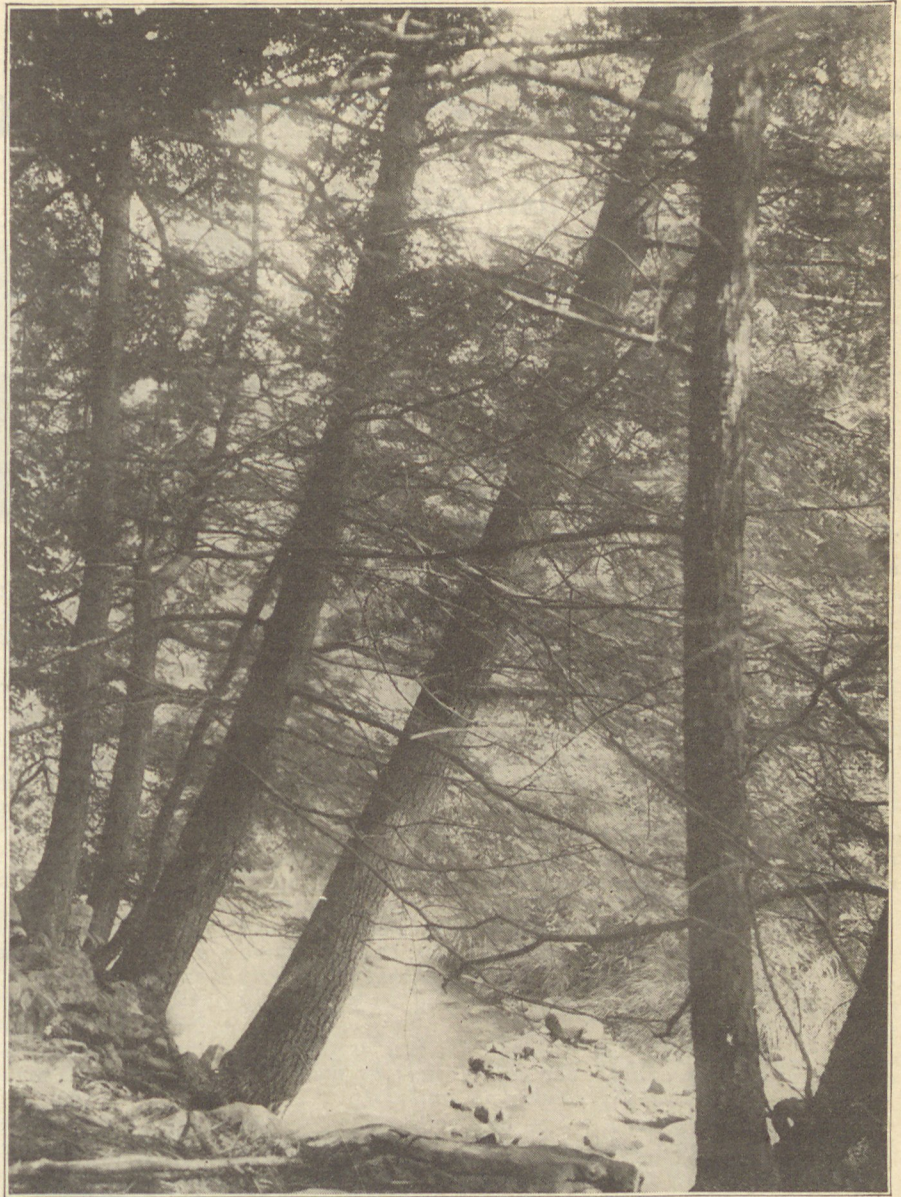
Did They Want Trees?

YES, the private owners wanted trees. In the years the State was slumping on plantation work the private demand grew until in 1927 it was unsatisfied with 13,926,016 trees. Railroad owners of coal and oil lands, water companies and others were clamoring for trees. The story is that from 1910 to the spring of 1928 private owners were supplied with 74,390,898 trees, almost twice as many as were planted on the State's own lands. The system started by charging private planters the cost of production. In 1915 the price was reduced to the cost of boxing and shipping, rarely more than \$1.00 per thousand. Since 1926 the charge has been \$1.50 per thousand for two and three-year-old seedlings.

Dr. Joseph S. Illick, State Forester, figures the average cost of planting per acre in 1927 at \$9.53 and the average cost of planting per thousand trees at \$8.14. This includes in each case the cost of trees, transportation and all incidental expenses, in addition to the actual planting operation. For general purposes, says Dr. Illick, \$3.00 per thousand may be considered an average for planting stock.

Forests Open to the People

UNDER the Pennsylvania system the State forest lands are open to the people. There are no "No Trespassing" signs. There are more than 2,000 miles of roads and 2,700 miles of trails. Several million people enjoy these forests annually, including 215,000 hunters, 25,000 fishermen and 250,000 campers. Out of the State-owned lands come more than one-half the deer and about one-third the bears shot each year, though the State forests com-



A typical scene along a Pennsylvania mountain stream to which the speckled beauties lure the anglers.

prise only about one-tenth of the forest area of the State.

There are now 1844 permanent camp sites on State forests leased by citizens of Pennsylvania at an annual rental of from \$7 to \$15. Many of these are occupied by hunting and fishing lodges; many others by summer cottages. With each lease, good for 10 years and renewable, goes about a quarter acre of forest land. With the enlargement of the forest areas many thousands of additional camp sites in splendid locations will be made available.

A definite policy of setting aside and preserving as State Forest Monuments places of singular scenic beauty or historic interest has been adopted. Nine such places have been set aside, varying from 13 acres to 350 acres in area. Then there are seven State Forest Parks, camping and playplaces averaging 150 acres in extent. Covering the entire forest areas of the State, public and private, are 112 steel fire towers, most of them 60 feet high, outposts of a thoroughly organized fire protection service under George H. Wirt. The personnel in charge consists of 50 trained Foresters, 75 Forest Rangers, and 4,000 Fire Inspectors and Forest Fire Wardens.

Fish and Game Funds

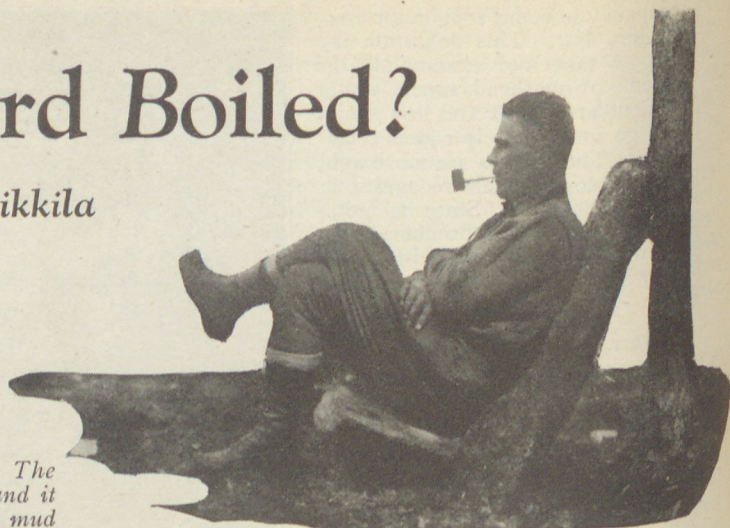
THE Forest Department is the backbone of public hunting and fishing in Pennsylvania, but it does not stand alone. The sportsmen of the Keystone State believe in playing a square game of put-and-take with the people. A resident hunter's license now costs \$2.00. When the license fee was increased from \$1.25 the (Continued on page 33)

Are Guides Hard Boiled?

An Interview with Oscar Heikkila

By

DONALD HOUGH



I STOOD in water and mud up to my middle. The water was cold; the mud was especially slimy and it seemed to have no bottom. In addition to the mud and water, I was entirely surrounded by the kind of aquatic growth which goes to make up a muskeg bog.

Beside me was a canoe. In the canoe was a tent, food supplies, sleeping equipment and other appurtenances designed to see two of us through three weeks of wilderness travel along the Canadian-Minnesota boundary.

The task at hand was to find as good footing as possible in the bog, haul the canoe forward a few feet, then hunt for another fairly firm footing in order to repeat the process. In the midst of a two mile portage we had come upon this stretch of trail which was neither water nor land: we could not carry the canoe, we could not paddle it.

Oscar Heikkila was doing the same at the stern of the canoe that I was doing at the bow. The only difference was that Oscar was cussing more than I was.

During a rest period I turned to him. "Oscar," I said, "you're supposed to be a hard boiled woodsman. I'm wet and muddy and cold and miserable all over, to say nothing of the condition of my temper, but you should be entirely unaffected by what must be just a part of the day's work to you. Why the cussing?"

"Don," said Oscar, "I'm just as cold, just as wet, just as miserable, as you are. My skin is just as much subject to chills and my temper to outbursts. Being used to it doesn't warm the water, any more than being used to mosquitoes dulls their sting. Which reminds me—

ONCE I was paddling up the Kawishiwi river with Jake Pete. We both were in the U. S. Forest Service at the time, and one of our jobs was to find a certain small lake, not far from Dead Man rapids, which wasn't on the map, but which one of the boys had seen the previous winter. When we came to the rapids Jake volunteered to run back into the brush and try to locate a trail to the little lake, while I guarded the canoe.

The black flies were fierce. I walked back and forth on the rocks, brushed flies from my hands and face, and prayed for Jake to hurry, so that we could have our lunch, make the portage, and get out on the water again. But Jake always was a conscientious worker and as he told me afterward he had failed to find the trail but that he made a thorough search for it.

I'll say he did!

The flies got worse, and I opened my shirt down the front (you know how these black flies crawl around) to shoo them out. Just at this very moment two canoes came around a point below the rapids. They were filled with university students out for a vacation. They were upon me before I could button up my shirt, and when the vacationists saw me in this condition their jaws all hung down a mile.

They had head nets on, and were nearly crazy from the flies, and when they saw me standing there, without a head net and with my shirt open to boot, they could hardly believe their eyes.

"Good grief!" one of them said. "You don't mean to tell me you can go around with your shirt open like that!"

Here was my chance to be a hero. They would make the portage and go on; I would see them for only a few moments, and I might as well work the old hokum on them.

"Oh," I said, "you get used to it. The first ten years are the worst."

Then came my hard luck. They discovered that it was time for lunch, and decided to stop right there and build a fire. This gave me the jim-jams, but I still had Jake to depend on, and if he only would come back we could hurry on, I could button up my shirt, and the day would be saved.

But Jake didn't come back. He stayed out there for an hour. During that hour I underwent all the torment of the Inquisition. I lit my pipe and smoked it so hard I blistered my tongue. When nobody was looking I'd blow a mouthful of smoke against my chest,

where the flies were holding a national convention.

Eventually Jake came back. I ran across the portage with the canoe. Then I buttoned up my shirt and tied a handkerchief around my head. And I'll tell you something: I have scars on my chest right now. And that was three years ago.

But the point I'm trying to make is that those university fellows went home and told how hard boiled the fellow was they met at the portage. "Why," they'll tell their friends, "he stood there with his shirt open and never minded the flies a bit!"

That goes to show how much there usually is to this business of hard-boiled guides and woodsmen you hear so much about. It's all hooey. Listen: nobody likes to be comfortable in the woods any more than the woodsman does. It stands to reason. You fellows on vacations are here for a couple of weeks. You can stand anything that long. But the woodsman lives here. He's got to stand it all the year around.

Now take the matter of sleeping. The tough guy from the city comes up here and says, "Hell, I'll sleep right on the bare ground, same as you fellows do." Is this good news to the woodsman? Not much! He's got to sleep on the ground then, to keep up his reputation, and sleeping on the ground is no fun for anybody. An air mattress is the best rig in the world for sleeping, and if you think your guide doesn't know it, you just try offering yours to him.



"—this trail . . . was neither water nor land: we could not paddle the canoe, we could not carry it."



The reason any guide laughs at swell equipment is that he hasn't got any. He wishes he had an air mattress, and he wishes he had a swell pair of boots, and he wishes he had a fancy knife. If he scoffs at yours, it's because he hopes you'll think you're a tenderfoot and will throw them away. Then who'll run after them and hide them in his packsack? The guide. Jealous. That's the trouble.

Watch a couple of woodsmen going out on a trip together. Do they take a pinch of salt and a blanket and a pocketful of flour? Not if they have their right senses. They take all they can carry, and if you knew how many of these so-called hard boiled woodsmen had a pillow in the bottom of their packsack for use in bolstering up their hard boiled heads after you've put your tender one on a box of desiccated potatoes, you'd be surprised.

A guide must pretend to stand anything. He must sit out in the rain and let it run down his neck and pretend he likes it when, as a matter of truth, he's probably wishing he'd never started on this blankety blank trip at all.

Guides and woodsmen like their little comforts as well as anybody else. If you ever went out for a trip with a bunch of fellows who live up here in the woods, the first thing that would strike you would be the amount of comfort indulged in by everybody.

The only guides in the world who have the courage of their convictions when they're out with parties are the Mormons of Utah and Arizona. Do you know what a Mormon bed is? Well, it's a roll of mattresses and things so big it takes one mule to carry it. Yet history does not record an instance of a single Mormon guide ever going out unless he took his bed, and he won't submit to any trimming, either—not a single layer will he peel off.

In the matter of eating, it's the same story. Once in a while you come across some empty peach cans and you laugh a bit and remark that you wonder what darn tenderfeet camped here before. The truth is probably a couple of your thick skinned guides were out on a cruise. Food is something that everybody likes not only in large quantities but in tasty combinations and in darn' near endless variety. Eating sour-dough bannocks is great sport for the vacationist, but it's just sad news to the guide. He eats them when he has to. He'd like to take along some real bread on the trip, but he knows he's supposed to make you think you're tough (and that he's tougher) and so everybody has to have indigestion by way of local color.

I recall once I went out on a cruise with a lumber company official who'd never been in the woods before. He wanted to look over some timber holdings. He knew so little about the woods that he didn't see any reason why we couldn't stay as long as we wanted to, and he kept us out three days longer than we had planned. This made us short of grub. When we still had three days to get in, we were down to flour and tea. So we had biscuits and tea three times a day.

I was cook. At the end of the first day this official came up to where I was sitting, on a rock overlooking the lake, stirring up the usual biscuits and he said, "Dear me, I'm getting so tired of baking powder biscuits!"

I heaved the pan of dough into the lake. Then I went to the tent and got the rest of the flour and heaved that after it. "All right," I said, just as calm as that, "I can go without biscuits just as long as any blankety-blank in this country can!"

So we had tea for two days and I lost my job through the process of getting fired and the reason I got fired was because I was too tough. I wasn't tough—I was just sassing this fellow in my own way, and I was twice as hungry as he was because I was doing twice the work.

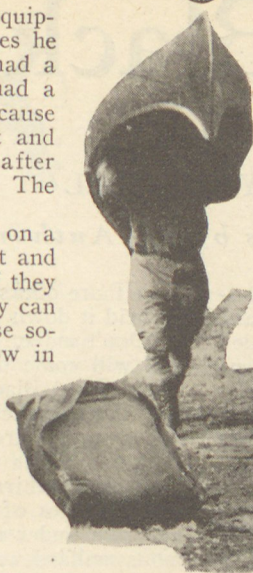
Fellows come up here and they want to make thirty miles every day paddling. When the guide suggests camping along about five in the afternoon they say, "Oh, let's go on a couple of more hours." They think the guide is trying to make

it easy for them. Don't they ever stop to think that the guide is probably darn' near starved, to say nothing of being tired of paddling?

I could cut my charges in two if only I didn't have to be so tough. That's part of the show, though, and it's thrown in with the day's work just for atmosphere.

When your guide gets home from his trip with you he lies down on a real bed once more with just as deep a sigh of contentment as you do. When guides or woodsmen take trips together they go comfortably. They take plenty of equipment and

"I ran across the portage with the canoe . . ."



plenty of grub and plenty of—pillows, you might say. They cuss the mosquitoes just as you do, and enjoy the scenery just as you do. It's only when they have to put on their professional manners that they get tough, or else when they are caught in some mess like I was in up on the Kawishiwi.

When your guide tells you he doesn't mind the mosquitoes, and that you get used to them

after a few years, that's your signal to tell him, "And me, old timer, I eat 'em alive for breakfast. So let's call it a draw and make a smudge so we can both be comfortable."

In fact, being comfortable is the gist of the whole business. I like my comfort as well as the next fellow, and so does every other woodsman. You'll notice when two guides meet each other they'll sit down immediately, even before they begin to talk. That's natural. And sensible. I'm for it. I like to flop, and flop well. And you'll always notice that just before a guide sits down he'll look at the ground. Do you know why he does that? Yes sir, it's to find a soft spot. Soft spots are something that a guide will walk a mile to find.

And then, another thing. Your guide—

But at this point I had to interrupt Oscar with an explosion of hard words, for I had stepped into a hole in the muskeg and gone down to my armpits. Only by grabbing the canoe was I saved from going clear through to China.

I heard Oscar snicker. I turned my head and looked at him.

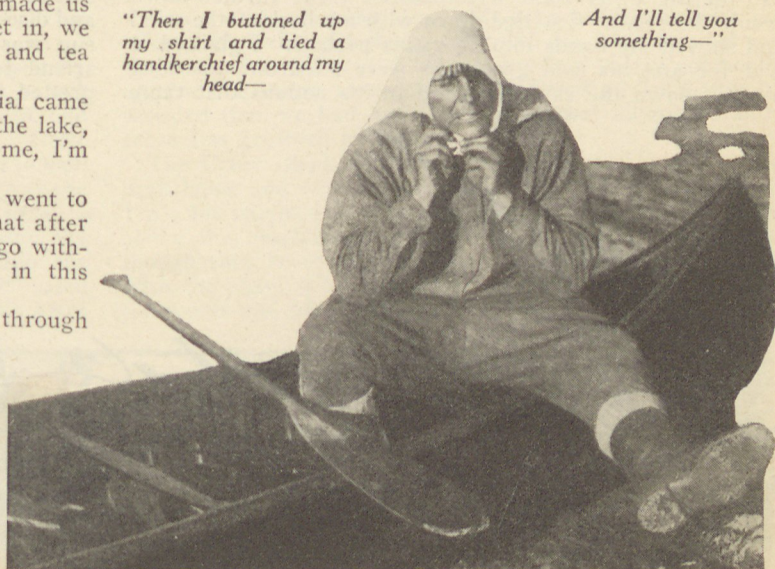
"Shut up!" I chattered, "and wipe that grin off your face! I don't count any steps that don't sink me down at least four feet. Anything less than that is just dry land to me."

"That's fine," said Oscar, "and I'm glad you feel that way about it. Since this mud and water is nothing to you, and since it chills the devil out of me and is as uncomfortable as the itch, I'll go to shore and wait for you to bring in the canoe."

Which he did.

"Then I buttoned up my shirt and tied a handkerchief around my head—"

And I'll tell you something—"



The Great Black Mallard

By
RAY RUSSELL

Drawings by the Author

THE first streak of dawn showed purple on the eastern horizon. A stiff breeze whipped down the lake and beat a tattoo against the side of the reed hidden duck boat, so strong in fact that it all but pulled us from our moorings and blew away a good share of the grass we used for the blind. As far as I was concerned I didn't care a hell of a lot if it blew it all away and made things thoroughly miserable for my frog friend, Joe Marchessault.

I have fished through the ice at thirty below and slept in the snowdrifts of Alaska, but in all my days never did I get half as cold as that raw morning. I was actually paralyzed.

Each wave grew higher and higher and each one left another half gallon in the bottom of the boat. Old Joe sucked his corn-cob pipe and with his purple fingers half frozen to a tin can he dipped water from the boat as regularly as the waves came.

I tried to crouch down in the boat but found there was no way to escape both the bitter wind and the icy water, so I gritted my teeth to keep them from knocking each other out and settled down to suffer in agonized silence. My fingers were so numb I couldn't fish a cigarette out of the package to say nothing of holding a match long enough to light it, and it galled me to the core to think I had actually wished all this punishment on myself when I could just as well have agreed with Old Joe three years ago and admitted he told the truth about his Great Black Mallard.

Joe had told me about a Great Mallard, an enormous duck that appeared to be half goose, as large as a goose with the markings of a mallard, but almost black.

He had tried all last fall and the previous two years to get this bird. He had managed to get three shots at him over a period of three years of waiting and each time had not been able to bring him down. He had only given up when the lakes completely froze over and he was certain that the Big Boy had departed for the South. With the assurance, that ducks always follow the same passes and trails in their flights, we were here ready and waiting this raw November morning, soaking wet, disgusted and frozen too stiff to even cuss each other out, waiting for what I figured was a myth to pass in review.

A sharp whirring of wings brought me from my half frozen stupor and I snatched at my gun, but before I could raise it to my shoulder the birds were too far ahead and had hit the water some five hundred yards further down beside the reeds. I settled down with my back to the wind and shoved my hands into my pants pockets. I glanced at Old Joe and his cold gray eyes were fixed on something moving down the sky. I traced in his actions that there

were more ducks in sight. I reached for my gun again but he held it down with his foot.

"Don't move, they're too close. They are going around and will come back into the decoys and Ye Gods! there is the Great Black Mallard leading the flock. Look at the size of that duck. We will have to get him even if it's necessary to hire a plane and follow him to the Gulf and back to Canada next summer."

Another whirring of wings close over our heads and thirty flashes of feathered lightning flashed by. I looked up from under my hat brim and what a sight that enormous mallard was. He was as large as a goose, his great shimmering form glistening in the morning sunlight. He made a turn to right angles from us and the rest of the flock turned abruptly to the left but from that minute on we didn't look again for the rest of the flock. Our eyes were glued to that mallard. He circled high time and again, covering miles in as many minutes. He would dart down towards the decoys and then apparently seemed to realize just what they were and would immediately rise with terrific speed. He certainly was interested in what we had to offer in the way of wooden ducks, but far too shrewd to come close enough to make himself a target for the guns that his years of experience up and down the long trails had taught him lurked in these clumps of rushes. He made another great circle to the west, passing out of sight but was back again from the east at a great height. With a long sloping glide he headed straight for our decoys. Old Joe stiffened and warned,

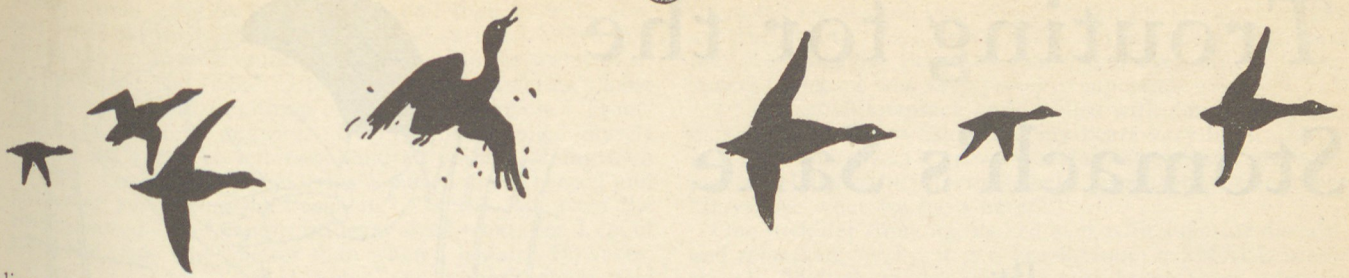
"Be ready," and I was.

On came the big mallard straight at us and on an angle that appeared he could have flown straight down my gun barrel. I waited for Joe to let loose but before he could fire the Great Duck was upon us and I blazed into him at not more than forty yards. I held the trigger down and in that split second I could see him rise. I followed close, lead a little further and squeezed again. A cloud of feathers flew at this last shot but the Great Duck was clear out of range and traveling at terrific speed. I looked at Old Joe and he looked at me.

"There, you darned skunk, that's the lie I've been telling you for the past three years and now, after emptying a couple of barrels of lead at him you are, no doubt, pretty well aware of the reason why I call him Old Ironsides."

I took a deep breath, I guess it was the first I had taken since I saw that Great Black Mallard. I felt an uneasiness and discovered that I was sweating from head to foot. The sun was coming out strong. I apologized to my good friend Joe and told him that I regretted, yes, deeply regretted that I had ever doubted his word or called him a





liar every time he had told me the story of the Great Black Mallard.

I openly admitted to Old Joe that I had nothing to say. I had had my chance, possibly the one and only chance that I would ever get to bring such a prize into my possession.

We decided we would go back into town that afternoon and bring out enough supplies to last three weeks.

Next morning we were out again with a different line of strategy. I was to make my stand on one end of the pass and Old Joe would hide in a new blind that we had constructed and carefully concealed at the other end near the marsh, a short distance from the open water, and from this we hoped to divert Old Ironsides' attention to a large false blind that we had built as conspicuously as possible and then nail him, when he swerved just out of range as he had done on every other occasion.

Joe was slowly getting wise to the traits of this marvelous old bird, whose cunning had preserved his life for no doubt many years. Possibly a few buckshot that now reposed beneath his heavy feathers were constant reminders to him of the necessity of being ever on the alert to shun blinds and decoys, never to come too near to ducks on the water until he first was sure that they were ducks and not decoys. He most certainly had learned his lesson and with this uncanny cunning and the terrible speed of which he was capable, allied with his apparent ability to shed shot from his chest as easy as water from his back, he was a prize worthy of all the efforts of Old Joe. Joe had gone through hundreds of hours, half frozen, and through bitter cold blizzards and everything else to keep on the trail of that Great Black Mallard. He was determined to see whether he, with his years of experience as a duck hunter, could outwit with his brain and outspeed with his bullets the mighty wings of the big duck.

The next morning I took my position in the comfortable blind I had constructed the previous afternoon and sat down to wait. I looked up and high overhead a triple V moved down the sky as silently as a shadow. They were too high to shoot, and even if they had been close I would not have shot, as my heart was set on the Great Mallard.

Another hour of patient waiting before another V hove into sight. They were comparatively low and coming leisurely along at an angle that showed they were interested in Old Joe's decoys at the other end of the pass. They came closer and I recognized at once the Great Mallard in the lead. His black powerful form silhouetted sharply against the morning sky and his great size dwarfed the ducks that flew in his wake.

They passed directly over me but too high. I cursed my luck and sank back in desperation on the reeds but almost instantly was brought to my feet by the rattling of Old Joe's gun. He let loose a volley and then another. There was a pause and then another volley. He then began to yell. I ran and stumbled and ran again, trying to jump over the deep swamp grass that tangled my feet. With a crash I went down, ramming the end of the gun barrel into the mud. I got up and struggled breathlessly through the deep grass and handed the gun to Old Joe. He raised it to his shoulder and I gazed in the direction of his point

and there, heading straight for the center of the lake, was the Great Mallard. He was down all right but a long way from being out. He was well within range and I knew Old Joe would finish him with the five good charges of buckshot in my gun. A terrible thought struck me and I tried to yell, but just at that instant it happened. I had forgotten in my excitement to tell Joe my gun barrel was full of mud. He pulled the trigger and split it all to hell but without doing any more damage to himself than a gash on his left thumb. Cussing, Old Joe threw the remnants of my gun on the ground and yelled for me to get the boat at the other end of the marsh. I ran clumsily and was back in a few minutes, dragging the light duck boat behind me. We shoved it into the water. Old Joe hopped into the prow and I snatched the oars.

The Great Mallard had a half mile start. He couldn't fly but he certainly could swim. Joe said that he had only knocked a chunk out of his wing and he had volplaned down and started for the open water. I pulled at those oars in a way that would have won the Harvard Classic with a one man shell. A half mile passed and Old Joe was patting me on the back and telling me we were gaining. I turned my head but there didn't seem to be any appreciable distance gained. I kept on, giving every iota of strength I had to bend the oars. The oarlocks began to creak and groan, then to squeak and then they fairly screamed. My hands were red hot from the friction.

"He's weakening," I heard Joe encouraging. The duck was headed straight for the shore and the weeds. I strained harder than ever and Joe talked to himself like a crazy man. The boat was half full of water from the splashing of the oars and we were both dripping wet outside and covered with cold sweat beneath our clothes.

With three hundred yards between us and the weeds I heard Old Joe utter an oath. He was going to take a chance. He raised his gun, pumped out its contents at the fleeing duck and when the smoke cleared away a huddled form swam in a tiny circle close by the edge of the weeds. The great green-black neck struggled to support the noble head but struggled in vain. The big black eyes set in their pools of gold glared at us with a hatred that knew no bounds. With a final mighty struggle the Great Mallard made an effort to reach the weeds but collapsed into a formless mass of flesh and feathers. We coasted in beside him. Old Joe carefully, yes even tenderly, lifted him into the boat.

I was weak after my three mile row and it was with an effort that I changed places with Old Joe. He handed me the mallard and I placed him on my lap, lit my corn-cob, mopped the sweat from my eyes and tied up Joe's thumb, satisfied that we had had a season's sport all tucked into those few crowded minutes.

The Great Black Mallard is mounted now in our cabin back home and when the lights are low I'll have to admit I'm a bit ashamed to face him from his place on the ledge above the crackling hearth, because in those eyes, even though they be of glass, he seems to glower down at me with the same wild hate he did that day we beat him to the weeds and often I regret that *we didn't bust an oar*.



Trouting for the Stomach's Sake

By
DAD LAMMON

Drawings by Gluyas Williams



GW

IN the hopes of bringing succor to some weak and poor stomach I am attempting to become reminiscent, a crime with which disciples of Izaak Walton have often been charged. Not that trouting and troublesome stomachs are related, but that, as I firmly believe, neither can live equanimously together.

Less than a year and a half ago I had all kinds of experiences with a troublesome stomach, but had never caught a trout. With this statement let us proceed with the events that followed.

In this lake region of northern Minnesota, tributary to the Mississippi river system, there is fine fishing everywhere. Here is that famous country about which all fishermen dream, where it is necessary to climb out of your boat and get behind a stump in order to bait your hook.

The bass, the muskellunge, pike-perch and lake trout, and other leviathans of our deep and beautiful lakes make life miserable for the languid summer visitor that hies out in his canoe to loiter and to rest. But there is only one stream in our section where the brook trout makes its home, and the finding of that stream has metamorphosed the writer completely. Before that time I was just an ordinary—I was going to say hick—country editor, eking out a living in a small mining town of 1,500 people, with

the aforesaid troublesome stomach. Little I knew then about the ordinary mental workings of the trout fisherman. I did not know that he could lie honorably and brag unconquerably, that he was a marked man among men, and that he had no stomach troubles.

Having a fisherman's instinct, naturally I always had a desire to catch a brook trout. For several years I had heard about a certain Hoyt's brook, hidden away in a wilderness of swamps to the north of us, where it was alleged were hidden these speckled beauties, and where I had long wished to try my skill catching them.

I was reared in Iowa. At my boyhood home a stake could be driven down, a clothesline one hundred miles long tied to it, and a circle made that would include some of the poorest fishing in America. My trout lore had been acquired from books, not babbling brooks.

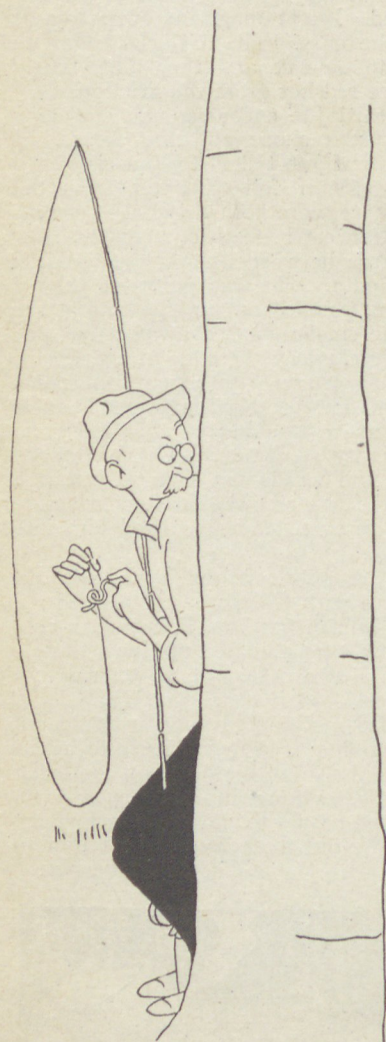
To illustrate the peculiar psychology of those with whom fishermen have to contend, I will tell you how I located the stream. If I had been left to myself I never would have found it. On the entire course of Hoyt's creek there is not a single farm or other sign of civilization. Five little spring branches flow into it, one of which some twenty years ago, when the country was being logged, was stocked with brook trout by some lumberjacks and happily forgotten. Blessed are the men that perpetrate tricks on future generations like this! Those trout left to themselves have done fine, and the brook left to itself stocked the creek.

One of the secrets of being a good trout fisherman is in knowing where the trout are, and in not letting other people know as much as yourself. You are not a good trout fisherman until you master this fundamental.

Every man that comes from upper Michigan is a trout fisher from infancy, and there never was a trout stream that some trout fisherman did not locate at some time or other. Our miners came from Michigan, and among them were Hank and Bill, sly old fishermen, who knew a good thing when they saw it. They would sneak out to this stream at four in the morning, returning with fine catches. They knew their business. They did not show their catch, that temptation which only a time-hardened trout fisher can resist. For years they enjoyed good sport. But even murder will out, and one day I was given the tip by a fellow Michigander. He didn't care to fish himself, for he wasn't a fisherman; but there is something in a Michigander's blood that makes him take pride in pulling the plumes out of a fellow trout fisher's tail. I presume that one of the anglers overreached himself by boasting that his private fishing grounds could not be located. Who is infallible?

Well, this friend of mine—this enemy of Hank and Bill—took me into this far country, and showed me the little brook, tributary to the stream. Said he, "Now go to it; there is where Hank and Bill catch their fish."

Two things were soon apparent. One was that I knew nothing about catching speckled trout, and the other was, that there were nothing in that brook but trout minnows, anyway. To get there it was necessary to drive for some miles where a



GW



moose would have swamped itself, and then to walk several miles through muskeg, cedar and spruce. When you struck the brook you found yourself right in the worst of it.

I had some bad trips. Grover Cleveland, America's most regal fisherman, had nothing on me in avoirdupois. Trout-ing is hard work, anyway. Every time I pulled myself over a log I had to lift two hundred pounds of my own weight. On these glorious trips I puffed and wheezed and did about everything but "cash in." In the fall when the season closed I had caught no legal sized trout, but I could stand the trips much better than when I began. However, I know yet nothing about real trout fishing.

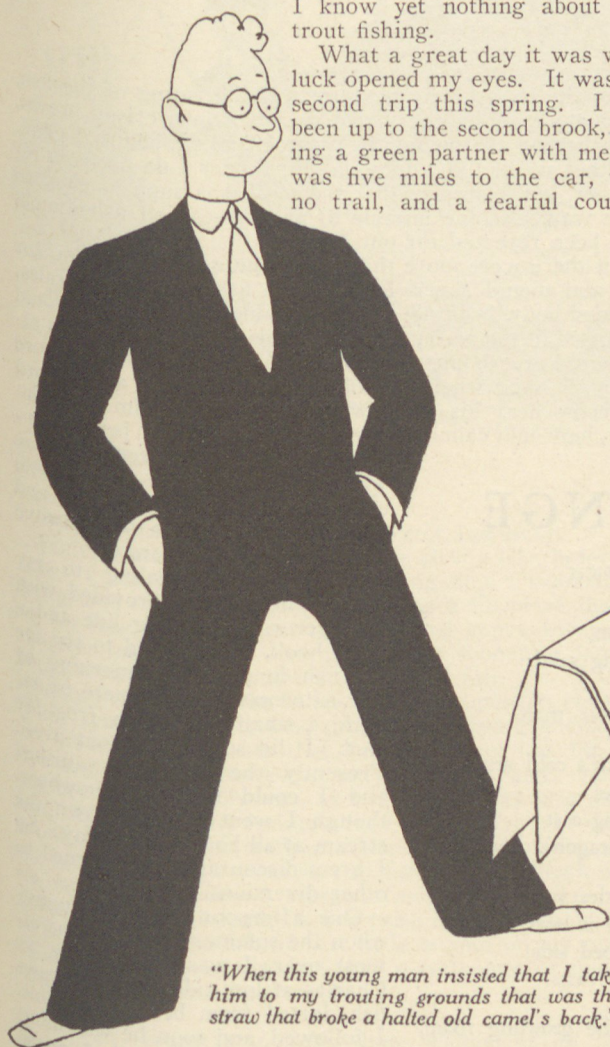
What a great day it was when luck opened my eyes. It was the second trip this spring. I had been up to the second brook, taking a green partner with me. It was five miles to the car, with no trail, and a fearful country

trout, but not the big one. Going down the stream I caught another trout. Both were about seven inches long, and they were heavier than any that I had ever caught in the spring brook. I was very proud of my catch.

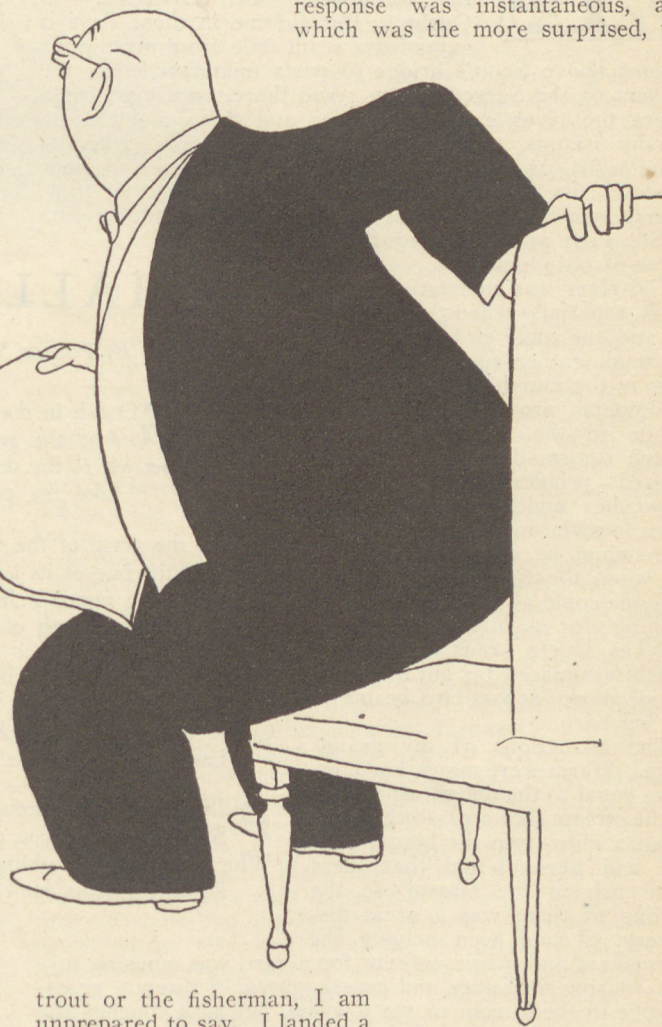
I had a small knapsack and it, filled with damp sphagnum moss and those two fish, made my heart very light. Driving home there was a crowd on Main street, and my companion, elated at my fortune, held up a trout, exclaiming, "Boys, see what we have here."

One joykiller came up, looked at it with superior disdain, and remarked, "Why, it is a brook trout; a SMALL brook trout." The others, not familiar with brook trout, admired it and its spots very much, looked into the sack, saw the other one and jumped to the conclusion that the moss was full of trout. Right then and there I secured a reputation as a trout fisherman.

The next time I went fishing alone. It was a rainy, drizzly morning. As I plodded through a muskeg swamp I captured a large dragon fly, impaled it on my hook, and dropped it gently into the stream above an alder bush. The response was instantaneous, and which was the more surprised, the



"When this young man insisted that I take him to my trout-ing grounds that was the straw that broke a halted old camel's back."



GUYAS WILLIAMS

through which to travel. My disgusted friend beat it, leaving the brook to me. Expecting to find him on ahead I was compelled to follow the brook to the creek. I had not caught a fish. I was tired, heated, fly-bitten, hungry and disappointed.

There was a splash in the creek, between beautiful alders gracefully lining each bank. I stopped. It interested me. Ten seconds later up came a magnificent curved beauty. I forgot that I was tired and hungry. I forgot everything but to get above the alders to catch that fish. The brush was so thick that I could not get near him, but a log across the stream above allowed me to float down a big, fat, juicy angleworm to where his lordship was still playing in the sunshine. That trout was so tickled about it that he actually began to skip rope over my line. After an hour's fishing with no results, I decided that desperate measures must be resorted to. Hoyt's creek is a stream with a muddy and treacherous bottom, but any man would risk something to get a trout like that. I waded into the stream. Fortunately for me the bottom was not as bad as it looked. I stirred up a lot of mud and then floated my line just where I wanted it, and Jack Robinson, I had hooked a fish. The result was nearly buck fever. "I've got that big fellow," was the thought that revolved like a ring in my mind. Ten seconds later the fish came to the surface. It was a

trout or the fisherman, I am unprepared to say. I landed a 12-inch beauty. Before I returned home I had eighteen like it. That was fishing!

During the rest of the season now coming to a close, business and trout both suffered. My fame as a trout fisher spread. I had thought it rank the way Hank and Bill kept their fishing spots to themselves, but I too became secretive. If I gave any of my catch away I always caught them in a stream some fifty miles out. But you couldn't fool the Michiganders. If I took my car out I was trailed, and how I circumvented those rascals makes me think that in my blood there is the making of a real trout fisherman. I, however, particularly had it on them once, when I started one early morning for my home state, four hundred miles distance, with two fishing parties trailing me. I had framed on them.

A young man had recently been taking a great interest in my oldest daughter.

(Continued on page 42)

Petite Rivière

By

J. E. LEROSSIGNOL

Drawings by John D. Webber



HEY tell us that Petite Rivière, otherwise known as the St. Charles, comes from several streams and lakes in the Laurentian Mountains and flows south and east for many leagues until it joins the *fleuve*—the St. Lawrence—at Quebec. But for me in those days it extended a scant mile from mysterious regions above Scott's bridge to parts unknown below the convent of the Sacred Heart. And there, on a high bank, where the river expands, divides and flows about some marshy islands, stood my grandfather's house, with its white walls, its black roof with curving eaves and dormer windows, its massive chimneys, and a gallery in front whence one had a fine view of Petite Rivière, the heights of Ste. Foye and the tin roofs and spires of old Quebec.

The river was interesting at all times, especially when the tide was out and one could go barefooted in the mud, gather rushes and blue-flags in the marsh, stalk snipe and sandpipers around the islands, paddle in the shallow channels, search for small fishes, clams and colored pebbles, find ferocious crawfishes under the stones, and learn to swim in the deeper places. The swimming, of course, was better when the tide came in, when also one could go on a raft, though wishing for a birch-bark canoe, such as Uncle Louis owned, but which was placed far out of reach, upside down, across two beams in the big barn.

The attractions of my grandfather's farm were many, but none were equal to the delight of fishing in the stream that crossed the farm about a mile from the house.

I had never heard that there were fish in the stream, so the finding of them was a great discovery. I had been helping the haymakers and, while waiting for a cart, was amusing myself chasing field-mice and grasshoppers. I threw a grasshopper in the stream to see it swim, but as it touched the water something darted from below, there was a little splash, and the grasshopper was gone. The experiment was repeated again and again, with the same result. From that day the little stream was an angler's paradise to me.

In the evening, after prayers, I explained the situation to my good grandfather, who was much interested, and agreed, in consideration of the weeding of some rows of turnips, to provide me a proper line and fish-hooks, which contract was strictly fulfilled on both sides. Thus I became possessed of my first hooks. A jointed rod and a reel I did not own for many a day, but my grandfather cut me a straight birch rod which served the purpose quite well.

With this equipment and great hopes I repaired to the stream where, after a little practice, I was rewarded with a dozen or so of white, shiny fishes which later I learned to know as dace or chub. They looked large to me, but now I think they must have been rather small, for I strung them on a stalk of timothy hay, the head of which served to keep them from falling off as I carried them home.

MR. LEROSSIGNOL is one of the distinguished faculty of the University of Nebraska. His skill with words cannot be questioned nor should we question his veracity. EDITOR.

Not the least of my pleasure was the eating of the fish, which my grandmother fried to a delicious crispy brown, and whereof all the family partook and pronounced good. Whether we had anything else for dinner I do not now remember, but I suspect that the meal was supplemented in some way, else the miracle of the loaves and fishes must have been repeated for our benefit.

But there were more than small chubs in the stream, for now and then I saw a long, rakish fish with shiny scales, speckled body, beady eyes and prominent jaw, which would lie poised in the water near the reeds and would pay no attention to grasshopper or worm, though cleverly cast before his nose. And when I would cross the stream at the ford and come near his place with intent to jig him with the hook, he would calmly move to the other side or betake himself to another and larger pool. It was maddening to be thus balked, so I neglected the small fry and set myself to catch this elusive monster by hook or crook.

Once more appealing to my grandfather, I was provided with a longer rod, a strong line and a large hook, and advised to try for the fish in the early morning or late afternoon with a piece of fat pork, a small chub or a frog for bait. I did so, but without avail. Presently the big fish vanished and I could find him nowhere, though I went up and down the stream at all hours of the day. So I grew discouraged and turned to other diversions.

One afternoon, late in August, when the summer vacation was almost over, I was wading the St. Charles at low tide, when a crawfish darted from beneath a stone. I followed, and soon he was mine, and then another, which I seized with my other hand, careful to hold him by the back, with thumb and finger, and thus avoid his waving, nipping claws. Here

then, I thought, is good bait for the big fish, in case he has returned to the stream.

It was, as I remember, a fine evening when I reached the stream, with the sun setting in a blaze behind the mountains and the sky filled with clouds, red and gold, with spaces of blue between. I could see nothing in the pools, for they were mirrors, reflecting the long grass, the alders and the flaming sky. But I chose the largest pool and, well hidden by the grass and bushes, I cast the bait into the water.

The response was startling, for, like an arrow from a bow, a big fish darted at the bait with open jaws, seized it and made off down the pool. Feeling the hook and the pull of the line, he flung himself into the air, darted back, took another leap, and began to circle round and round, with vicious tugs and plunges, while I held on as best I could. Finally he sailed majestically up the stream, with only his long back and dorsal fin showing above the water, I following, until he came to a shallow place. Here I was able to control his movements to some extent and, as I pulled, the big fish flopped himself upon a little pebbly beach. At this I dropped the rod and, seizing the line

CHALLENGE

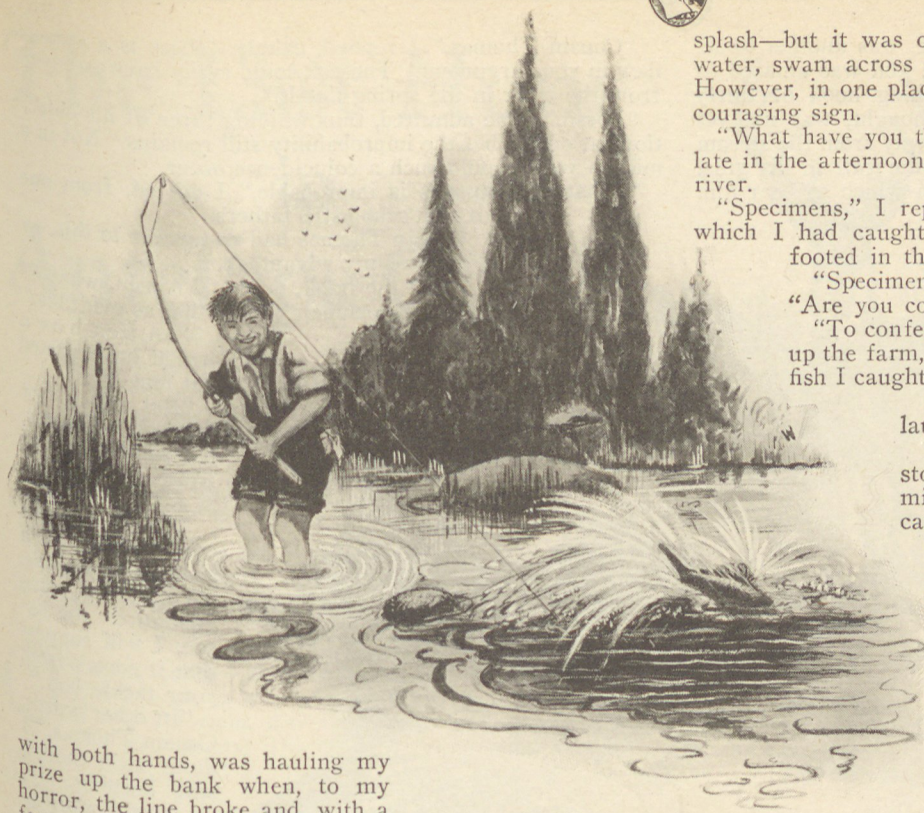
By PORTER WITTICH

GO fish in the foam
And the grinding sand;
Get wet to the skin
Like the primitive man.

FEEL the grasp of the stream's cold arms
And the bite of its icy jaws
That hold you fast in a freezing cast
With the strength of a dragon's claws.

FIGHT the stream as it battles you;
Whip with your arm while it lasts;
Cut at the hide of its rock-ribbed side,
Lash it to death with your casts.

PUSH your way through the growling foam,
Split it apart as you go;
Whipping, lashing, cutting and smashing,
Battle on terms, blow for blow.



with both hands, was hauling my prize up the bank when, to my horror, the line broke and, with a few more flops, the fish was in the water and away.

Truly, it was the saddest event in all my life, before or since. I was heartbroken. For a long time I stood there, gazing into the water, trying to keep back the tears, deploring my loss, grieving over my shattered hopes, sorry that summer was over, but determined that, sooner or later, I would return and recapture the vanished fish.

Sadly I returned to the house, but was somewhat consoled by the sympathy of my kind grandfather and grandmother and the excellent dinner that had been kept hot for me. My uncle Louis, however, only laughed and doubted whether the fish really was, as I had stated, as long as my arm. Which hurt my feelings, for I had always taken pride in telling the absolute truth as, indeed, I do to this day. No one seemed to know what sort of fish it was, though some guessed a trout, some a sturgeon and some a pike. But years after, when I landed a fine prize in Mac Donald Inlet of Rainy Lake, the fish of that little stream on my grandfather's farm lay at my feet—the maskinongé or muskellunge, tiger of Canadian waters.

THIRTY years later, after long wandering in many lands, I returned to Petite Rivière, where I found things sadly changed. My good grandfather and grandmother were no more; Uncle Louis, too, had passed on; and only two cousins out of five were left at home. Old Quebec had grown until there were buildings on both sides of the river.

But the river was still there, with its shallow channels and marshy islands, and in the evening when the tide was high and the moon came up, it was as though old times had come again. Still more so when, on the following morning, I walked up the farm and found the same old fields, and the old-time hedgerows and fences, with clusters of ripe chokecherries here and there and the flaming berries of the mountain ash. Presently I reached the well-remembered hollow, and there was the little bridge and the same old meandering stream, save that the alder bushes were gone and the grass was short along the banks. I caught a few grasshoppers and tossed them into the water, but without response. They merely swam ashore unmolested, ascended the bank, dried themselves in the sun and hopped off about their business, as though refreshed by the morning bath.

I followed the stream for some distance, inspecting all the pools and even looking under the banks, to see if, perchance, some big fish were lurking there. But there was nothing—only some frogs sitting on lily pads, that dived and disappeared as I came near. And once a loud, startling

splash—but it was only a muskrat that plunged into the water, swam across and vanished under the farther bank. However, in one place I saw a school of minnows—an encouraging sign.

"What have you there, Gilles?" said my Aunt Elise as, late in the afternoon, I returned from an excursion to the river.

"Specimens," I replied, displaying some fine crawfishes which I had caught in the old-time way—wading barefooted in the river.

"Specimens!" exclaimed my aunt, incredulous.

"Are you collecting for a museum?"

"To confess the truth, my aunt, I'm going fishing up the farm, in the stream. You remember the big fish I caught the last time I was here, do you not?"

"I remember your telling about it," laughed my aunt.

"Yes, and I hope to have another story for you this evening. The fish might still be there. He has never been caught, has he?"

"Not that I know of," she replied.

"Then there is a chance and I mean to have a try. I've been dreaming of that fish ever since I went away. The stream is still there."

"But, Gilles, it is only a drainage ditch now."

"Maybe so. But fish return, you must know, like the salmon, after many years, and why not this fellow?"

Shortly thereafter I stood once more beside the stream as the sun was setting and all the colors of the sky were reflected in the pool, as in the heart of an opal. But I did not pause to admire the sunset, for I had come for war. So I set up my rod—a ten-ounce split bamboo, attached an ample reel with a new silk line, at the end of which was a short metal cast and a couple of spreading hooks baited with a crawfish. Then, quietly approaching the big pool, I dropped the bait in the water and drew it gently along the surface.

As might have been expected there was no response. Yet I fished the pool from end to end, on both sides and in the middle, and then, with all the patience of a seasoned angler, I followed the stream across five farms and back again, trying everywhere with the same result. About an hour later I returned to the place where I had begun, defeated and discouraged. Sadly I decided to take down my rod and bid the stream of my dreams a last farewell.

A faint splash! Looking up I saw a swirl in the water on the other side—probably the muskrat of the morning. Automatically I swung out the baited hook; as it touched the water something seized it and it went down. I pulled sharply, but it held fast, as though caught on a sunken log. I pulled again, more slowly, and then my line was drawn up the pool with irresistible force. I followed, letting out some line, but keeping in touch with the invisible power which, when it reached the end of the pool, gave a leap in the air and started back toward the other end. It was a gigantic fish, the largest I had ever seen in fresh water, and I had him well hooked.

When he got to the lower end of the pool, where the shallows began, he leaped again full length out of the water, dashed back to the deepest place and began to lash about furiously, trying to shake the hook from his jaw. But it held fast. Then he went to the bottom and sulked there for some time, after which he came up with a rush, leaping, lashing, tugging, racing and circling about for an hour or more until, completely exhausted, he came upon the little pebbly beach where I had landed and lost the other fish so many years before. Then, with an unbarbed gaff passed under the gills, I pulled him up on the bank.

There he lay panting, a muskellunge five feet in length, as I ascertained by the tape measure, and weighing thirty-nine and three-quarter pounds, according to the steelyard. It was a beautiful and ferocious fish, with broad, flat head, sharp snout and projecting lower jaw, from which I cautiously removed my hooks, wary of the sharp teeth. And



there, firmly embedded in the cartilage, was another hook, which I extracted with some difficulty, and was amazed to find that it was the identical cod-fishing hook of thirty years ago. The age of miracles, I thought, was not yet over. Then I carefully drew the fish away from the stream and left him lying in the grass, with the gaff in his gills, while I went to cut a stout branch on which to bear him home. But when I came back, a minute later, he was gone.

Needless to say, I searched everywhere, in the meadow and along the stream, but in vain. The deep, still pools reflected on one side the rosy afterglow of sunset and on the other the yellow disk of the rising moon, with not a ripple on the surface to show where the wounded monster was hiding down below. At last, with mingled feelings, I turned from the lovely place, rejoicing in the late victorious struggle, though sorry to go back without a trophy to show to an unbelieving world.

At the old home I was received with sympathy and credence by my good Aunt Elise, but Cousin Thomas, a young lawyer and no angler, was not slow to express his doubts.

"Cousin Gilles," he pronounced, with an air of smug authority, as though he were already on the bench and I a prisoner at the bar, "the evidence is circumstantial, to be sure, but it is all against you. Not a fish has been caught in that ditch for over twenty years; no such monster as you describe could have been there so long unnoticed; it could not have come up from the river lately, because of the shallow places; finally, the story is too extraordinary to be true—improbable to the last degree. *Ergo*, the fish was not there."

"Cousin Thomas," I replied, calmly, "there is a serious flaw in your argument. The fish could easily have ascended from the river in the spring floods."

"Possibly," he admitted, thus waiving three of his objections at once, "but the improbability still remains. Not in a million years would such a coincidence occur."

"Whatever happens is improbable," I quoted, from one of our scholastic fathers.

Cousin Thomas had no answer to this, so I pursued my advantage.

"And the hook, my good cousin, what of that? Remember, I have that as evidence."

"An iron hook would have rusted out long ago."

"But this is not of iron, Thomas, but some sort of white metal. Look at it."

"So it is," he confessed, with great reluctance.

"Well, then, since you force the issue, I will suggest that it comes from your tackle box."

"In other words, Cousin Thomas," I flung back, though still keeping myself well in hand, "you suggest that I have told a lie."

"No, no! We do not call it that. A stretch of the imagination, merely. But a story that would not hold

water in a court of law. Just, say, a fishing story."

"But I thought I was among friends, Thomas. And my word—"

"The word of an angler, Cousin Gilles."

"As good as the word of a lawyer any day," I retorted, though half ashamed to make use of the *tu quoque* argument.

And, strange to say, Cousin Thomas was silenced.



Hunting Season Reminders

"A HUMAN life is worth more than all the game in America—be sure you are seeing clearly before you pull the trigger."

Seth Gordon

"TO some men a bonfire covering four states is necessary to fry a piece of bacon or make a flap-jack—prevent fires."

Robert H. Davis

The Last Hunt in Antelope Gulch

By
GEORGE BONNER

Drawings by the Author

The author writes us, "I do not pretend to be a fancy writer, but what I have written here is the absolute truth."



"Deer have not their long ears for ornaments and you never catch a big buck napping."

Geo. Bonner
1928

OUR log cabin was a rather large one located high in the mountains in South Park, Colorado, directly at the foot of the Continental Divide. To the west was Mount Baldy and to the south lay the great valley of South Park, hemmed in by mountains on all sides, with Twin Peaks and Pikes Peak further to the south.

Hearing a sound down the trail and looking in that direction, I saw Bob, my partner, coming up the hill. "Whew," he panted, taking off his pack and setting a long heavy looking rifle against the side of the cabin, "some climb up that hill with a pack on your back." He had been to Jefferson, a town about eight miles from where we lived, after supplies and the mail.

"What's this!" I said, picking up the old rifle he had brought and following him into the cabin.

"Oh, that's an old relic I borrowed from old man Head down in the Park for you to hunt with during deer season. I knew you didn't have a gun."

I examined the old gun further and found it to be an ancient 40-82 black powder Winchester, one of the first lever action guns made.

"Gee! I'm hungry!" said Bob, as we were sitting down to our meal of trout spads and sinkers.

"Have some trout," I said, passing him the plate.

"Trout again?" he said. "I'm getting fed up on trout. If we eat many more of them we will start to grow fins and get a weakness for water."

"Next week Thursday is the opening day of deer season," I said. "Do you think we can get us a venison?"

"Say, will we? Believe me, I am going to get me a big buck this year. I know just where to go to find them—right up there in Antelope Gulch—it's only a few hours' hike from here. You wait—I'll show you the biggest black-tail bucks you ever saw. There's always deer up in there, but you have to go high up above timber line in the buck-brush if you want to get a big buck in these mountains—they always hike up high in the fall of the year and stay there until the snow drives them down in winter."

After supper I took up the old gun and found the riflings were in good shape and it had been pretty well taken care of. "You won't have to hit them with that old blunder-buss," said Bob, "the noise will scare them to death. It's a good gun, though, and shoots true to your aim. Old man Head down in the Park has killed many a deer with it."

"My Betsy will do me," Bob continued, as he took his 38-55 down from the nails above the door. "I've knocked over several big buck with this old cannon and I think she's good for another one," he said, sighting at a knot in the wall. "I have been getting all my deer the last few years by shooting them through the neck. That way I don't spoil any meat by the bullet tearing them up."

"I'll take the shoulder for mine," I said, "because I know if I hit them there they won't get very far."

"Yes, but you tear them all to pieces by hitting them there; all I need is one good shot at a buck," he said.

I said nothing further about it just then. Bob was a good shot and had killed a lot of game, he was an older man and perhaps had more experience than myself, so the matter was dropped for the time.

After a fair tryout I found that the old 40-82 shot true to my aim and did not kick as much as the highpowered rifles I had been used to shooting.

The evening before the season opened we were busy cleaning and oiling our guns and getting everything in top shape. By four o'clock we were up and were ready to start by five. I noticed as Bob started out of the cabin ahead of me that he left his box of ammunition laying on the table. "Better take the rest of your shells," I said.

"Nope!" said he, "I am taking six cartridges and that's all. If I can't get my buck with six shells I don't want him."

When we stepped out of the cabin it was still quite dark and overhead the clouds were gathering in great grey masses. The stillness of the air and occasional snowflakes told us that a storm was headed our way.

"If it snows," said Bob, "it will be a perfect day for deer hunting."

"Made to order for good trailing," I answered.

We were taking a course about straight west over the old French Creek trail. We talked but little and then in lowered tones, until we turned off the trail and started across a burnt over strip of country. All conversation ceased then as we were getting into the deer country. We had both hunted enough to know that deer have not their long ears for ornaments and that you never catch a big buck napping at any time. He usually sees or hears you first.

It was snowing steadily now, and the wind had started to blow causing the snow to fly fast and furiously. It was hard to see at even a short distance. We had left the burnt over strip behind and were getting into the thicker timber at the lower end of Antelope Gulch. The country was getting rougher and walking was slow and difficult. We had to pick our way over stretches of slide rock where a misstep might mean a broken leg.

Here and there could be seen trails made by fox, pine marten, lynx cat and other animals. Just ahead in the timber I could see a trail made recently. Bob turned to me and whispered, "That's a big buck trail, we will soon be getting into Antelope Gulch, so keep your eyes and ears open." Following the trail made by the deer for a ways the large timber was starting to get thinner and more



shrubby. I knew we would soon be above timber line and into the gulch. The buckbrush was getting thicker and the pines and spruce were mostly dry spikes leaning away from the north and what few branches they had were on the south side of the trees.

The buckbrush was thick in Antelope Gulch, growing about as high as a man's head. Towering cliffs hemmed it in from three sides, making it really a massive box canyon. It was a wild and beautiful place even in the storm, an ideal retreat for deer, bear and other wild animals, and if a man did not know just how to get into it, it would be a hard place to find. We stopped often to look and listen, there was a certain something about the place that made one feel like a pygmy among giants.

The deer trail we had been following led straight into this deep ravine and up the opposite side. Bob whispered he would go over and station himself where he could see any deer that might come down the ravine and still see across the slide rock on the other side. I was going up around the edge of the buckbrush; this way we both had a good chance of getting a shot because the deer would invariably go down the gulch instead of climbing the cliffs.

I had gone but a short distance after we separated when I heard a clicking among the slide rock ahead and through the flurry of snow I could just make out the dim form of a deer headed up the gulch. The snow was letting up some by this time and one could see across the stretch of buckbrush and get a fair view of the mountain on the other side.

Pausing to rest after a steep climb up a knoll I thought I saw something move in the brush. I kept my eyes on the object and after watching a while I could see a big buck deer watching me. Even from where I was I could see he had a great pair of horns.

It was rather a long shot but the temptation was too much so I took aim and fired. The old blackpowder gun made a report like a small cannon. I had missed the buck and he started up the canyon in mighty leaps. I cursed myself for shooting at him at that distance, when he suddenly turned and started down the gulch and over the slide rock, headed right in the direction where Bob was waiting.

Knowing that he would get a better shot than I, I did not risk another shot but waved to Bob with my hat that

the buck was coming his way. He was within seventy-five yards of Bob and running broadside across the slide rock.

I was getting excited. What was the matter? Didn't Bob see him? In another instant there was a puff of smoke and Bob's rifle split the stillness of the air. Then another shot rang out, and a third, but the buck only increased his mighty leaps. I could tell from the puffs of smoke where the shots were hitting as they flattened against the slide rocks. The fourth shot went wild; Bob was leading the buck a little too far with his shots.

The fifth shot also missed its mark. The buck was just at the edge of the buckbrush—in another instant he would be out of sight. Then the sixth—Bob's last shell. "Pull for his shoulders, you fool," I muttered, "or we will continue to eat bacon." I was on my toes now, my own gun ready for action, but as Bob's old Betsy spoke the last time the buck turned over into the buckbrush and out of sight.

"Good shot!" I said, as I saw Bob rush over across the slide rock reaching for his hunting knife. Then just below the knoll on which I was standing I heard something go jump, jump, jump with a snort like a wild horse. Here was another buck with horns that looked like a rocking chair upside down running straight away from me down the hill. Here was a chance to show what I could do so I took a firm head on the upper part of his shoulders and fired. The buck went down in the hind quarters but was up in a flash and into a washout. I had broken his hind leg just above the joint.

All I could see of him now was his head and neck in the brush so I fired again and missed. At the report of the third shot he dropped out of sight in the brush. Rushing down the hill I thought I knew just where he fell but when I got down into the place it was full of draws, creeks and pockets. I could not find a sign of the buck, so I was forced to go back and hunt for his tracks.

I was up on the hillside and happened to glance down to where Bob was. What I saw made my hair stand on end. Bob was standing with his gun in his hands like he was using it for a club and a few feet away was a buck with his head lowered and his horns threatening. He was evidently getting ready to charge straight at the man. I knew Bob did not have another cartridge with him and to



Geo. Bonner
1928

The buck went down in the hind quarters but was up in a flash—



I took my gun by the stock and was going to hit him over the head with the barrel if he had tackled me.



me it looked in all ways that Bob was going to take second money.

One glance was enough and I was headed down the hill to the rescue, as fast as I could go through the snow and brush. If I could only get in shooting distance before it was too late!

I had to go down through a steep gulch and out of sight of Bob and the deer. When I finally scrambled up the other side I was afraid to look for fear the buck had killed him. But coming into sight I saw Bob coming toward me, but no trace of the deer could I see. When he came up I could see by the expression on his face that something was wrong.

"I thought I knew just where he fell," he said, "but when I got over there I could not find a sign of him so I was going over and find his trail in the snow and trail him. Just about then I heard a sort of gargling noise and a snort and out of the brush he come, stumbling along and finally getting on his feet. He made straight for me, his head down, and the blood was running down from the top of his head and into his eyes. His eyes looked green—he was sure on the fight and he meant business. I took my gun by the stock and was going to hit him over the head with the barrel if he had tackled me. My shot must have just grazed the top of his head, stunning him for a while, and when he came to he was ready to fight anything in sight. He started to circle around me, shaking his head and snorting, getting nearer all the time.

"There was a clattering among the rocks in back of me after you shot the last time and there came another buck. I did not dare to look behind me to see what was coming, it would have given my buck the chance he was waiting for to catch me off my guard.

"I heard the hoofs of the second one scrape against the rocks as he came to a sliding halt. I think he was watching you up the hill and never saw me until he almost ran headlong into me and the other deer.

"He let a snort out of him like a wild cayuse," continued Bob, "and went around us and down into the gulch. He had seen and heard enough and was leaving for parts unknown in a hurry. I got a fair look at him as he went around us, he was sure a big one, a seven spiker I'll bet, and of a dark color, especially his neck and lower part of his shoulders.

"The wounded buck looked at him and then back to me,

shook his head a time or two, and followed the other deer into the gulch. I felt a whole lot easier after he was well out of sight," said Bob.

"What was the one you hit," I asked, "a five spiker?"

"I didn't have time to look for points on his horns," said Bob, "what I was looking for just then was a point to crawl up on, the higher the better, too. He had more points than I wanted run through me, and the reckless way he handled them made me think fast how I was going to keep out of his reach. I think he would have made me step around pretty lively if that other deer hadn't run out past us."

"I had the same luck as you did," I said, "I lost mine, too, in the brush. We better hike up there right away and look for him, or we may have to eat bacon and spuds the rest of the fall."

We hiked up among the buckbrush where I had shot my deer, and I finally singled out his tracks from among the other deer trails in the buckbrush. Trailing the deer up the gulch, then over into another smaller creek we were starting around a patch of brush when to the right of us about thirty yards away there was a movement among the brush and the buck jumped out.

This time when the old blackpowder I had broke the silence the buck stumbled along for a few feet then fell headlong down the hill, rolling over and over and lodging at the foot of some rocks. Walking up to where the deer was lying we found him to be a four spiker, but he had a very large spread of horns and for beauty and grace he excelled many five and seven spikers I have seen.

Bob had not told me any yarn when he said he would show me the biggest blacktail deer I had ever seen.

It was a mile above timber line and there was no tree that we could hang the deer up in, so, after dressing him, I tied a red bandana handkerchief around one horn to keep the coyotes away until we could get him out and down to the cabin. A coyote is suspicious and unless he is on the verge of starvation he won't bother anything that doesn't look just natural to him.

However, small things like handkerchiefs that a man might leave around as a "hands off" sign won't scare Mr. Bear any. If he happens along and is hungry he takes what he wants without any invitation. But we had to leave the deer where he lay and take our chances.

Then we took up the trail of (Continued on page 53)

Sheboygan County's First Wild Life Refuge

More Refuges
More Ducks

By
ART KADE

JUST south of the city of Sheboygan along the shore of Lake Michigan lies a remnant of what once was the Happy Hunting Ground of the Pottawatomic Indian. This area which has running through it the Black River was heavily wooded with virgin pine and hardwood forest which abounded with game. It is recorded by the arrowheads found in the sand that game was both large and small, feathered and fur bearing. There were deer and bear, grouse and woodcock, rabbit and squirrel. On the surface of the river and in the swamps and creeks the goose and duck and other waterfowl found a resting, feeding and breeding place in which to rear their young. This area was indeed kind and generous to the red man.

Then came the white man with his gun and axe. Under his advance the wild life disappeared, but fortunately very little of the forest was cut. While the bird and animal life has been badly depleted yet the forest and cover has been retained.

In the fall of 1926 Mr. Walter Kohler, a Waltonian and enthusiastic conservationist, purchased a part of this area known as the Forest Preserve. In February, 1927, he had this area set aside and declared a Forest Preserve and Wild Life Refuge.

This refuge was the nucleus which inspired the She-

boygan Waltonians to secure the adjoining forest areas that they might thereby enlarge and assure the perpetuity of the wonderful pines and provide a refuge in which to stock wild birds and animals. The cut over timber lands provide tracts on which reforestation has already taken place and on which already over 2,000 pine seedlings have been planted and are thriving well.

Acting in accordance with the provisions of the laws pertaining to the establishment of wild life refuges the owners of the lands were approached in February, 1928, by the Waltonians and the required signatures procured. The applications were then acted upon by the Wisconsin Conservation Commission and the tract was officially declared a Wild Life Refuge. This tract comprises 2,214 acres and extends for five miles along the shore of Lake Michigan.

The problem then confronting the Waltonians was to ascertain the species of game best suited to this refuge and a means of vermin control. Mr. Seth Gordon, national Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League, was asked to make a personal survey of the refuge. He investigated the entire area and made recommendations as to the forest fire control, species of game to be stocked, methods of caring for the game (Continued on page 33)



An ideal home for ducks on Black River. Plenty of refuges like this and the overflow will provide sport for America's duck hunters.

Bill's Barge

A SKETCH

By

MRS. JOHN BORDEN



ANOTHER story written for Outdoor America by Mrs. John Borden, famous outdoors woman, big game hunter and angler, whose most interesting book, "The Cruise of the Northern Light," will be published this month by Macmillan and Company.

EDITOR

A SWEET fragrance after rain filled the cool evening air. Along the roadside, green bushes sparkled like diamonds: each tiny raindrop glistened in the warm reflection of a setting sun. Suddenly we rounded a sharp curve. There burst upon us, on one side, a vaster panorama of green hills, red roofs, white houses, on the other, an enchanted Pacific.

Looking out over the colorful ocean, a black, hulking shape outlined itself against an orange sky. There were no masts, but the bowsprit told a story: she had once been a proud sailing-vessel. "The remains of a wreck," I thought—jumping at a sentimental conclusion, "perhaps the Captain ordered her masts cut before abandoning ship. Perhaps—a sinister relic that has battled polar ice?"

But I said nothing. We hurried toward Santa Barbara. The gold, shining sun sank lower and lower. Evening fell upon us. Lights twinkled. The tall, swaying, eucalyptus trees sighed in a soft breeze, sending forth a pungent perfume.

THREE days later saw us standing on the fishing wharf of Santa Barbara—surrounded by eager, curious men waiting for the gasoline tug to pull up alongside, anxious to learn whether a large jew-fish had been brought in that morning. Two days before there had been a four hundred pounder, the preceding morning—one that tipped the scale at one hundred and fifty.

Large enough. . . . "Oh, Boy! Look at that baby!"

We stared. Behind the small boat that chugged toward us, dragged and splashed an enormous thing that flopped on the surface of the blue water.

"That's some bass!" exclaimed a young kid of about sixteen years who stood near, his mouth wide open, eyes popping. "Whee! Maybe I don't wish I could go out and catch one of them whoppers!" he lamented.

The huge, fat, slippery object was hauled out of the water. On the scales it hit the two hundred mark.

How exciting! We too could fish for just such a creature, or try for more assured success: mackerel are said to pave the channel. Santa Barabans had been amused, when we announced our intentions of spending a day on the fishing barge. But I wanted to go. Although living in Chicago all my life I have never seen the stock-yards. I wanted to experience this barge fishing. The bobbing black ship on the horizon had intrigued me for three days. Fishing—or no fishing, I was determined we were going out to that barque.

"All aboard!" shouted a voice from the launch. There were, besides my husband and myself, three in our party: William Mitchell, Billy Mitchell, aged eight, and Bill the chauffeur. And as if there were not enough Bills already, a large placard announced: "Fine Fishing from Bill's Barge."

Fifteen minutes later, we reached a sturdy black hull which creaked and groaned as she tugged at her anchor chains. Jane L. Stamford was blazoned upon her solid stern. Ascending a broad wooden ladder, we rested for a moment to gaze over a glistening blue ocean. There, in the morning's sun,

shimmered green rolling hills; Santa Barbara was nothing more than a cardboard village.

"Buy your tackle and lines at the restaurant," directed a jolly, hardened looking old salt, strangely enough, dressed in khaki. This was "Old Bill" himself. On his head sat a shabby felt hat. "This way!" he shouted. We would, of course, start in the wrong direction. The deck was

rough, the Jane L. Stamford had seen hard use. Amid-ship rose the main deck-house; here we found the restaurant which reeked of breakfast and a possible lunch. There were now no masts to grace the vessel's grim ugliness. We leaned over a counter, overlooking cans of pineapple, tomato soup, every kind of cigarettes, packages of sweet chocolate, and coarse white china stacked in one corner. By virtue of a shining two-bit piece, we were provided with hand lines, each with four hooks and a heavy, rusty sinker. Behind the counter, further in the shadowy recesses of that dank smelling galley, smiled a tall, delicate-looking man who appeared to be chief cook and bottle-washer. His white hair curled above a whiter forehead; large bony hands were folded across a wide white apron (surprisingly clean), and a pair of kindly eyes roved from one stranger to another. Near him stood a Mexican girl: a little person with black hair and dancing eyes, skin—a healthy brown. A frayed khaki shirt lay open over a slender throat. She, too, was covered in a voluminous white apron, from below which protruded white canvas trousers and Indian moccasins. Odd costume. . . . A stranger couple. . . .

"Say! I got this to-day. Is it O. K.?" asked a person (Continued on page 40)



Backs of every shape and description leaning over the weather beaten bulwark.



Billy Mitchell proudly holding his first fish.

Balm

By
JAY G. SIGMUND

Drawings by Uldene Trippe



WHEN I climbed into Julius Hoke's car the day they buried Ma, I thought it didn't matter if Julius drove into a ditch and killed me, I felt that bad. It had been tough when Pa died three years before, but I still had someone, though I missed Pa terrible. Although I was only nine then, he had always taken me with him when he went hunting or fishing, and he had showed me how to use a rifle, how to set traps for muskrats, how to

skin a skunk, and lots of other things a fellow has got to know if he amounts to anything.

Yes, it was tough when Pa died, but I somehow stood it, but when Ma took sick I felt as though the world was coming to an end or something.

If I live to be a hundred years old, I'll never forget the night Ma died. For a while I felt as though someone had struck me on the head with a club, and something seemed to be tied around my chest, and it seemed someone was just drawing it tighter and tighter. I couldn't cry at first, and when I tried to yell, the rope, or whatever it was that seemed to be tied around me, got so tight I couldn't hardly breathe.

Julius took me by the hand and walked around the yard with me. He's an awful stout fellow, Julius is, six feet tall and with great muscles bulging under his shirt sleeves, and you'd never think he could cry, but I looked up and saw big tears rolling down his cheeks and he blinked hard to keep others from coming, and chewed hard on his tobacco.

When I saw Julius crying, I just let go and began sobbing as hard as I could. Julius took me on his lap; we set there on a stump near the fence, and he said to me:

"Poor little feller! Poor little feller! You'll have to be my boy now!"

It was funny about Julius. Folks always had said he was a rough fellow. He had been a hired man, and he was raised way down the Wapsie where the French Ridge settlement is—right there where the Buffalo runs into the Wapsie. It's a kind of rough neighborhood down there, I've heard. Julius used to work in the quarry at Stone City and he used to drink a good deal. He used to be a terror to get in fights at dances, and winters he never done anything but hunt and trap. Ma had said to me that he changed when he got married. I guess he did all right, for he's sure treated me swell.

Well, I won't talk any more about Ma's dying, but, as I say, when I got in the car with Julius and his wife to go home with them after her funeral, it didn't seem to me to matter if I lived or not.

I heard the clock strike every hour all that night.

When we set down to breakfast the next morning, about the first thing Julius said was:

"Well, Dick, it rained so I can't plant corn today, so we're goin' to the river. How does that strike you?"

Of course it struck me first rate, and it's that day I want to tell

HERE is a story that proves the unsurpassed power of the outdoors to soften and cure even the greatest of sorrows.

about, for it done more than anything else to help me get over Ma's dying. I don't know how I ever would have stood it if it hadn't been for that day.

After all the chores was done, we drove down the ridge road to where the Wapsie has a big bayou running into it. It's right near that deep hole where Morgan Little nearly got drowned once, and right near is the bullhead pond. There's bluffs on one side, and upon the bluffs are juniper trees. That's where Julius and I are going to put some fox traps when we get the corn picked this fall.

We pulled up in a grove of soft maples about twenty rods from the river and got our fish poles ready. Julius' wife had our dinners in a big basket. There was meat loaf, some cold chicken left over from the day before, pickles, pie and a chocolate cake. We brought coffee in a glass fruit jar.

As soon as we got over to the river, Julius said:

"Did you bring the can of fish-worms, Dick?"

I took the can to him, and he baited his hook and mine and his wife's.

"I'm afraid it's pretty muddy to fish," Julius said.

"Oh, we don't care whether we get any fish or not," his wife said.

"We just want to be along the river."

I thought that was kind of queer, for I wanted to get some fish, but we all throwed our hooks in and waited.

While we waited for a bite, I watched the other side of the river—and saw a good deal.



"I'll never forget that night. I heard the clock strike every hour."



Over across, yellow birches lined the Wapsie, and the shore beneath the bluff was all strewn with rocks.

As I set there watching, all at once a green heron came flying down the river and lit on a little patch of muddy shore. Gee, it was a pretty thing! I could almost see the sun change the color of its feathers as it walked around with its neck stretched up and its long, orange-colored, stilty legs. Finally, it stood perfectly still for a long time, and then, all at once, made a dart with its bill and came up with a little frog—a spring peeper—in its bill. A big carp flopped up right across from us and scared the heron up after while, but it hadn't no sooner left until a belted kingfisher came flying up the river and perched on an old cedar snag that was on the bluff across from us.

I watched him there. He seemed to be asleep, he was humped up so, but after a while he went like an arrow straight for the very place where the green heron had been wading. He hit the water with an awful splash and then whirled around and flew down the river.

I watched the cork on my line for a while, and then I

right near the pond we scared up a ruffed grouse. He went whirring through the burr oak trees, and was out of sight in a second.

"Wish I had my gun out of the car," Julius said.

"What good would that do?" his wife said, "it's against the law to kill them now."

Julius looked at me and winked.

We was soon at the bullhead pond. Bullheads may not amount to much as fish, but when it comes to fun, catching them is as good fun as I know of.

We baited up and started in to fish. It was no time 'til Julius caught one and, though it wasn't very big, it horned him when he was getting it off the hook.

Julius swore then.

"Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Julius' wife said.



started to look around again. Did you ever watch them brown water spiders? One of them had a web—a funnel shaped web—right in a pile of drift wood, at the roots of a big ash near where we was fishing. He'd come up to the opening of his web and then back down into it again. At last he come clean out and went skating across the water. It made me think of a picture of raftsmen on The Ganges River that I saw once in the 'cyclopedia at school.

All at once, I heard a sort of ripple in the water, and I looked in the direction the sound was coming from, and there was a muskrat paddling downstream with a piece of arrowroot stalk in its mouth. He saw us long before he got near us, and dove. When he come up again, he was way downstream from where we was fishing.

All at once, I saw Julius' cork go under and the line go tight. Julius pulled, and up come a big leatherback turtle. Julius' wife let out a yell and dropped her pole on the bank, but I wasn't scared.

Julius made a rush for the turtle, but he'd got off the hook and scrambled back into the water. Julius made a dive for him, but fell flat on his stomach. Julius' wife laughed, and I laughed too. It was the first time I'd laughed since Ma took down, I remembered afterward.

"It's no use fishin' here. Let's go over to the bullhead pond," Julius said.

He told us the river was a little too muddy for bass, catfish, or even carp.

"We'll come back and fish in the river after I get the corn planted," he said.

We went through some small willows over to the little pond where the river goes in when the spring floods come. The river leaves small fish there every two or three years. They're mostly bullheads, but some blue-gills, sunfish and a few croppies is there.

We scared up some bobwhites from an old brush pile as we was going over, and when we got into the scrub oaks

Julius had no more than got his bullhead off than I got a bite myself, and it took my cork way under.

"Jerk!" hollered Julius.

I jerked, and up come a nice bullhead with his yellow belly flashing in the sun!

"Why, Julius, he's caught one lots bigger than yours," Julius' wife said.

She hadn't no more than said that when—swish—her line shot out toward the middle of the pond.

"Jerk," yelled Julius, and she pulled, but whatever it was she couldn't land it. Julius run over to where she was and started to pull the line in. When we saw what she had, we all began to laugh, for it was a big snapping turtle—almost as big as a dishpan.

Julius had quite a tussle to get the thing to shore, but at last it laid hissing and snapping on the bank. Its shell was all moss covered and its tail was notched like an alligator's. There was blood-suckers all around its legs.

"He'll make good eatin'," said Julius.

"If you eat him, you'll cook him yourself," his wife said.

"I can do that, too," Julius said. He knew she was just fooling.

I caught the next three fish. One was a croppie and two was bullheads.

"Some fisherman," Julius said.

Then Julius caught three. Two was little carp and one was a sun-fish.

"What's the matter with you, Mag?" Julius said to his wife. Mag was her name.

"Oh, I'm after big game like snappers," Mag said. Julius grinned when she said that.

He hadn't hardly quit grinning when she jerked out a big bullhead. Right away after Julius took that one off her hook, she caught another one.

"The bullheads will bite better this afternoon," Julius said. "Let's go eat now."

(Continued on page 44)

Outdoor America

Member A. B. C.
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Fisherman's Ill Luck

By Glenn Frank

President University of Wisconsin

VIVID volumes of sport-lore have been written about fisherman's luck, but, this evening, I have been wading through a mass of fish statistics that might well be labeled fisherman's ill luck.

I wish it were possible to make the statistics of America's depletion of its resources so vivid that the whole nation would read them as eagerly as the apostles of Izaak Walton pore over tales of fisherman's luck.

The waters along our Atlantic and Pacific shores were once alive with salmon, shad, mullet, sturgeon, lobsters, oysters, crabs and clams.

The salmon supplies of the Atlantic shore are no longer a vital factor in our food supply and the salmon supplies of the Pacific shore have suffered a 50 per cent depletion.

The Alaskan salmon fisheries four years ago, when the government awakened to the situation, faced extinction within fifteen or twenty years.

The Great Lakes sturgeon fisheries declined 98 per cent in forty-two years and have virtually disappeared on the coast.

In 1849 the Potomac river yielded 22,000,000 shad.

Two years ago the Potomac river was yielding only 600,000 shad.

During the last fifteen years the Delaware and Chesapeake crab fisheries have declined more than 50 per cent.

During the last twenty years the Chesapeake oyster fisheries have declined about one-half.

During the last thirty years our lobster yield has declined about two-thirds.

Aside from the development of large-scale fishing operations, here are some of the things that have entered into this fish depletion:

The development of automobiles and good roads have given a great impetus to fishing as a sport, for it is now easy to reach good fishing streams.

Water-power development has meant the erection of an increasing number of dams across rivers, with great reservoirs destroying spawning grounds.

Here and there fish ladders have been erected on the lower dams so that fish can still make their way up rivers, but this practice is not widespread enough.

And then our streams are more and more becoming polluted by sewage from our growing cities and from the wastes from our factories.

Here is one of the most fascinating aspects of our general conservation problem and yet the mention of conservation in our political campaigns has a remote sound.—Reprint from Chicago Daily News, August 16th, 1928.

Sewage Treatment Pays

THE estimated cost of preparing on Ward's Island a plant to treat scientifically one-fourth of the sewage New York City now dumps into rivers and sea is \$37,000,000.

Suppose we put the figure at \$50,000,000, to cover the inevitable extras. Also suppose we depreciate the plant at the rate of five per cent a year and compute at six per cent the interest on the investment—though the city should be able to finance at a lower figure.

That would yield a burden of \$5,500,000 a year. What are the credits?

As planned, the plant would produce daily 50,000 tons of fertilizer. The market price of this varies. Suppose we see what would happen if the city could realize an average of \$10 a ton.

That would bring a gross income of \$182,500,000 annually. At \$5 a ton the figure would be \$91,250,000. At only a dollar a ton, there would be enough income to carry depreciation and interest on plant and leave \$12,750,000 a year to apply on other costs.

Since the intent is in time to apply this treatment to all of the city's sewage, the margin of ultimate revenue over costs of plant and operation could then be multiplied by four.

These, to be sure, are theoretical figures but they seem to sustain Engineer Tuttle's contention that scientific disposal of New York's sewage, in addition to ridding metropolitan waters of a foulness which is a growing menace to health, would prove a self-sustaining if not an actually profitable improvement.

Even at the lowest estimated price for recovered fertilizer—\$1 a ton—there does not seem to be any good economic reason why New York should not advance boldly and rapidly toward a solution of its sewage problem which everybody knows must come in time.—(Reprint from New York World, Sept. 7, 1928.)

Safety First

THE hunting season is on. This annual migration to the fields, forests and waters is an event of real significance in the life of the American people. It's the training school for the nature lover, the tryout period for the sharp eyes, alert ears and quick muscles of the sportsman. The value of this training school physically, mentally and economically can't be measured in dollars and cents.

The prime objectives of the real sportsman are healthful recreation and the thrill of the chase. Hunting merely to supply the family larder is obsolete. To see how much one can slaughter in a given time has long since been taboo in all respectable circles. The real sportsman respects the law, gives both the game and his fellow hunter a chance, and leaves ample seed stock for the next season. He takes care of his fires, hunts vermin with as much gusto as he does game, and spends his time and money feeding game in the wintertime. Only game hogs, and thank heaven their tribe is fast vanishing, kill for the lust of killing.

One of the most deplorable aspects of the annual hunting season is the toll of human life. Statistics show that fully half of all fatalities are self-inflicted—the result of rank carelessness in the handling of firearms.

Statistics also disprove the common belief that practically all persons killed during the hunting season are the victims of rifle bullets. Shotguns are usually more carelessly handled and are also far more numerous, and the toll of life from those weapons is far in excess of the deaths caused by rifles.

Another common belief, namely, that firearms in the hands of youngsters cause most of the fatalities, has also been proved false.

Ninety-nine percent of all hunting accidents are preventable. We urge that no young boys be permitted to go afield in unsupervised groups and that every hunter see clearly before pulling the trigger. One human life is worth more than all the game in America.

On the Dedication of a Memorial to Gene Stratton-Porter

A Portion of the Address at Decatur, Indiana, September 11, 1928

By DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

President, Izaak Walton League of America

WE are gathered today to do honor to the memory of one of Indiana's great citizens, and first among all who seek to lay a wreath of imperishable laurel on her tomb stands the Izaak Walton League of America. Speaking on behalf of the League and its members, I wish to record this tribute to one who has loyally and effectively served both you and us.

TO

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

Even in early youth she dreamt dreams that are coming true.

In later years she saw visions which are being built into glorious realities for her native state.

In all her life she worked with tireless industry and uncompromising accuracy for the winning of truth and the establishment of those high ideals which alone can furnish the stable and enduring support of our nation.

PERHAPS there are those in this great audience who do not know of the work and ideals of the Izaak Walton League, even though in this beautiful prairie state the movement found early support and has grown to imposing proportions. Started only six years ago by a group of outdoor men and nature lovers the League is devoted to the unselfish purpose of saving for our boys and girls some of the riches and the beauties which our pioneer ancestors found in the wilderness they set out to conquer. Today the League with more than a hundred thousand members and more than a million friends and supporters, with 2,500 chapters in cities and towns scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the waters of the north to the waters of the south, challenges or selfish interests to destroy beautiful forests, to slaughter the game and to turn health giving streams into polluted waters that menace the very existence of the communities they used to serve. Let me speak with a definiteness that leaves no twilight zone of doubt for there are those who mis-

understand and I fear also some who willfully misrepresent the attitude of our organization.

The Izaak Walton League of America is no blind opponent of progress. It does not seek to block those changes which are necessary in achieving the maximum use of the resources of nature for the enrichment of the people of our country. It realizes that the vast impenetrable forests of Indiana a hundred years or more ago were wisely sacrificed to create a million homes for its people today. We are one and all proud of those hardy pioneers and we desire that those who come after us shall have something of their energy, their courage, their devotion to the high principles on which this nation is founded. But no one can look around him today without seeing abundant evidence of other and less praiseworthy tendencies. Our

reach; they repel and nauseate the chance visitor and their disease breeding and death carrying waters are now an ever present menace to the community.

THIS terrible transformation is not as some would tell us, the necessary result of increasing population or industrial development. The most crowded and most highly industrialized nations of western Europe, Belgium, England and Germany, know no such pollution as characterizes great rivers in the East and even in the much younger Central West of these United States. Carelessness, thoughtlessness, haste, lack of regard for the rights of others and failure to protect the public interest are some of the chief factors involved.

Here it is that the Izaak Walton League finds its field of activity. The one and only nation wide conservation organization, it seeks ever to find and to protect the public interest. Private enterprises are always adequately protected by those intimately involved but the public interest, the rights and privileges of the millions of good common people often fail of adequate consideration. We, you and I, each one of the hundred million Americans, owns a share in the beauties and the riches of outdoor America. And yet how often has that share been taken from us for private gain or been destroyed by careless hands. Stop for a moment and think how far we have gone along this road and how near the end is. At the present rate what will be left in another half century?

"All together—Heave."

THIS world has never known a country equal to ours in size, having greater natural beauty of conformation, diversity of scenery and wealth of animal and plant life. . . . "Only as a day in the evolution of the world is 300 years, and after this length of time, we, today, are called upon to answer for our stewardship of plethora of riches and beauties. We have handled these natural wonders, this profusion of riches in a spirit of insane recklessness. . . .

. . . . "Today we are squarely facing the problem of reparation for we must make reparation or we must meet disaster. There is no question of whether we will or not, we must as a matter of protection. . . .

. . . . "We must save every

brook and stream and lake. . . .

. . . . "We must save the natural resources which remain to us. . . .

. . . . "If we desire comfort, food and beauty for ourselves and any sort of a heritage at all to bequeath to our children each of us must lend a hand. Those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need, must furnish the motive power for those less responsive. . . .

. . . . "It is time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength. . . .

. . . . "One man could not do this work nor could two or three but working in unison for the same purpose many men could do it. . . .

"All together—Heave."

GENE STRATTON-PORTER.

forests are being burned not to clear the land and to make homes in the wilderness, but by carelessness that leaves only ruin and desolation in its wake. The sources of our rivers are stripped of forest cover until the soil is dried out; the stream fails in summer and at the coming of the rains grows into a torrent that strips the land of its fertility and creates havoc in its wild course. The same tendencies are seen in the pollution of our streams. In less than 50 years many beautiful rivers have been transformed into unsightly, ill-smelling, open sewers; they have lost their power to attract, to delight and invigorate and to inspire those who come within their

Gene Stratton-Porter was one to whom had been given the courage to lead in the fight. Her last written words were an appeal for the starving elk in Jackson Hole which the Izaak Walton League was striving to succor just then. Her heart was in the League because the League was doing just the things that she longed to do. She was really one of the founders of the Izaak Walton League. Nearly six years ago, in December, 1922, in the fourth number of the League's magazine was printed on the cover an appeal she wrote calling upon her readers to join in the movement. Her earnest appeal is quoted in brief form on this page.

What's Happening



Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

The Seattle Convention

THE last week in August found more state, provincial and federal game, fish and forest officials assembled in Seattle for a joint convention than were ever before gathered together in one place. The convention also was a notable one because organized sportsmen, who are co-laborers with the officials, were present in far greater number than is customary at such a convention. The Waltonians of the West and several other organized groups were ably represented. This is most encouraging, because when the laity and officialdom both put their shoulders to the same wheel in an intelligent, sympathetic manner, the aims of both groups will be attained much more quickly.

Cooperation Was the Watchword

THERE has been entirely too much throwing of bricks and promotion of "whispering campaigns" to obtain any semblance of harmonious cooperation in conservation affairs generally. Distrust, fighting over petty differences, and mulish obstinacy have done more to retard real fish, game, forest and anti-pollution campaigns than have the much taunted "special interests" and politics.

This Seattle convention was decidedly harmonious and successful. Much of the credit for this excellent spirit belongs to the men and women who planned and directed the interesting program. The progressive "Spirit of Seattle" and the activities of the entertainment committee no doubt also had much to do with the spirit of good fellowship which pervaded the convention.

Discussions Covered Wide Range

THE discussions covered many phases of fish culture, stocking methods and migrations; game and game management, range problems, stream pollution, bird protection, and other problems confronting the administrative officials. There were so many excellent discussions that space does not permit even brief review here. The Editor of this department will gladly advise any reader how to obtain copies of the complete proceedings.

Numerous resolutions were passed. Among the most important were a resolution endorsing the Norbeck Migratory Bird Refuge Bill in principle as it now stands before Congress (to be financed by Federal appropriations, all for refuges, leaving the states to supply the public hunting grounds) and the appointment of a National Committee on Wild Life Legislation to draft desirable amendments and endeavor to secure enactment of the bill as well as the appropriation to finance the work; endorsing the Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge Bill; endorsing the White Fisheries Bill; urging Congress to repeal the duty on game birds imported for propagating purposes; and urging Congress to enact a law to stop interstate shipments of illegally taken beaver skins.

New Officers and Meeting Places

THE joint convention was a success from every angle, and most of those in attendance regardless of distance traveled expressed the desire for another joint convention

in one of the eleven western states belonging to the Western Association at the first opportunity. These organizations followed an established custom of changing presidents and certain other officers, but retained the same secretaries for the coming year. Mr. I. T. Quinn, Game and Fish Commissioner of Alabama, retired as President of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, and Mr. David H. Madsen, former Game and Fish Commissioner of Utah, succeeded him.

Mr. Robert Hill, State Fish and Game Warden of Montana, the retiring president of the Western Association of State Game Commissioners, was succeeded by Mr. I. Zellerbach, President of the California Board of Fish and Game Commissioners.

Dr. Emmeline Moore of the New York Conservation Department, President of the American Fisheries Society, was succeeded by Mr. C. F. Culler, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, La Crosse, Wisconsin.

The 1929 convention of the American Fisheries Society and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners will be held at Minneapolis on September 9, and the Western Association of State Game Commissioners will meet at San Francisco.

Farm Relief

WE hear much about farm relief these days, but there is one kind of farm relief that has not gotten into the political campaigns. It is important enough to be there, especially at this season, but it is not much to orate about. It is the kind that demands action because more and more farms are decorated with "Private—Stay Out" signs.

The farm relief I mean is relief from the vandal hunter who parades about the countryside in fine toggery, calls himself a sportsman but disgraces the fraternity by committing all kinds of nuisances, such as breaking down or cutting fences, leaving gates and bars open, shooting into herds of dairy cows or other livestock, or trampling across newly seeded fields.

Well, there's only one way to cure it, and that is to educate all the hunters to respect the rights of the landowner. Many chapters of the League are offering cash rewards for information leading to the apprehension of the vandals.

Grouse Season Closed

THAT gamest of all upland game birds, the ruffed grouse, (often called partridge by sportsmen but I wish they would stop it) is being given a year of absolute protection in New York, Massachusetts, Michigan and several other states. Throughout most of his range his numbers have been so depleted by predatory species, bad hatching and rearing seasons, overshooting and disease that this action is necessary to save the seed stock. Several other states have reduced the season and the legal bag.

In the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken country a number of states have closed the season on chickens this year for the same reasons.

Now it is up to the sportsmen to observe these rulings strictly and to see to it that all thieves are caught and punished.

in Conservation

Seth Gordon is acknowledged as one of America's leading conservationists. His knowledge of conservation affairs is exceptional and nation-wide. Read his answers to queries concerning conservation problems on page 37
—Editor

What About Politics?

AS one travels about the states one of the accusations most frequently heard against State Game and Fish officials and their field forces is that they play politics; that they don't do their sworn duty because they favor their political friends and punish their enemies; and that they waste most of their time getting votes for their friends instead of catching law violators.

A check-up of such accusations all too often shows that the accuser is basing statements upon hearsay, and that there is little or no foundation in truth for them. Sometimes these statements are wilful deliberate lies intended to injure the standing of earnest, upright officials who happen to be the object of attack. A special punishment of ample severity and lasting qualities should be devised for such destroyers of public confidence.

Who Is at Fault?

ON the other hand there are some states where such accusations are only too true. In those cases game and fish jobs are handed out as political pap in recognition of faithful service. Game and fish are actually traded for votes, and the sportsmen are footing the political slush fund bill to the tune of thousands of dollars annually. Why? Simply because the average hunter and fisherman doesn't care enough to join hands with an organized movement to stop it. And many of them won't care until—well, until what game and fish are left are all safely behind the fence of some wealthy private club.

If that condition ever comes to pass in your state, don't blame it all on good roads, the automobile, the modern firearm, and civilization in general. Old Man Public Apathy is the fellow to blame, and he's constantly at your elbow.

Am I opposed to private clubs? Certainly not; but I hold that the states should undertake the same intensive restoration programs for the benefit of the general public. In many sections there would be no game or fish today had it not been for the enterprise of some club.

Two States Show Way

THE great majority of public officials are earnest, conscientious public servants. Where the sportsmen foot the bill they have a right to demand a dollar's worth of service for every dollar of their money spent. The majority of cases of political henchmen holding paid positions or other kinds of maladministration are confined to states without real organized and coordinated strength among the sportsmen.

It takes courage to hold out against the demands for help coming from friends and others who are seeking office, and two notable examples of such courage deserve mention.

Last summer the Pennsylvania Game Commission renewed its warning to its field and office staffs to keep out of politics, and to attend strictly to the duties for which they are employed.

Later the Chairman of the Wisconsin Conservation Commission, in the face of a hotly contested three-cornered political battle in which the Governor who appointed the Commission was a candidate, issued like instructions and referred to the action taken in Pennsylvania.

Are you right now getting honest-to-goodness full-time fish and game service in your state?

Conference of Western Sportsmen

WALTON League officials in the West took advantage of the convention of officials at Seattle to call a conference of Waltonians and other organized sportsmen and outdoor enthusiasts in the eleven western states on the evening of August 30.

The purpose was to swell the attendance of laymen at the meetings of the officials and to hold a session devoted to bringing about more effective cooperation between sportsmen and conservation officials. The conference was well attended, many of the state and government officials lending dignity to the occasion by their presence. Mr. Thomas Lally of Spokane, the western vice president of the Walton League, presided as chairman.

Topics of General Interest Discussed

TOPICS of general interest to the western states were discussed. "The Migratory Bird Situation in the West" was discussed by Mr. David H. Madsen, Superintendent of the new Bear River Refuge in Utah; and "The Conservation of Wild Life on Public Lands" was discussed by Mr. E. N. Kavanaugh, Assistant U. S. District Forester of Portland, Mr. C. E. Rachford, Assistant U. S. Forester in charge of Range Management, Washington, D. C., and Mr. Bruce Nowlin, State Game Warden of Wyoming.

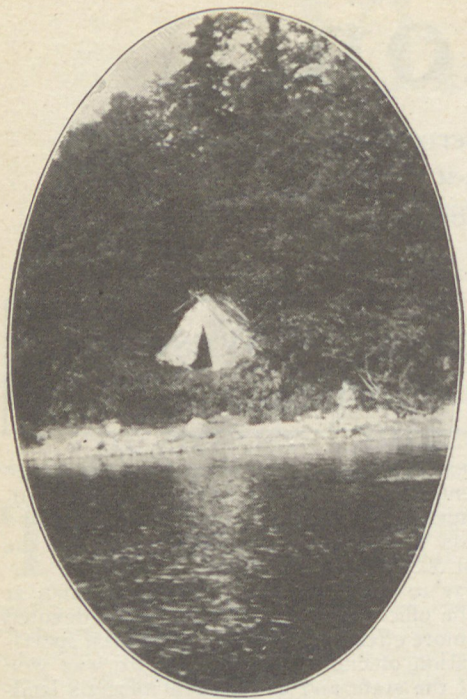
"Pollution Problems in the Western States" was opened by a brief report from Mr. C. E. Heineman, Seattle, and discussed at length by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, National President of the Izaak Walton League. Dr. Ward also made a brief report concerning the irrigation ditch screening studies now being made by the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Various resolutions were presented and endorsed, some causing considerable discussion. Among them were resolutions pledging the support of the Waltonians and other sportsmen represented to the western conservation officials; calling attention to the need for concerted action to prevent pollution to safeguard public health and save the valuable commercial fisheries industry as well as angling on the Pacific Coast; endorsing the action of the convention of officials with reference to the Norbeck Refuge Bill; also a resolution recommending that the eleven western states fix a uniform duck bag limit of ten ducks a day and not over twenty in possession, and recommending that the U. S. Government fix like limits for the eleven western states with a season bag limit of sixty ducks.

Duck Limit Actively Debated

THE duck limit resolution, as might be expected, incited considerable debate on both sides of the question but was finally passed by a wide margin. The consensus of opinion was that more suitable breeding, resting and feeding grounds are of primary importance, but that under present adverse conditions all the western states should have a comparatively low uniform bag limit.

The conference was a success in every way, and it was decided to call a similar conference in San Francisco next year when the Western Association of State Game Commissioners meets there. The cause needs more of this co-operative effort and less misunderstanding.



Thirty Miles of Salmon Water

By

GEORGE PEARSON



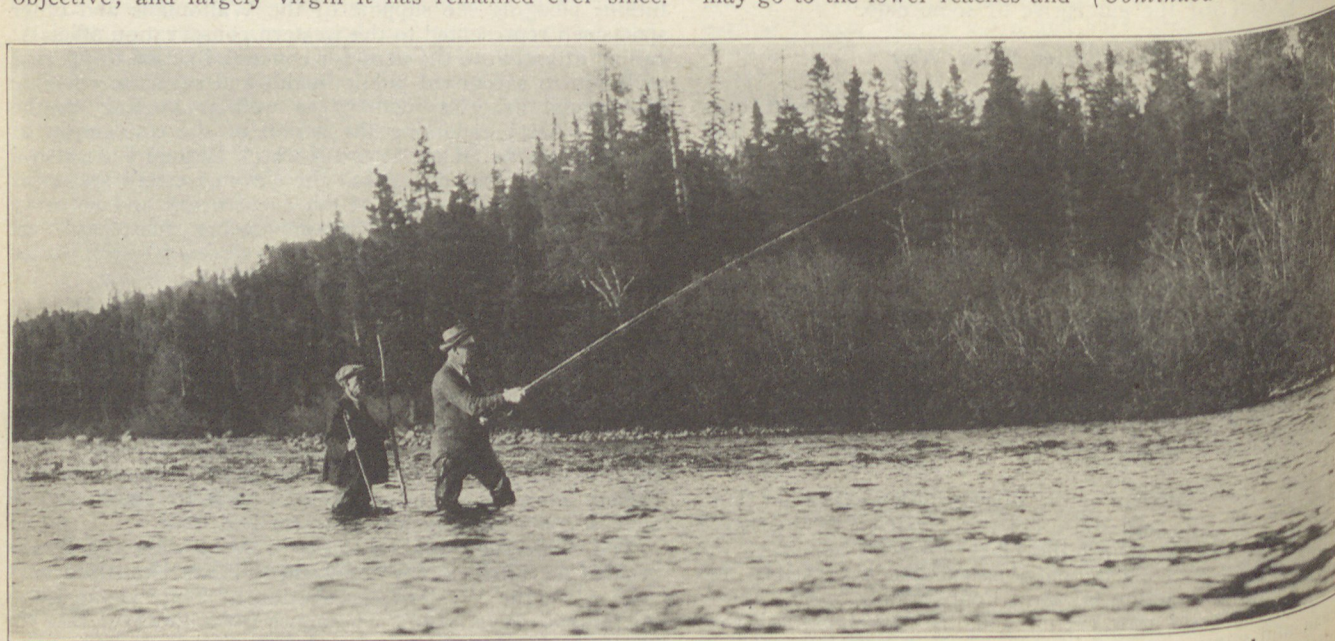
THE day we arrived from Cornerbrook at "Dick" Whittington's "Log Cabin Inn" at Spruce Brook, Newfoundland, two girls were just starting on a canoe-trip from the head of Harry's River down to Whittington's lower fishing-lodge where the river empties into the sea at Stephenville, a distance of thirty-five miles. This is a favorite trip; it can be made comfortably in two days or prolonged indefinitely; the two girls intended to take a week. The river is one long succession of salmon pools; there are eighteen large pools and numerous small ones throughout its course; at the best of them Whittington maintains log cabins, stocked with provisions and blankets; at these stopping-places the girls might loiter overnight or as long as they felt inclined, fishing the various pools.

Harry's River is described by James L. Fawnce of Philadelphia, who is now in his twenty-ninth season of salmon fishing on the West coast of Newfoundland: After having tried them all, he says Harry's River is the best and henceforth he will stick to it. He says further:

"It was in June, 1899, that we landed for the first time on the Newfoundland shore, with virgin country as our objective; and largely virgin it has remained ever since.

We found all that we anticipated, and more,—rivers teeming with salmon and trout. We fished all the rivers on the West Coast, and after having done so, selected Harry's River as the greatest salmon-river upon the Island, and perhaps anywhere, based upon numbers and size. The railway winds along its shores, or near it, for its entire length, and trains will stop anywhere to set down or pick up sportsmen. The river itself is the outlet of George's Pond, a lake some twelve miles long, and in June, the salmon come from the sea to ascend Harry's River, entering this lake, and on to their spawning beds above. One may camp at any of the various pools, knowing that every one of the many salmon must pass on the way up, and in early summer, they are eager for the fly.

"As to the fly itself, I would be right in saying that two or three styles would be all that is required. Silver Doctor, Jock Scott, and Dusty Miller; size 8 for medium, or low water; and size 6 for high water; three quarters, size 8; and one-quarter 6. The rod to be any salmon rod that can be adapted to casting. Thus equipped in late June and July, one is sure of hooking his full quota of salmon, the landing of which depends on the angler himself. For diversion, one may go to the lower reaches and (Continued on page 40)



Distinguished anglers from both America and Europe try the unexcelled salmon fishing on Harry's River, Newfoundland.

The A. B. C. of Stream Pollution

By ARTHUR M. BUSWELL

Chief, State Water Survey Division, Urbana, Ill.

IN this discussion it is assumed that every member of the Izaak Walton League is thoroughly convinced of two facts, first, that streams are a great natural resource and, second, that under present conditions this resource is being rapidly destroyed. Let us then proceed directly to the main subject of this paper.

I am going to try to tell you in a simple straightforward manner a few things about streams which up to the present time have been obscured by technical terms. There is nothing about stream studies or stream saving which cannot be explained in words of one syllable. It will be my purpose to present the subject in that way.

First, for simplicity we shall divide the subject into two separate parts which we shall call, "Studying Streams," and "Saving Streams."

STUDYING STREAMS

Why Is Pollution?

I WAS very much surprised the other day to have an ardent active Waltonian ask me why pollution was objectionable. Of course, he did not for a moment think that pollution was unobjectionable but he was curious to know just how it came about that certain substances had such a bad effect on streams. For example, he said, "the waste liquors from canneries such as blancher wastes or the steep water from corn or beans is perfectly clean in one sense of the term and would constitute a desirable base for vegetable soup. It has nothing disgusting about it. Yet when such liquors are discharged into water courses they raise havoc among the various forms of life, more especially, the higher animal forms such as fish." The answer to this question can be given in very simple terms.

As everyone knows all forms of life require oxygen from some source or other. Land animals and land plants can obtain it from the air. The fish must obtain oxygen from the air which dissolves in the water. Now it happens that oxygen does not dissolve easily in water. In fact water saturated with air contains only eight parts of oxygen in a million parts of water, or eight ten-thousandths of one per cent. The air on the other hand contains 20 per cent oxygen. The air can stand a relatively large change without suffocating animals and human beings, but very small decrease in the amount of oxygen in water would cut the amount down so that all fish would die. Apparently fish do not thrive well with less than two or three ten-thousandths of one per cent of oxygen, that is approximately 30 per cent of the maximum amount which will dissolve in water.

Now to come back to the question as to why a really clean liquor such as cannery waste which might be used for soup is so fatal to fish when it is discharged into the stream. The chemical substances in these wash waters from vegetable canneries take up oxygen with very extraordinary greediness so that within a short time after such a liquor is discharged into a stream all of the oxygen is used up, and consequently all fish life is suffocated.

I have only taken cannery liquors as an example. We have a large list of sources of this kind of pollution. Such a list was

given you last year during the nation-wide survey which was conducted by OUTDOOR AMERICA. Time will not permit my repeating this list to you today. I would suggest that you look up your back files of OUTDOOR AMERICA or dig out a copy of the questionnaire which was sent you from headquarters. To sum up our answer to the question "why is pollution?" pollution uses up the oxygen in streams which is necessary for life.

What Is Pollution?

THIS brings us to the next question, "What Is Pollution?" We distinguish in general two different types of pollution, one we may call "organic" and the other "mineral."

In studying the subject of pollution you will frequently hear the term "organic matter." This term might as well be defined at once so that we may use it later. In the simplest terms organic matter is anything that rots and stinks.

Organic matter, as you realize, is dead animal or vegetable matter or refuse. The importance of organic matter in connection with pollution is due to the fact that during its rotting it takes up oxygen with great greediness whenever any oxygen is available. Therefore whenever any form of organic matter is discharged into a stream it will have a tendency to reduce the amount of oxygen available for fish life. It will do this more or less rapidly and to a greater or less extent depending upon the conditions.

The second kind of pollution is due to

How Is Pollution Recognized and Measured?

THE third question met in stream studies is "How Is Pollution Recognized and Measured?" We have three ways of answering this question: (1) the observation of the appearance of a stream, (2) chemical analyses of the water from the stream, and (3) observations on the plants and animals found in the stream.

Appearance

HAVE you ever stood on the bank where a polluted stream which is practically an open sewer joins a stream of clean water? The black appearance of the one stream and the whitish appearance of the other are easily observable even to a layman. A closer observation would show the polluted stream to be milky, with various characteristic floating objects. Cases of gross pollution can be recognized by appearance alone.

Chemical Tests

THE chemical observations on the streams require suitable equipment, and at least a small laboratory as headquarters.

Tests Made. As you would surmise, one of the most important chemical tests is the measuring of the amount of dissolved oxygen in the stream. If the amount is normal it will be possible for fish to live.

It is necessary to have a specially de-

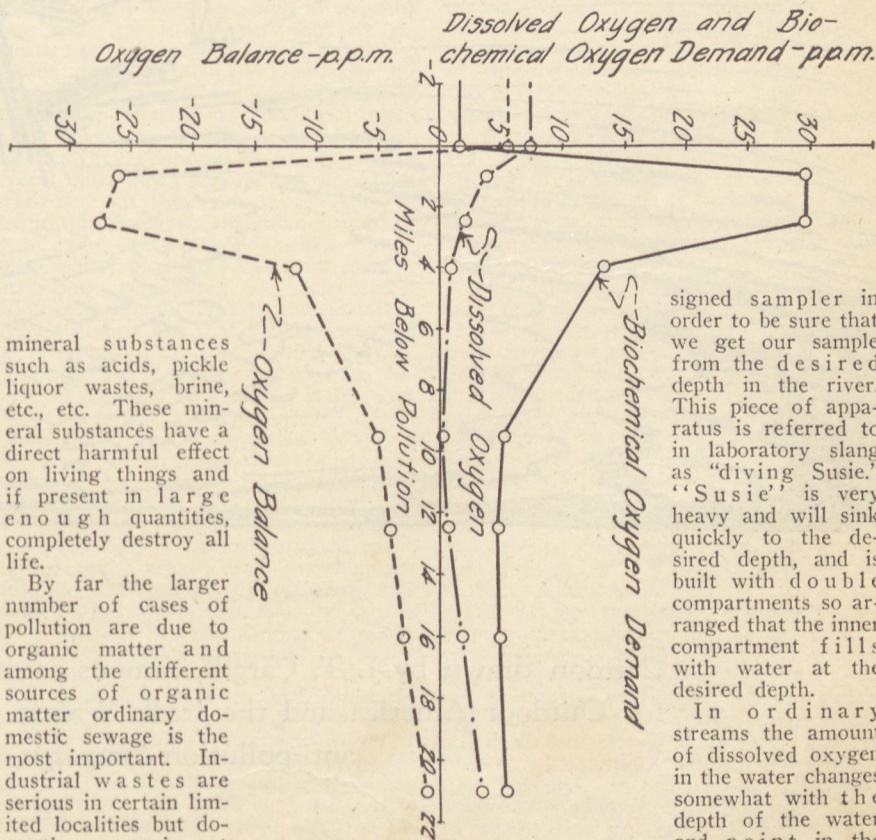


Diagram showing effect of pollution on the oxygen balance of a stream.

signed sampler in order to be sure that we get our sample from the desired depth in the river. This piece of apparatus is referred to in laboratory slang as "diving Susie." "Susie" is very heavy and will sink quickly to the desired depth, and is built with double compartments so arranged that the inner compartment fills with water at the desired depth.

In ordinary streams the amount of dissolved oxygen in the water changes somewhat with the depth of the water and point in the stream where the sample is taken.



Cartoon drawn by J. T. Cargill, famous cartoonist, especially for Outdoor America and the Izaak Walton League in their anti-pollution campaign

But it is not sufficient to merely determine the amount of oxygen dissolved in the stream. There might be quite a lot of fresh organic matter in the stream which had not yet begun to take up oxygen, and it is therefore necessary to determine what we call the biochemical oxygen demand. This is a

phrase, but the test is really very simple. A sample of the water is taken and the amount of dissolved oxygen measured chemically. A part of the sample is put away in a tightly stoppered bottle in an incubator and allowed to stand for five days. This gives the organic matter which may be present a chance to take up oxygen. At the end of the five days the amount of dissolved oxygen is measured again. The difference between the two measurements is the amount of oxygen consumed by the organic matter. This is a measure of the organic content of the water.

and of this time the oxygen, if any, remaining dissolved in the sample bottle is determined. The difference gives the amount of oxygen used up. This is then a measure of the organic matter, and is what we call, as I said before, the biochemical oxygen demand. For brevity this test is usually referred to as the B. O. D. The combination of these two tests, dissolved oxygen and biochemical oxygen

oxygen and biochemical oxygen demand, gives us a pretty fair picture of the condition of the stream. This is well shown in the figure. (Fig. I.) Starting at the left of the diagram the upper curve represents the dissolved oxygen in a certain small stream above the point of pollution. At the point marked zero in the central scale the entire sewage from a large commu-

immunity discharges into it. The dissolved oxygen drops to practically zero within four miles of the point of pollution. The B. O. D. jumps immediately to 30 parts of oxygen per million parts of water or, in other words, the organic matter requires four times as much oxygen as could be dissolved in the stream. The lower curve is the difference between the dissolved oxygen and the B. O. D.

solve is the difference between the dissolved oxygen and the oxygen demand and represents the deficiency of oxygen. As we proceed down stream natural agencies such as sedimentation in slack water and aeration over riffles and the indispensable activities of billions of microscopic plants and animals repair the damage done by pollution.

and animals repair the damage done by pollution. These little animals and plants act as scavengers. The organic matter is greedily consumed and disposed of. In the particular stream referred to in this diagram the organic matter had not been completely disposed of at a distance of 20 miles from the sewer outlet.

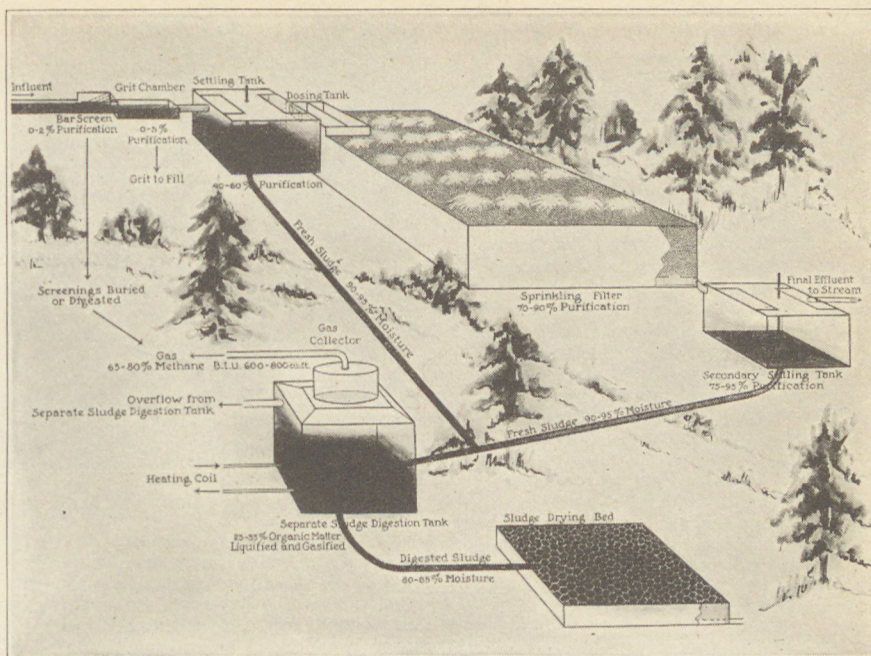
THE third way of getting information about streams is to study the plants and animals which grow in it. In a polluted stream practically all of the larger plants and animals are destroyed, and so it is necessary to study the smaller forms. You have

You have all observed that the "moss" of a clean stream is green in color, but in a polluted stream these forms will not survive, and they are replaced by whitish gray growths. The gray growths are partly plants and partly animals. Under the microscope you would probably see organisms that look like this:

For the recognition of pollution the microscope is not always necessary. It does not take an expert to tell whether growths are green or gray. These gray growths are not objectionable in and of themselves, in fact they are nature's active assistants in the cleaning process.

assistants, in fact they are nature's active
These forms in disposing of organic matter
green plants are able to survive where
They act as scavengers disposing of the
organic matter just as hogs dispose of
garbage or swill.
For a more exact study of the condition
of the stream it is customary to collect

stream it is customary to collect



Graphic outline of sewage treatment. (Loaned by Illinois State Water Survey.)

samples of mud from the bottom and then to actually count the various worms and other formations which are found. The samples from the bottom are taken with various types of dredges operated from a motor boat.

Saving Streams

THE simplest method of disposing of sewage is to empty it into some river or lake, and there allow nature to take care of it without human aid. Nature's method of handling by-products, though always a source of wonder is not difficult to understand. As we said before, after the sewage enters the stream, small plants and animals begin to grow, and in growing they take the foul matter out of the stream and oxidize or burn it, leaving a residue or ash which is practically the same as humus. These growths can be plainly seen attached to rocks and sticks in the stream, or floating as large grayish flakes. They continue for a distance of several miles down stream, and when they have done all they can in the way of purification the work of oxidation is taken up by others of nature's workers. Thus, waste matter is worked over and over by succeeding generations of microscopic plants and animals until all that is left is a black humus like that of the forest, or like the mud in the bottom of a pond.

The process is quite similar to the disposal of garbage by feeding it to hogs. The hogs in this case are replaced by the minute living organisms which feed upon and digest and transform the organic matter to mineral salts and humus.

This capacity of bodies of water for taking up and digesting foul matter must be recognized as a natural resource which may be put to proper use. But there are limits to the amount of polluting substances which streams and lakes can handle and when this limit is approached something must be done to lighten the "pollution load."

When the load on a stream becomes too great the obvious thing to do is to allow some of the natural purifying action to take place before the sewage enters the stream. This is accomplished by providing various kinds of artificial ponds, rapid currents and cascades which carry on the work more rapidly and in smaller space than is possible in natural water courses.

Causing the sewage to flow into a tank

where most of the heavier solids settle out produces considerable improvement. Such tanks are usually built with the idea of allowing the solids to accumulate and undergo bacterial digestion. For that reason they are now usually built in parts, the one part being for sedimentation and the other for sludge digestion.

If tank treatment does not sufficiently relieve conditions the more or less milky liquor flowing from the tank may be further treated by passing it through beds of broken stone, gravel or sand. These beds are commonly referred to as "filters" but as a matter of fact they owe their success to the minute living forms ("microscopic hogs") which develop in them and act as scavengers feeding on the matter in the sewage, and not to any straining or filtering action. When properly operated these sewage beds yield an effluent which is free from anything which might cause odor or nuisance of any kind.

Now let us take up the problem of removing organic matter from wastes in a little more detail. It is surprising to note that the amount of organic matter is relatively minute. It amounts to only one one-hundredth of one per cent.

It is surprising to find that a liquor containing such a small amount of organic matter as one one-hundredth of one per cent causes so much damage when it is dumped into the stream. But, if you recall that the average stream water does not carry over eight ten-thousandths of one per cent of oxygen you can understand why so little organic matter does so much damage. This organic matter is present in sewage in two forms. First, particles about the size of a grain of sand or larger, and second, in a form so fine that it will not settle out at all but forms a rather milky looking liquid.

Our problem in sewage treatment is to remove these two forms of organic matter. A general outline of sewage treatment is given in the picture above. The raw sewage first passes through bar screens which are spaced about an inch or more apart. These screens merely catch large floating objects which might damage the pumps. The next step is the removal of coarse solid matter such as sand, gravel, etc. This is accomplished in a small tank, where the heavy gravel and sand settle out. In some plants the sewage next passes through fine screens.



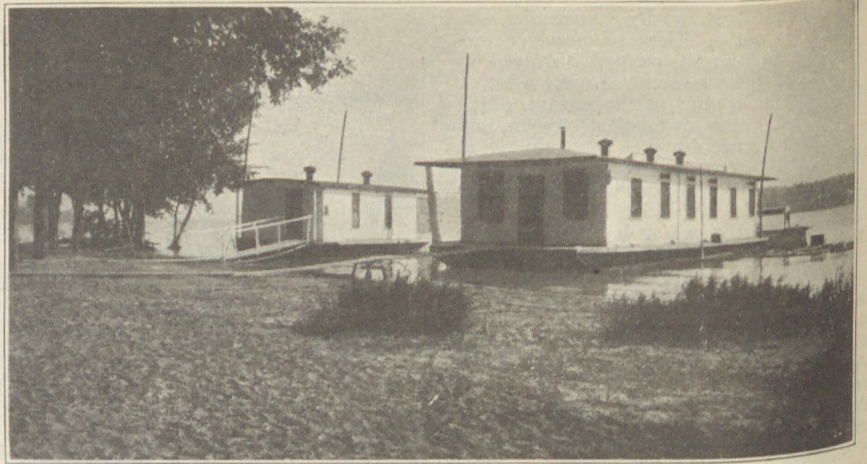
It is then passed through rather large tanks where it is allowed to remain for two or three hours. In these large tanks all of the organic matter capable of settling does so. The amount removed by sedimentation is approximately a third of the total. The liquid portion still contains 60 to 70 per cent of the organic matter. This is removed by spraying out the sewage through nozzles similar to lawn sprinklers allowing it to trickle down over rather coarse rocks. What happens in these rock beds is exactly what happens in riffles in a stream. The rocks very soon become coated with the same gray growths of small organisms that one finds in a polluted stream. These organisms take up the organic matter from the milky liquor so completely that the liquid which drains away from the bottom of the rock beds is clear and contains more oxygen than most natural streams. In other words the discharge is a purified stable product.

From time to time the growths will break off from the rocks in this rock bed and it is therefore advisable to provide a secondary tank in which these fragments may settle out before the final effluent is discharged to the stream.

So far we have followed through the course of the liquid from a raw sewage to a final effluent.

Let us now go back and see what happens to the various impurities as they are removed. You will see that the lines or channels leading down from the various treatment devices converge in one common receptacle, the digestion tank or digestion chamber. The screenings from the bar screen and the fine screens are transferred to this digestion tank. The sludge from the settling tank is also discharged into the digestion tank as is the sludge from the tank in which the settled growths from the rock beds are collected. Now the question arises, "What goes on in this digestion tank?"

It is as you see a receptacle for all of the organic matter converted into a solid condition. Wherever organic matter is al-



Houseboat Laboratories for Stream Studies.

lowed to stand it begins to rot or decay. This decaying process results in a breaking down of the chemical substances with the formation of a considerable amount of gas. This decomposition goes on until the solid matter is reduced to a black substance similar to the leaf mold which one finds in a forest. This black residue is odorless and has been so thoroughly worked over by bacteria and other organisms that it is no longer offensive. It may now be drawn off onto sand beds and allowed to dry, after which it is finally disposed of as ordinary earth.

The gases which are formed during this fermentation or rotting process contain a high percentage of "marsh gas" or "fire damp," chemically known as methane. This gas as you know will burn. In fact the gases given off from sewage digestion are 50 per cent higher in heat value than ordinary gas.

It is estimated that the sludge digestion will produce five per cent of the amount of gas required for any given city. In

other words the collection of gases from sewage treatment would be equivalent to cutting down your gas bill by five per cent.

There is another method of treating sewage which should be described for completeness, that is, the activated-sludge process. If sewage is aerated by bubbling air through it the same organisms which otherwise appear on the rock beds will grow in little flocs or flakes. Under these conditions the organisms will work for us just as well as they do on rock beds and the process can be carried out in a more compact installation. It is somewhat more expensive to operate however.

To sum up we may say that streams are saved by building treatment works which handle wastes just as nature does—by allowing them to be used as food by whole series of minute plants and animals. As Dean Swift's little jingle aptly puts it: "Big bugs have little bugs upon their backs to bite 'em, And little bugs have lesser bugs, and so ad infinitum."

Wild Geese By T. J. Jere Drees

I WAS hanging a picture of wild geese on the wall of my room. There were the honkers, big gray birds with the white ring at their throats, the long necks, and big heavy bodies, standing in the snow near the open water, that looked cold and blue, while in the gray sky, flock after flock hovered over the birds on the shore. They were true to life in every detail, and brought back to me thoughts of a lifetime of hunting and tramping in the fields. I remembered all the yesterdays with a gun, the sweetest of all of which were the boy days.

Is there a picture in all the world like that of a boy with ill fitting clothes, most of the time too big for him, an old gun over his shoulder, twice as big as he is, and an old dog of no particular breed at all at his heels, going hunting? All the world is his to tramp over and wonder in; the hedges, yellow and gold in autumn, the withered corn fields, the sloughs and ponds.

Every Saturday we were gone from daylight to dark, leaving before daylight, and never coming home until the stars were out.

I remember the walk home, how long it was, over the big hill, by the fair grounds that looked as gloomy and cold and deserted as a dark empty play house. Then by the burying ground, and at last the edge of town and the welcome yellow lights of home.

I remember the first gun I ever owned.

It was a twenty gauge, and small, and we worked hard to get it, my brother and I. It was awfully little, but so were we, just kids, and we tramped for miles and miles through the drizzle of the fine spring rain, hungry and cold and tired, but never discouraged. We never killed much that I remember, once in a while a stray duck that a chance long shot brought down with an injured wing, and then how we would fondle the thing, taking turns carrying it home, the final and grand honor going to the young hunter who carried the game into the house. He was a mighty hunter indeed. The lack of game never discouraged us, so optimistic is youth. Each Saturday would find us out at the same place, hoping and believing that the big day was at hand. And now as I look at it they were all big days, the best and biggest days I ever lived.

Every night after school I went over the hills to Swan Lake. Some night, I thought, I'll come home with a goose—nothing less—and one night I came awfully close to doing it. For days I had been watching the geese go over the hill I was hunting on, and every night I would shoot, but the lazy geese seemed to pay no attention to me at all. They treated me with contempt and would slowly rise out of danger at my one lone shot from the old army musket. This night I saw them come slowly battling against a strong wind. I waited patiently, but the suspense was agony. They were flying in loose formation with

no order at all, a ragged flock of tired geese, so tired they were hardly moving. In fact they seemed stationary at times, hovering suspended in the air, but moving slowly directly towards me crouched in the tall grass.

Then they reached me. I was among them, right in the middle of them. I myself had become, as it seemed, a part of the flock. I raised the old musket, relic of Grant's army, a gun that may have once killed a man as I used often to think as I waited in a blind alone; but it wasn't to kill a goose this day. I had lost the cap from the primer in maneuvering around, and I snapped the hammer a dozen times with no results. I hoped for the explosion that would awaken the dead hills, and bring down a goose, but all was still, and then I tried to apply a match to do the work, and this failed too.

In the meantime I was in a veritable cloud of geese. They brushed against me with their bodies, and I could actually feel their feathers. I ran with them and among them, trying to strike one down with the gun, but I was a little fellow and the gun was made for a strong, able-bodied soldier. It was heavy and awkward in my small hands.

The tired frantic geese were criss crossing in front of me, and bobbing up and down in every direction. There were so many of them and they were so near.

(Continued on page 38)



Sheboygan County's First Wild Life Refuge

(Continued from page 20)

and the ever important vermin control. Mr. Gordon found the refuge especially suited to the ring neck pheasant over its greater area with woodcock and ruffed grouse in the heavier covers along the river while some of the open areas will afford an attractive habitat for bob white. The marshes along the river bottom at the north end of the refuge constitute an unusual breeding, feeding and resting place for wild ducks and other water fowl. The forests and marshes are splendidly adapted to rabbits of which there are already a goodly number.

The Izaak Walton chapters of Sheboygan County are already hatching and raising pheasants for stocking purposes and have provided to secure a brood stock of mature pheasants to be placed in the refuge. A survey is also being made to plant wild rice and other aquatic vegetation for the water fowl which rest and feed in the marshes at the mouth of the river during their migration south in the fall of the year.



Mr. Gordon congratulates Mr. Kohler upon making this refuge possible.

species of hawks, owls, crows, weazels and other vermin which are the enemies of song and game birds, reforestation and game breeding and stocking for the newly created refuge. He will also provide feed for the resident birds during heavy sleet and snow storms and will be vested with authority to arrest poachers.

The Sheboygan County Forest Preserve and Wild Life Refuge will afford an opportunity to the Walton Chapters to do some real constructive reforestation and the stocking of game birds and animals in a refuge where they will be protected and find cover and food until such time when they have multiplied to the extent that the overflow in the surrounding parts of the county can be hunted. Through a system of game refuges there will be a plentiful supply of wild life in Wisconsin as long as no hunting is ever permitted on game refuges.

The immediate value of this forest preserve and refuge will be appreciated in the future by the boys and girls of succeeding generations who will be thereby provided with an opportunity to enjoy the forests and wild life which is now so rapidly disappearing.

\$25,000,000 for Forest

(Continued from page 7)

legislation provided that the entire increase, 75 cents, should be used exclusively by the Game Commission for "creating, acquiring and maintaining public hunting grounds and game refuges." Half a million hunters pay into the game fund \$7,000,000 a year. This means that of the total, there is to be available for refuges and shooting grounds about \$375,000 a year.

The Fish Commission comes in on a slightly different basis. The law provides that one-third of all moneys received from the fishing license fees at \$1.50 each (in excess of \$450,000 annually) shall be expended for the purchase and acquisition of additional land and water for State fish hatcheries, ponds and other extensions incidental to fish hatcheries and the stocking of waters within the commonwealth.

Here are two great building funds, virtually voluntary contributions by the hunters and fishermen, sufficient in themselves to finance extension programs of great magnitude measurable by the extent to

which the State meets the generosity and wisdom of the sportsmen by acquiring in perpetual public ownership larger areas of forest lands and more miles of streams rich in fish resources.

The Legislature of 1905 authorized game refuges with the consent of the Department of Forests, game and forestry being even then recognized as closely allied. In 1915 the Game Commission was empowered to create refuges on land other than state-owned, the Forest Department being unable to buy lands in many populous or almost wholly agricultural counties. It was soon recognized by the Game Commission that leasing lands was poor policy, so that in 1919 it was given power to purchase refuges, provided always the refuges were surrounded by public hunting grounds. Mr. W. Gard Conklin, in charge of Pennsylvania's Refuge Program, last April reported 35 primary refuges with an area of 78,925.7 acres established and 69 auxiliary refuges provided for. The system is being extended as funds are available.

With an average of 400,000 fishing licenses and 600,000 hunting licenses, an annual revenue of \$250,000 for fish and \$450,000 for game would be available for these investment purposes, or \$700,000 a year, a sum equal to \$21,000,000 in 30 years, the ordinary life of State bonds, or only \$4,000,000 less than the amount of the forest bond issue. This fund has been created because the sportsmen have faith that Pennsylvania will do its part to buy and keep free for hunting and fishing great areas of additional forest lands.

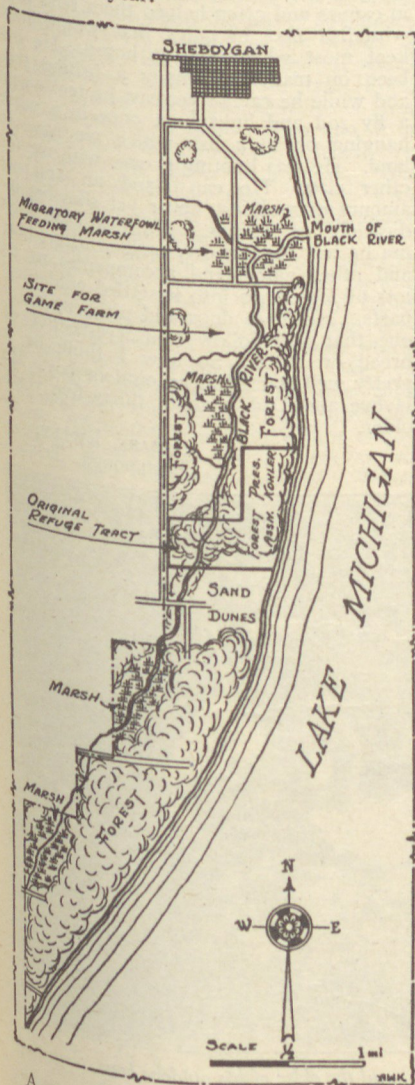
Dr. Illick says, and nobody disputes the statement, that approximately 13,000,000 acres, or about 45 per cent of the state's total area, is suited primarily to the growing of forest crops.

Not all of this 13,000,000 acres, of course, is to be thought of as desirable for State forests. But there are millions of acres which should belong to the State for forest purposes and several hundreds of thousands of acres more which should belong to the Game Commission.

Has It Paid So Far?

WITHOUT counting at all the recreational values of the lands the State now owns, and the real values in the water conservation and the saving of agricultural lands from erosion, Dr. Illick a year ago said officially that the forest lands which cost on the average less than \$2.30 an acre are worth more than \$12.50 an acre. The total cost, including all the work done on the lands acquired, is less than \$9,000,000 and the cash value is more than \$14,000,000, so that here is a money gain of \$5,000,000. European experience shows a net return of \$5.00 per acre per year from public forests. There is nothing visionary, then, in the prospect of about 5,000,000 acres of Pennsylvania forests, with a cash return in years to come of \$25,000,000 a year, and the recreational benefits in camping, fishing and hunting and all the other good things that come from reforestation of Penn's Woods thrown in for good measure. And this does not take into account the Federal forestry program, already well established and growing rapidly in the northwestern section of the State on the headwaters of the Allegheny.

Pennsylvania is now one of the largest users of imported lumber in the United States. The annual freight bill alone is \$25,000,000—the amount of the proposed bond issue. The voters of the Keystone state will undoubtedly approve this bond issue on November 6th and again blaze a new trail for other states to follow.



A conservation warden has been employed whose duties will be to patrol the refuge during the fire hazard seasons, to control and keep down those predatory

My Boy and I

In the July issue we announced prizes for the best photographs and one hundred word stories under the title, "My Boy and I."

Each photo must show the father and son on an out-of-door trip fishing, hunting, canoeing, hiking or camping. The accompanying article of one hundred words must give the ages of father and son, and how many trips they have made together.

Age is no barrier. You may be seventy and your son forty or forty-five. You may be on the right side of thirty and your son turning five.

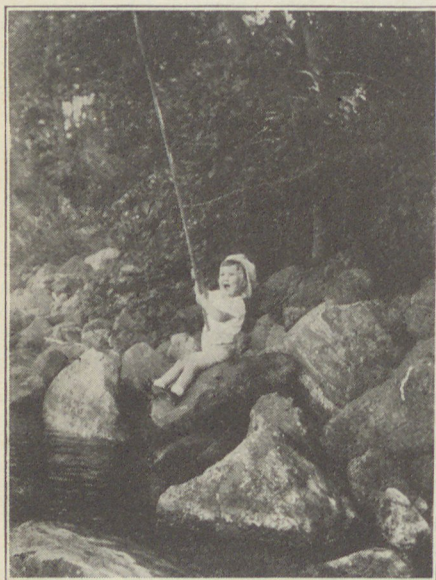
The first prize will be \$15.00, second \$6.00, third prize \$4.00. Contest closes December 1st, 1928.

"JUNIOR" took his first trip with me when he was fifteen months old. He was an ardent fan at two years, and now at three goes with his mother and me regularly. Asked if he prefers to go fishing or to a circus or a show, his answer invariably is "go fishin'."

He sits in a boat from early morning to almost dark and never wants to stop. He wears a swimming tube strapped to him for safety. He has fished with us in Florida and in Minnesota, catching perch and croppies. He uses an eight foot bamboo pole and a cork.

I expect to take him and his mother with me on many fishing trips, and by the time he is four will have him handling a rod and reel. (Dad is thirty-one).

F. F. TALLEY,
Minneapolis, Minn.



"I got 'im, Daddy," shouts "Junior" Talley, aged three.

MY boy and I have been fishing together for the past nine years. Last year we made a trip to Big Gull Lake, Canada, with the expectation of getting the big one, and I am glad to say we had a nice catch of great northern pike up to seven and a half pounds.

We went to the same lake this year, and we again had a good catch of fish, my boy landing one of six and three-quarter pounds.

We took no fish under two and a half pounds. We also hunt together, and I am mighty proud to say I have another son twelve years old who I hope is going to make another Waltonian. I am forty-six years of age, and my boy is nineteen.

WALTER ALLEN,
Kenmore, New York.



F. F. Talley of Minneapolis and his boy.



Walter Allen of Kenmore, New York, and the elder of his outdoor boys.



Ozark Ripley, national outdoor writer, and his boy.

MY youngster is five years of age named after my ancestor Count De Macklot, Demacklot Thompson. We call him Mack, so does everybody else. He was raised a greater part of the time among the Nipigon Ojibways at Nipigon, Ont., where under his nurse there, an Indian squaw, Angelique, he learned considerable of the Ojibway tongue, Indian habits and predilections. He has been many times out fishing with the Indians in canoes and often helped them tend their whitefish nets in gales that would have kept most white men at home. He has been on many and many a fishing trip, and while he cannot yet cast he trolls with a fly rod and light lure, once in a while hanging on to a fish which we have to land. He was hunting grouse with me the other day. He can stand an amazing amount of walking, never yet showing indications of fatigue. Many a time with me he has seen moose, caribou, deer, bear and other game, and accompanies us on lots of long trips into unsettled wilderness parts. He loves dogs and picks up every one that will follow him irrespective of breed or looks. So now I think he is pretty well started as an outdoor boy. He is five and Dad is about thirty-five years older.

OZARK RIPLEY,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

Send in photographs and one hundred word descriptions of you and your boy for this contest.

Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by

JUDGE

GEORGE W. WOOD



Judge Wood is receiving many letters from outdoor loving boys all over America, and incidentally from some girls, and he writes us that he is very, very glad to hear from both girls and boys who love the outdoors and want his advice and help. Address Judge Wood care of Outdoor America or Waterloo, Iowa.

EDITOR.

THE more I go into the woods the greater is my appreciation of the little fire. It is fine in winter when the wind howls about the chimney top to watch the flames curl about a pile of logs in one's fireplace and to see the crackling sparks fly upward to meet the wild wind, and in the fall when the leaves commence to flutter down, a visit to the woods is not a success without a wee fire. It seems so much more comfortable to have just a small "Indian" fire, particularly if you have something to cook. Then, too, it is so much less likely to start a forest fire or to injure the timber in any way. You know the old Indian said, "White man make big fire and sit far off, Indian make little fire and sit close."

To start a little fire I gather a quantity of dry branches that one can find on any of the trees. I select a number of sticks four or five inches long and with my jack-knife cut a series of long shavings which I leave attached to the sticks. I take five or six of these sticks and pile them with tops together and the shavings turned inward. About this I build up a little cross-work of small twigs laying them as we used to say "cob-house fashion." When this is done you are ready for a good dry match, which every one who goes into the woods should always have. It is not safe to depend on pockets to carry them in, because of rain, or humidity in the atmosphere, and often the moisture of one's body will spoil matches so carried. A good, safe, dry, as well as inexpensive way to carry them may be made by filling a sixteen gauge shotgun shell with matches and slipping this into a twelve gauge shell.



"White man make big fire and sit far off.
Indian make little fire and sit close."

They will fit so tightly that only a very long soaking will affect them.

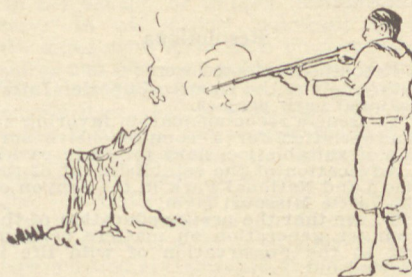
The matches we now use light so easily that we seldom stop to consider how a fire was built before we had such a quick and sure way. If we appreciated the difficulties, we would thank the man who invented them every time we lighted a fire. Yet matches have been in use a comparatively short time. It was only just before the Civil War that they came into general use and were at best slow and uncertain. I can remember the old sulphur match which started slowly, sputtered and fumed, and which was most painful when you were unfortunate enough to inhale



"A good, safe, dry and inexpensive match safe."

any of the smoke. It was a real task to light a fire by its means, and it was said that only an Irishman could light his pipe in a wind with it.

Before the match came into use our pioneer forefathers had to resort to many expedients. The flint and steel was the most common method. A little metal box held some very inflammable material. The flint was struck upon the steel in such a manner that sparks fell into the tinder. Often sulphur or a few grains of powder were scattered through the tinder to catch the sparks and start a blaze. In the days when the fireplace was the sole means of heating and cooking, the fire was not al-



"Fires may be started this way with the modern gun."

lowed to go out. In the evening the coals were covered with ashes, which in the morning would be raked away, and the fire rekindled. But if the fire went out, rather than start it with flint and steel, often an unfortunate youngster would be summoned from his warm bed and sent scampering off to a neighbor for a painful of live coals.

The rifle was often used to build a fire. While the flintlocks were in use, the pan was filled with powder and held near some inflammable material which would light when the lock was snapped. Or a little powder was poured into the muzzle, and over this some loose inflammable material was pressed lightly; which would descend blazing when the gun was fired into the air. Often this sort of a charge was fired into an old decayed stump and would cause it to smoke. Fires may be started in this way with the modern gun by taking out the shot and wads, leaving

only a few grains of powder, and then loosely wadding into the shell a bit of ragged cotton cloth. Fire this into the air and be ready with some dry inflammable material which is loosely shredded. But even with the best of materials it will be some work to build a fire.

Occasionally if a person was fortunate enough to possess one, a burning glass was used. A story is told of the pioneer scout, Simon Kenton, that, when captured by the Indians and tied to the stake to be burned to death, he asked that he might



"A story is told of the pioneer scout."

have a last smoke. The little buckskin bag in which he carried his pipe and tobacco were handed to him and his hands untied. In the bag he had a very powerful burning glass which had been given to him by a British officer. He very deliberately filled the pipe and when the Indians offered him a live coal to light it, he waved it aside. He made a few impressive gestures toward the sun, as though inviting it to send him fire to light his pipe, at the same time bringing the burning glass into focus upon the tobacco which ignited, and he commenced to smoke. The superstitious Indians were alarmed and concluded to release him. One came near to loosen the rawhide binding. Kenton focused the rays upon his wrist and the Indian sprang back in pain. The man who could draw fire out of the sky was too dangerous to be interfered with, and after Kenton had untied the bindings and set fire to the pile of wood, they allowed him to go unharmed.

Perhaps the very first fire was made by rubbing sticks together until friction produced a blaze. It is not a method you will want to use every day but it is a lot of fun, and if you can do it successfully you will never be without a fire, even though you should be fortunate enough to be cast away on a desert island! The material is very important. I have found that bass wood, white pine, the roots of elm, and particularly of cottonwood and willow are among the best. The best root wood may be found in the piles of drift along the streams left by the high water. In such piles the roots which have been torn loose along the banks seem to season well for this purpose through the constant changes from wet to dry. Such wood is very light in weight and of a dark brown color. Before it is used it should be very dry and well seasoned.

Out of the wood selected cut a block about fourteen inches long, three inches wide and one inch thick. This is called the hearth piece. Whittle round another stick about fifteen inches long and about one inch in diameter and sharpen it at

(Continued on page 56)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Division Conventions Hold Center of September Stage

NEBRASKA CONVENTION

THE Nebraska Convention was held Sept. 9, 10, 11, at Hastings. The attendance was 100.

Officers Elected

Frank J. Brady, Atkinson, President.
Dr. S. P. Cresap, Nebraska City, Vice-Pres.
F. A. Gordon, South Sioux City, Vice-Pres.
Miss Mable T. Olssen, South Omaha, Vice-Pres.
John Kasperek, David City, Vice-Pres.
W. J. Nissen, Oxford, Vice-Pres.
Art Baldwin, Ainsworth, Vice-Pres.
John McClellan, Norfolk, Secretary.
C. J. Hulac, Norfolk, Treasurer.

Directors

Art Johnson, Falls City.
A. O. Frymoyer, Nebraska City.
Fred Park, South Omaha, Nebr.
Dr. Frank G. Salter, Pierce, Nebr.
Art Baldwin, Fremont, Nebraska.
Dr. C. G. Delfs, Shickley, Nebr.
H. L. Harse, Hastings, Nebr.
I. E. Herron, Chadron, Nebr.

Resolutions

Resolution No. 1: Approval of the Flood Control program sponsored by the Nebraska Association for the conservation control and utilization of our water resources.

Resolution No. 2: Reaffirmation of adherence to the resolution adopted at the Valentine convention for a permanent non-political commission for the administration of the Fish and Game Laws of the State of Nebraska.

Resolution No. 3: Urges the passage of a resolution that the Platte River be closed to hunters from the hours of 12:00 noon until sunrise of the following day.

Resolution No. 4: To urge the Federal Power Commission to refrain from approving the application for a permit to utilize Cumberland Falls for developing hydro-electric energy.

Resolution No. 5: That with the renewing of the International Migratory Bird treaty the open season be reduced to two months, the daily bag limit reduced to not exceed 15 ducks and 5 wild geese, and a season's bag limit not to exceed 200 ducks and 25 wild geese.

Resolution No. 6: Reaffirmation of its position in conservation and that the present bag limit on ducks be changed to a limit of 15 to be taken in one day with the limit of possession at one time of 25.

Resolution No. 7: Recommend a closed season on prairie chicken and grouse until such time as it is believed that increase of said birds would warrant an open season.

Resolution No. 8: That we favor an amendment on the law governing the open season on ducks and geese from September 16th to October 1st.

Speakers

The main addresses of the Convention were given by Congressman A. C. Shallenberger, Dr. Geo. E. Condra, Jack Miner, Frank B. O'Connell, State Game Warden; Clayton W. Watkins, Extension Forester;

Prof. Clarke E. Mickey, South Sioux City; National Conservation Director Seth E. Gordon, and Congressman Robert G. Simmons.

Dues

State dues were raised from 50c to \$1.

NORTH DAKOTA CONVENTION

THE North Dakota Convention was held September 12 at Fargo, N. D. The attendance was unusually large. Delegates were registered from all parts of the State. Lisbon, N. D., was selected as the Convention city for 1929. Desire to build a larger State organization was manifested by an action of the Convention to hire a part-time secretary who would be compensated for the work which he did in launching activities on a larger scale.

Officers Elected

J. W. Schannach, Fargo, President.
H. P. Remington, Lisbon, Vice-Pres.
S. W. Thompson, Devils Lake, Vice-Pres.
F. J. Rundlett, Kenmare, Vice-Pres.
James Barrett, Devils Lake, Secretary-Treasurer.

Resolutions

Resolutions adopted were:
To support the Quetico-Superior International park project.

To issue a recommendation favoring an appropriation for a comprehensive survey of suitable locations for state parks. Advocacy of the establishment of the Bad Land National Park in the canyon of the Little Missouri river.

To see that the proper education of the younger generation on matters pertaining to the preservation of wild life is carried out.

To support the development of North Dakota's foremost water conservation effort, the proposed Missouri River Diversion project and the reservoir system of flood control.

Speakers

The main addresses of the Convention were given by Judge F. B. Lembke, Hettinger; Dr. A. G. Arnold of the North Dakota Agricultural College; Lou Benshoof, publisher, Detroit Lakes Record; M. J. Connelly, editor, Hettinger County Herald; Senator John Benson, Rollette, and the Honorable A. M. Christian, Judge of the North Dakota Supreme Court and past President of the North Dakota Division, I. W. L. A.

MASSACHUSETTS DIVISION

THE first convention (the organization convention) of the Massachusetts Division of the League was held at Springfield, Mass., September 7, 8 and 9. Out of

SEVEN State Division Conventions were held during September. The reports of three were received in time to get into this issue of Outdoor America. Reports of New York and Kansas came in just too late. They will be run next month. The other two states, Wyoming and New Hampshire failed to send in reports on their Conventions. Please see that your State Division Convention is reported to the magazine promptly.

a total of 42 chapters, 38 were represented. This is considered a record for the formation of a Division.

Officers Elected

President—S. W. Putnam, 3d, Fitchburg.
1st Vice-Pres.—C. L. Hoyt, Springfield.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Fred D. Retallick, Pittsfield.
3rd Vice-Pres.—Frank L. Bailey, Plymouth.
4th Vice-Pres.—L. C. Coates, Webster.
Executive Secretary-Treasurer—Dr. John W. Ruskin, Springfield.

District Vice-Presidents

1st District—A. L. Rogers, Lee.
2nd District—Richard A. Whall, Athol.
3rd District—L. W. Shattuck, Wornoco.
4th District—C. Gregory Wells, Jr., Southbridge.
5th District—Arthur H. Sampson, Leominster.
6th District—Arthur L. Holbrook, Walham.

Resolutions

Some of the resolutions adopted were as follows:

That the League go on record in favor of an act to enable the State to purchase land bordering streams and ponds.

In favor of greater development of State game preserves.

To oppose the increase of paid game wardens until the plan of volunteer game wardens has been tried.

In favor of reducing the bag limit on all brook trout from 25 to 20 per day.

That the State Board of Directors see that a change in the law regarding the issuance of sporting licenses is made. Cities and towns should not retain any part of the license fee. Sporting goods stores should be authorized to issue licenses without cost to the State.

To oppose any change in the minimum length of brook trout, and favor the retention of the present six-inch regulation.

Speakers

The main addresses of the Convention were given by William C. Adams, Director of Fisheries and Game of Massachusetts; S. W. Putnam, 3d; Glenn C. Leach, Chief Culturist of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, Washington, D. C.; K. Tillotson, New England representative of the United States Department of Forestry; Dr. John W. Ruskin, newly elected Secretary-Treasurer.

What's What and How— in Conservation

By

W. E. Gordon

Indiana Division
Annual Convention
Fort Wayne, Oct. 18, 19.

Ohio Division
Annual Convention
Toledo, Oct. 25 and 26

Wisconsin Division
Annual Convention
Wausau, Oct. 18, 19.

Radio Column

TUNE in, hear your fellow Waltonians on the air, then write to the stations and tell them how you liked it.

KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa. Third Saturday of each month, 7:30 P.M.

KGHF Pueblo, Colo. Every Friday, 8:00 P.M. 209.7 meters. Pueblo chapter. Courtesy KGHF.

KHQ Spokane, Wash., Spokane chapter. Tuesday, 8:30 P.M., Pacific time. Courtesy Louis Wasmer, station owner. 370.2 meters.

KNRC Los Angeles, Cal. 5 to 6 P.M. every evening. "Sporting Outdoor Hour." 500 watts. 375 meters.

WABC Brooklyn, N. Y. Brooklyn chapter. Every Wednesday, 9 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. Auspices of J. Miles Flynn. Station through courtesy of Alfred H. Grebe, WABC.

WASH Grand Rapids, Mich. Grand Rapids chapter. Every Saturday, 7 P.M.

WEBC Duluth, Minn. Duluth chapter. Every Tuesday, 7:45 P.M. Central Standard Time.

WFBG Cable-Tribune, Altoona, Pa. Altoona chapter. Every Thursday 7:30 P.M. 267.7 meters.

WGBB Freeport, L. I. Re-broadcast of WABC programs on different wave length.

WGES Chicago, Ill. Official National Headquarters station. Courtesy WGES.

WIBX Utica, N. Y. Utica chapter. Every Friday, 7 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy Arthur F. Ferriss.

WJBZ Chicago Heights, Ill. Chicago Heights chapter. Every Tuesday, 8:30 P.M.

WJJD Chicago. First and third Thursdays of each month, 12:30 P.M. Courtesy of WJJD radio station. Illinois division.

WMBC Detroit, Mich. Greater Detroit Chapter. Every Monday at 8 P.M.

WMBH Joplin, Mo. Joplin chapter. Tuesday and Friday evenings. 204 meters.

WOC Davenport, Iowa. Davenport chapter. Schedule undetermined.

WODA Paterson, N. J. Passaic chapter. Every Saturday 9 P.M. Eastern Time. Courtesy WODA.

WSM Nashville, Tenn., schedule undetermined.

WTAD Quincy, Ill. Every Wednesday, 12:35 P.M. to College. Courtesy the Gem City Business

WTAQ Eau Claire, Wis. Every Wednesday, 6:30 to 7:30 P.M. Courtesy the Gillette Rubber Co.

WTAX Streator, Ill., schedule undetermined.

Treating Milk Wastes

1. *Can't you help us? Our milk plant is running its wastes into our best fishing stream. It is milky most of the time and is objectionable to residents along the creek during hot weather. The fishing is getting poorer every year. The company officials say they can't stop it. What do you say?—W. R. M., New York.*

YOUR town is just one of many with a similar problem. The condition can be corrected at reasonable cost. One of your own big milk plants located at Bliss on the Wiscoy Creek, handling about 125,000 pounds of milk daily during the summer months, has found a way to do it. The milk wastes are first run into a concrete vat and are there chemically treated by the lime-precipitation method, which consists of lime and sulphate of iron used in the proper proportions. The amount of the material used wholly depends upon the amount of solids contained in the milk wastes. They use lime enough to bring the acid on the milk wastes to neutral, then add enough sulphate of iron to settle the solids, and by the use of Potassium Ferrocyanide as indicator they determine the right amount of the above material it takes to settle the solids.

After there is enough sulphate of iron and lime in these vats they pump in air for about twenty minutes. The vats are then allowed to stand about one hour for the sludge to settle. This is later drawn away from the plant and used on fields as fertilizer. Then the supernatant liquid is drawn off and run into a cement pit by the bank of the creek. This is then pumped out by a centrifugal sump pump through several sprays over the stream which takes up the amount of oxygen that is necessary. In this manner practically all of the nitrogenous material is precipitated as sludge and kept from going into the stream. The New York Conservation Department reports that chemical tests show that this waste retains a considerable amount of hydrogenous substance, and is capable of polluting the water to a considerable degree, especially when there is insufficient stream flow to insure proper dilution. The Wiscoy Creek is a fine trout stream. It is reported that the chemists of the Conservation Department examined the fungus growth extending down the stream about a half mile, and found in it a number of snails and a large number of midge larvae upon which fish feed. Apparently the stream had not suffered from the treated effluent.

It is said that this method is not successful on whey or cheese factory wastes due to the high acidity. The sulphate of iron seems to have a reaction on high acid wastes which does not permit the sludge to separate from the supernatant liquid freely.

Do States Buy Rabbits?

2. *Is it true that a number of states in the east buy thousands of live rabbits every year? We consider them a nuisance out here and have plenty to spare, especially jacks.—L. J., Washington.*

YES, see the ads in OUTDOOR AMERICA. It pays the eastern states to do it. In many of them rabbit hunting is one of the most popular sports. There rabbits are

given much better protection than most of the middle-west and western states give their game birds, or even their large game.

A number of eastern states allow the killing of only five rabbits a day during a short season. They have proved that a liberal supply of rabbits reduces the demands of predatory species on the limited supply of game birds, because rabbits are "the bread of the forest." They are easy prey for the so-called vermin species.

Several Eastern states each buy from 20,000 to 75,000 cottontail rabbits a year but no western jacks. The jacks don't thrive in the east.

Controlling Predatory Species

3. *Is a bounty system a wise method of exterminating vermin?—W. L. S., Illinois.*

MANY bounty systems are a farce and a detriment, and benefit a few thieves only. A properly managed bounty system, directly under the control of the Conservation Department is very effective if coordinated with a paid trapper or trapping instructor system. Will gladly tell you more about how to do it if you want details.

Our stray half fed dogs and stray house cats are about the worst vermin in the country. We ought to curb them.

The average sportsman, according to Doctor Gilbert Pearson, President of the National Association of Audubon Societies, "puts every wild bird or animal that kills something which he wants to kill or catch" in the vermin class. This is quite true and we should be sure of our ground before condemning birds or animals to total destruction. Vermin control should be the objective—not extermination.

Each state presents a different set of problems. A bird or animal with destructive food habits in one state may be beneficial in another. To set up a national "black list," except for a few species, would be unwise if not actually very dangerous.

Administrative Set-Up

4. *Does the Izaak Walton League recommend a uniform system of game and fish administration for all the states? Our system here seems to be chaotic and we are ready to get busy on an improved program.—S. J. L., Mississippi.*

THE Izaak Walton League has never recommended the same system of game and fish administration for all states. The national organization does not meddle into matters which are strictly state affairs. The League takes the position that the Waltonians in every state should decide for themselves the type of machinery under which they desire to operate, and we will then gladly help them accomplish their aims.

The principal objective should be a clean-cut uniform statewide administration devoid of politics and any semblance of misuse of funds. You should see to it that you get a dollar's worth of service for every dollar of your money spent.

Many of the states are operating very efficiently under a statewide commission plan, with full executive authority vested in the Commission. In many cases the Commission selects its own administrative



officer. Other states operate efficiently with a single head directly responsible to the people of their states or the governor. In some the work is nothing but a political football.

Much depends upon the leadership and sincerity of the administrative officer in direct charge. A good commission with a poor administrator is equally as ineffective as a weakling at the head of a single-headed department. Usually much depends upon the amount of organized co-operation and support received from the sportsmen of a state.

The method of handling wild life problems now in use in your state is certainly archaic. Mississippi should get in line and adopt a progressive system of game and fish administration without delay. If not done soon it may forever be too late. Conditions will always be very "spotty" under the present system. Uniformity comes only with uniform administration.

Trees in Nebraska

4. Does it really pay to plant trees in our state?—A. L. K., Nebraska.

IT certainly does! It always pays to plant trees! Your state, especially the western part, has many wonderful examples of what can be done; so have Kansas, the Dakotas, and several other states. The Walton League in Nebraska and Kansas, in cooperation with other civic organizations and the schools, last spring fostered a movement which resulted in planting 2,500,000 trees. Think of it! Two million five hundred thousand growing object lessons in conservation.

Now is the time to plan your tree planting campaign for next spring. Let's see some friendly rivalry between your state and your neighbor to the south.

Volunteer Game Protectors

5. Our chapter would like to help enforce the game laws. We have considered recommending several of our active members for appointment as volunteer wardens, but volunteer wardens are in such bad repute in many sections of the country that we hesitate to do it. What do you recommend?—A. L. R., Tennessee.

GAME and fish law observance in many states is an unknown quantity because too many political henchmen have been appointed who desired the appointment only for their own protection. Others sought it to punish their enemies or to collect part of the fines. To the contrary, thousands of others have rendered yeoman service and deserve the thanks of real sportsmen everywhere.

The best way to clean up the mess and correct the unsavory reputation of any volunteer warden service is to help weed out the four-flushers and recommend real public-spirited, square-dealing men to take their places. By all means have two or more good men from your chapter appointed, then urge all the members to help them.

As a general practice, it is decidedly unwise for volunteer wardens to accept any part of the penalties collected even though the law may allow it.

Seth Gordon, Conservation Director of the Izaak Walton League, will gladly answer queries on all conservation subjects. Consult him about your conservation problems.



THIS car was designed by R. G. Parvin, Colorado State Game and Fish Commissioner, and has solved a big problem for this department in the economic handling of large numbers of fish for distribution from our hatcheries to the scattered streams and lakes of our state.

The distribution problem for years has grown with the increasing capacity of our hatcheries and demand for fish. This tank has done wonders and we feel that Colorado has made wonderful strides in this direction. We believe that this fish distributing car will solve many complex problems in other states.

The tank is built so it can be used on any truck body and removed when not in use. It is six and a half feet long by three and a half wide and two feet ten inches high; holds one hundred forty gallons of water, and on a test trip made when the tank was completed this spring, carried sixty thousand fingerling trout for twelve hours without loss of a single fish, the trucks being allowed to stand still part of the time.

The state of Colorado covers 103,656 square miles, much of it rugged and mountainous territory; there are six thousand miles of fishing streams and hundreds of mountain lakes. The state operates fourteen hatcheries, located in sections of the state most convenient to the streams and lakes to be stocked, and for the past several years has been working on an improvement and enlargement program until it has at the present time a total hatching capacity of fifty million eggs annually, with the prospect of sixty million in the

immediate future. Since 1924 the state has planted an average of twenty-five million trout annually, and until last year all distribution has been made by means of train or truck, packing the fish in ten gallon cans and moving forty cans at one load by truck, or twenty if sent by train, as the railroad would accept only twenty cans at one shipment. It was necessary to keep the cans in constant motion from the time the fish were placed in them until released in the waters to be stocked; otherwise the shipment would be lost, and this happened many times owing to uncertain train service, failure to make proper connections, or having to stop for repairs to trucks and various other reasons. "Necessity is the mother of invention" and when the problem assumed unmanageable proportions, the idea of oxygen tanks for aerating the water in the fish tank whether the truck was in motion or not presented itself and was quickly carried out in the form of the present tank. Four oxygen tanks each carrying twelve hundred pounds were installed at one end of the fish tank and connected with perforated pipes laid along the bottom at the sides of the tank. The oxygen is released as needed and forced into these pipes through iced coils and bubbles up through the water keeping it constantly aerated and at an even temperature. About six hundred pounds of oxygen, or half the capacity of one tank, is used in twelve hours. The temperature of water during that time will not vary more than four degrees.

FRANK E. WHEELER,
Sec.-Treas., Colorado Division Izaak Walton League.

Wild Geese

(Continued from page 32)

and making such a din of noise in my ears, that I tried to grab two at the same time. It was like trying to get a firm hold on something in water that just floats out of your reach. I had them but I couldn't hold them.

How long this lasted I do not know. It seemed hours. Finally, the geese moved slowly away, and lost themselves in the dusk. I could hear them long after they faded into the darkness. I waited until the clamor and clank of their shrill cries died away, and then I started the long weary walk home in complete darkness. There were tears in my eyes, and my whole frail body quivered, but I hurried along anxious to get home and tell my story, wondering if any would believe me. I saw the yellow lights of home and hurried along faster. My patient old father met me with the usual expression: "Well," he

said, "did you shoot a hole in the sky?" He always said this to me, every time I came home from hunting, and it is all he ever did say. He had never hunted in his life himself, but he was a good rifle shot and proud of it. He was with Custer when a young man.

I threw the gun from me and told him the story, stumbling and stammering with excitement. He listened patiently to the end, then he told me that if I hadn't gotten a goose I had had an experience that I would always be with me as long as I thought of hunting, and of my hunting days, and those words have proved true. I never have forgotten that experience.

On warm spring nights, when I hear the wild geese go over the town in the mist and rain of the night, I think of the time when I was a part of them, actually one of the flock.

WALTONIAN MERIT MEN

As special marks of distinction the League awards a silver Founder's Button, Waltonism's rarest emblem, to those who organize new chapters and special bronze and silver watch fobs to those who get five and ten new members. Here are those who qualify.

THE "SILVER BUTTON CIRCLE"

HERE ARE THE ELECT IN WALTONISM.

EACH HAS FOUNDED A NEW CHAPTER

FRED A. SMITH.....Dardanelle, Ark.
DR. C. E. LAWS.....Fort Smith, Ark.
E. L. SPEIGHT.....Little Rock, Ark.
J. C. MAINARD.....Ozark, Ark.
R. G. FIELD.....Alhambra, Calif.
W. H. JONES.....Pine Knot, Calif.
M. A. JOHNSON.....Pomona, Calif.
J. F. KUNCE.....Loveland, Colo.
SIMEON BELL.....Waynesboro, Ga.
J. LAW.....Waynesboro, Ga.
IRVING W. EDGAR.....Chicago, Ill.
WM. EMMERSON.....Chicago, Ill.
GAAR SCOTT.....Whitley, Ind.
DR. WARREN HAYES.....Lansing, Iowa
HON. G. L. LIGHT.....Liberal, Kans.
W. A. R. BELL.....Thurmont, Md.
PERCIVAL V. HASTINGS.....Agawam, Mass.
ANDREW C. SMITH.....Hadley Falls, Mass.
W. J. KNOWLTON.....Northampton, Mass.
C. RUSSELL MORSE.....Southbridge, Mass.
KENT C. CROSS.....Winchendon, Mass.
J. N. KART.....Augusta, Mich.
JOS. CARDINAL.....Fordson, Mich.
WM. MUNCH.....Crookston, Minn.
RAY McBRIDE.....Blue Hill, Nebr.
S. A. HAYMAN.....Grand Island, Nebr.
JOHN C. JENKINS.....Neligh, Nebr.
MISS RUTH Y. PHELPS.....North Bay, N. Y.
MERLE DICKERSON.....Palmyra, N. Y.
R. E. LITTLE.....Albemarle, N. C.
R. G. FINLEY.....North Wilkesboro, N. C.
L. W. SMITH.....Bristow, Okla.

VAL R. HUTCHINS.....Claremore, Okla.
A. R. BENDER.....Cleveland, Okla.
W. A. FRANKLIN.....Goodwell, Okla.
E. WEINBERGER.....Guthrie, Okla.
DR. H. WESLEY YATES.....Okemah, Okla.
C. L. ECKLE.....Quinton, Okla.
Z. FOWLER.....Spavinaw, Okla.
MARK SIDDALL.....Astoria, Ore.
M. W. HANSELL.....Athena, Ore.
ORLEN ROYCE.....Clatsop, Ore.
CY KLEBA.....Freewater, Ore.
L. VAN MARTER.....Heppner, Ore.
J. F. BIEDERBACK.....Hermiston, Ore.
M. J. BARNES.....Klamath Falls, Ore.
CHAS. O. MURCHISON.....La Grande, Ore.
J. S. MCKENZIE.....Lostine, Ore.
JUDGE B. E. TATRO.....Oregon City, Ore.
G. F. RYAN.....Pendleton, Ore.
C. G. BRACHER.....Pilot Rock, Ore.
N. J. BILLINGS.....Wallowa, Ore.
M. C. MACK.....Timberlake, S. D.
DAN RUGH.....Bandera, Texas
SYDNEY EDGE.....Boerne, Texas
DR. A. H. JONES.....San Antonio, Texas
MAX FLEISCHER.....Gordonsville, Va.
HERBERT J. WILKINS.....Gordonsville, Va.
J. PRATT.....Anacortes, Wash.
EDGAR BURKHILE.....Cathlamet, Wash.
J. H. QUINLAN.....Montesano, Wash.
G. M. TURNER.....Winlock, Wash.
JOHN C. PRIBNOW.....Colby, Wis.
ORLAND LYNN.....Kewaunee, Wis.

ROLL OF THE "MERIT MEN"

Those who have been awarded the Silver Fob for obtaining ten new members are shown in black type. The others have earned the Bronze Fob by turning in five new members.

C. M. KAYSER.....Fort Smith, Ark.	W. E. PARKEY.....Maysville, Okla.	L. J. BELL.....Elma, Wash.
DR. W. G. PARKEY.....Azusa, Calif.	J. RAINES.....Pauls Valley, Okla.	L. G. VITOUS.....Morton, Wash.
W. M. PIERCE.....Fawnskin, Calif.	F. BOSSING.....Purcell, Okla.	W. E. ARNETT.....Spokane, Wash.
H. H. ANDERSON.....La Junta, Colo.	G. ALBERTY.....Stillwell, Okla.	H. H. LEWIS.....Yakima, Wash.
J. M. EVANS.....La Junta, Colo.	W. H. BURCH.....Stillwell, Okla.	E. METCALF.....Yakima, Wash.
JUDGE E. C. GLENN.....La Junta, Colo.	A. CARLSON.....Stillwell, Okla.	N. E. WINBERG.....Yakima, Wash.
R. WERT.....La Junta, Colo.	A. J. CARSON.....Stillwell, Okla.	F. W. SAZAMA.....Hatley, Wis.
H. W. PATCHEN.....Pueblo, Colo.	J. M. LYNCH.....Stillwell, Okla.	DALE COX.....Hazel Green, Wis.
H. L. SCHALLER.....Pueblo, Colo.	H. W. MARTIN.....Stillwell, Okla.	J. H. HOCKING.....Hazel Green, Wis.
L. CURLEY.....Miami, Fla.	H. T. WILLIAMS.....Stillwell, Okla.	C. K. KILMER.....Janesville, Wis.
R. HOWELL.....Bloomington, Ill.	H. KLUG.....Aspinwall, Pa.	F. PROKASH.....Kewaunee, Wis.
J. E. ALHANDS.....Bloomington, Ill.	G. A. GILSON.....Corry, Pa.	L. J. DUDDELETON.....La Valle, Wis.
J. E. WOOD.....Jeffersonville, Ind.	G. ARNOLD.....Drumes, Pa.	W. SLONIKER.....La Valle, Wis.
W. R. BEARD.....Arkansas City, Kans.	H. P. BUCKALEN.....Fairmont Springs, Pa.	O. SMITH.....Pardeeville, Wis.
F. O. McDONALD.....Clinton, Mass.	O. S. REINIER, JR.....Frackville, Pa.	W. LAHEY.....Two Rivers, Wis.
F. O. FAIRBANKS.....Northampton, Mass.	P. LISTIAK.....Hazleton, Pa.	W. MOSUCH.....Two Rivers, Wis.
J. M. WADE.....Westfield, Mass.	O. FISHER.....Renova, Pa.	H. SCHULTZ.....Two Rivers, Wis.
C. W. KUBAT.....Owatonna, Minn.	E. SMITH.....Renova, Pa.	V. TOMEK.....Two Rivers, Wis.
W. HAYDEN.....Wymore, Neb.	O. SLEIGH.....Sharpsburg, Pa.	A. JENSEN.....Waupaca, Wis.
J. SWEENEY.....Wymore, Neb.	A. ECKERT.....St. Marys, Pa.	H. A. OLSON.....Wausau, Wis.
B. G. LAWRENCE.....Fort Leyden, N. Y.	E. D. DORRANCE (15).....Mitchell, So. Dak.	G. W. LAW.....Wisconsin Veterans Home, Wis.
C. BEESON.....Waterville, N. Y.	H. E. SLAUGHTER.....Mitchell, So. Dak.	A. H. HALL.....Midwest, Wyo.
R. N. BURROWS.....Lawton, Okla.	R. TRAVIS.....Mobridge, So. Dak.	G. W. HARRIS.....Midwest, Wyo.
	J. BECK.....Rapid City, So. Dak.	C. E. LANKTON.....Midwest, Wyo.
	G. GREGORY.....Boerne, Tex.	

Attention Waltonians and Good Americans

Again—comes the opportunity to help this great cause. You gave during the great war, and necessary though it was the price of victory was blood destruction and death. Give now!—No such a price but simply a bit of time and effort. Help Waltonism whose victories bring joy not grief—beauty not wreck—life and plenty not death and want. Conservation—especially creative conservation, the Waltonian brand—aims to rebuild—to set our people to work to increase the supply of those natural treasures man has de-

pleted but needs so he may continue to live and prosper. For four hundred years all men have been wasting our store of nature. To overcome this great destruction before too late will require the interest, support and actual effort of an awakened America and a great Waltonian army. Some Waltonians have added hundreds of members, won't YOU add ten—five—or at least some members every month to help attain our 1928 goal which is an increase of 50,000 members by December 31st.



Bill's Barge

(Continued from page 21)

standing next to me, a young man who shoved a package over the broad counter. The bright-faced young woman smiled at the figure in blue overalls; her eager hands tore away the wrapping paper and out fell a blue checked gingham dress.

"Oh, Jim!" cried the girl. "Just what I wanted," opening out the lovely garment to its greatest length. Then she looked at me, hoping the only other woman would feel the happiness she radiated. . . . I did.

Gathering up our clumsy tackle we sauntered toward the bulwarks. Here, in an unbroken line that stretched from bow to stern, sat men of every size and description, glaring out to sea, intent on watching both hand lines and long bamboo poles. (These were *poles*.) Further away on the poop deck were other fishermen with rods and reels. These were sportsmen, of a sort, hoping a jew-fish of enormous proportions would fancy their live mackerel bait.

We joined the lesser fishermen, baited our rusty hooks with choice bits of mackerel flesh, dangled a thick line overboard until it reached bottom from which we raised our sinkers about three feet. But before the line straightened out. . . .

"Here they come!" stoutly yelled a short, paunchy soul sitting near Billy Mitchell. At the same time nearly every line stretched over the side of that good sized barge was jerked out of the water. The child's large brown eyes fairly jumped out of his small freckled face when he saw unbelievable numbers of squirming, wiggling mackerel being whisked out of the green depths below. The deck soon swarmed with bouncing fish.

"Sure! I knew they'd be back if we just stuck around," this very excitedly from behind me.

"By gosh! I hooked four! . . . Look at them durn things," squealed an octogenarian, clicking his false teeth.

Billy, still not believing his eyes, called: "What kind of fish are they, Daddy?"

"My sack's so plumb full I don't want no more," broke in my nearest neighbor. "Forty or fifty in less than an hour," he chuckled, taking a fish off the small hook. "Once I felt somethin' heavy and pulled up. . . . Six mackerel on *four* hooks!" The speaker was an emaciated, bespectacled old German, a toothless, dirty fellow-being with clothes which hung from skinny shoulders, moth-eaten trousers covering bony legs. "Drop your line clean to the bottom. You'll get a big one," he smiled at me understandingly.

But the mackerel run had again let up. All was still. Only the gentle lapping of waves against the slightly heaving hull. Figures darted in and out the deckhouses. Fresh coffee tickled our nostrils.

"Say! I know a fella what caught six mackerel on *three* hooks!" retorted someone further up the line who had listened to the old man's steady stream of conversation.

"Gee—but ain't it easy to tell swell lies about fishin'?" confided the old man in an undertone.

Feeling a bit empty, the unmistakable odor of activity on the galley range made me think of either going back to shore or trying out the Mexican girl's concoctions. "Will you eat here?" I turned to my talkative friend.

"No. I don't eat much and what I eats, I brings." Taking out of his worn pocket a crumbling sandwich of rye bread, he laid



The mackerel run had let up for the time being.

it carefully on the bulwarks, perilously near the chopped-up bait. Then began difficult and noisy munching of this meager repast.

"You'd better feed that to the poor fish," teased a passer-by on his way to the restaurant.

"I'm de poor vish!" was the quick reply. "That settles him!" laughed the old man falling deeper into the intimacies of that dry, crusty sandwich.

Listening to a hum of voices which had now broken out from the incongruous gathering sitting on the deck of the old-time trader, I decided the mackerel run was not scheduled to begin for some time. Snatching a few minutes' rest, I approached "Big Bill."

"Where did she sail?"

"Hem," clearing his throat. "She was a mighty fine ship in her day. Four masts she had. Aye. . . . Four masts!" He paused to cast a loving eye over the musty deck. "Yes, ma'am! Square rigged. . . . They was proud of the *Jane L. Stamford*." He stooped to wash fishy hands under a hose. "She sailed the seven seas, carryin' lumber and sugarcane.

"Come here, Prince!" he called to a cur dog which was greedily licking his chops after a full meal. "I've got something for you. . . . He's our mascot," the man explained the interruption in his story.

Just then Billy caught a fish. He pulled on his hand-line begging Bill the chauffeur not to help. Others came running out of the restaurant to watch the little boy bring up his first fish. Smiles wreathed their weather-beaten faces. The delicate white-faced man and brown-skinned girl were among them.

To me—the ancient German scolded: "You didn't haf patience! . . . Vell. . . . Vomens never did make much fishermens. . . . No how!"

RAIN'S MY CHOICE

IT hain't no use to grumble and complain,
It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why rain's my choice.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Thirty Miles of Salmon Water

(Continued from page 28)

mouths of any of the rivers, and catch with the same flies, sea trout up to 8 lbs. in weight. As to the size of the fish, my largest fish weighed 42 lbs. caught in front of my camp—many between 30 and 35 lbs. Many more between 20 and 30 lbs." But these are not average sizes.

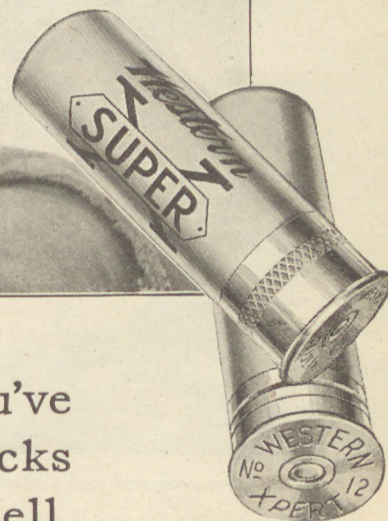
There are over thirty salmon pools on Harry's River, an average of one a mile. Many streams pour into the river and form these pools, but few of these streams are worth fishing, and then only for brook trout at certain seasons, although occasionally salmon do wander up them.

This is what the two girls saw on that trip. In front of the Log Cabin Inn at Spruce Brook, lies George's Pond. There one gets into a canoe at the boathouse and paddles two miles down the lake. Getting down the Narrows of the lake, the river opens up. Then watch out for rocks and gentle rapids. When the river is reached the paddles are laid aside and steel-shod poles, ten feet long, are used to impel the canoe and keep it off the rocks. For four miles the river follows close to the railway. This brings one down through some lovely pools, such as the Home Pool, until, after about three hours from the Log Cabin, Northbrook Camp appears. It stands on a point of land between Northbrook and Harry's Brook, extraordinarily beautiful with the rapidly running river in front and high wooded slopes stretching as far as one can see behind.

The cabin at this camp was built for Mr. John Orr of Boston who invariably had such good fishing in this pool he asked Whittington to build a cabin there which he could use on his yearly trips. Others use it when he is not there. The fishing is good in Northbrook Pool from June the twenty-fifth onward until quite late in the season; three rods from St. John's took thirty-two salmon from it between that date and July the first of this year, and lost many fish besides. And on the morning of July the sixth, Admiral Luce, R. N. and his son killed six fish. And Mr. R. Jeffreys of Philadelphia killed two nearby on July the seventh.

There was an adventure on this pool last year: As on many fishing trips the weather had not been good for salmon—too dry and the water low. But the last few hours came rain and there was a prospect of good fishing on the last morning. Everything went well and both sportsmen got salmon. It was just time to pack up and wait for the train when one of them hooked a salmon. It was obviously a big one, and the longer it was played the bigger it seemed. The minutes went by and the other man and his guide had to refrain from watching and get ready for the train. Last of all the train blew and that gave only a few minutes more to land the fish. Too much strain on the line would lose him and too easy going would lose the train, but as the train blew to stop at the camp the fisherman grew desperate and made a great attempt to bring the fish past the guide. Gradually he drew the salmon towards the latter, standing at attention with the gaff. At the correct moment the guide struck and safely gaffed the salmon as the train rolled up to the camp. Every one, passengers and train hands, jumped

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off the train to see the salmon. They weighed it in the dining car and found that it tipped thirty-two pounds. It was quickly stowed away on ice, the train started and a few days later the salmon graced a dinner-table in New York.

Pools are thick hereabouts and if one is not in a hurry it is well to drop a fly in Fawnce's Pool—where Mr. Fawnce has pitched his camp for many years. If there is no luck here a rapid run over half a mile brings one to the Green Cabin pool. Many a large salmon has been taken here, but it needs a skillful hand to save them as they make for the rapids down below.

After the Green Cabin the river widens and if the water is low it is better to get out for a bit to lighten the canoe. In another mile or so Harry's Brook Station and Cobb's bungalow is reached. Below the bungalow is Wachenjeech Pool, a likely pool for salmon. The Wachenjeech Brook runs into the pool and at the junction there is great sport with the sea trout in July.

Now Harry's River gets away from the railway through some wild country and a good run fetches Dump Pool in view. These pools, the Upper and Lower, have a wonderful reputation, and as Dump Pool is about the limit of the day's run, one has a chance of trying them.

Going through the Lower Dump is about the most difficult point on the river, but the guide pilots you skillfully between Scylla and Charybdis and good water lies beyond. In about an hour and a half the two Marsh Pools appear. They yield sal-

Another quiet stretch of river brings Robair's Camp in view. Robair's Brook runs into the river just above the camp. Up Robair's by the railway bridge is a great place for sea trout. Robair's is named after a trapper who first trapped over that district. His trapping was done in the days when a No. 1 silver fox sold for a few dollars, and red fox and patches were the price of a muskrat today.

Robair's Camp has four good pools. It is an easy spot to fish and all fishing can be done from a canoe if desired. In July, 1927, thirty-six salmon were taken in three weeks by two rods.

Mr. L. Young, staying at Robair's Camp, woke early one morning and while waiting for breakfast took up his rod and strolled to the camp pool in pajamas and bare feet. He cast a few times. Suddenly he hooked a twenty-pound salmon. It is no joke wading Harry's Brook in bare feet with a big salmon full of life on the end of your line, so he yelled for his guide, who played the salmon while Young scrambled into waders and brogues over pajamas. Then Young went boldly after his salmon and safely brought him to gaff. All through the excitement his friend snored gently in camp, and was more than surprised when he woke up to see what the early bird had caught.

The river widens out all the time henceforth, and beautiful islands appear. At the end of most of these lie first-class pools. *Force le Plain*—meaning "where the river touches the marsh"—is the next camp. No one could want a nicer looking

Trouting for the Stomach's Sake

(Continued from page 13)

He is a nice boy and all that, but his assurance rather irritated me. He had been taking too much for granted. You know how fussy fathers are. But when this young man rather insisted that I take him to my trouting grounds, that was the straw that broke a halted, old camel's back. The presumption of these young bloods!

I have just returned from a particularly strenuous trip up the creek. I left late from town because sometimes you just cannot neglect your business for fishing, no matter what the precept. The evening fishing was not good, and the temptation to hang on until I could catch a mess was not resisted. It was pitch dark before I realized it, and there was before me a three mile trailless walk through the swamp. Picking my way I admitted at times a feeling of apprehension. A short time before a trapper had told me about catching one of a pack of Canadian wolves in that locality. In theory I am not afraid of any wolf. They are notable cowards. In spite of all the tales to the contrary no wolf has ever been known to have attacked men on this continent. But at the same time those big northern wolves are ugly looking beasts. I saw six of them once that had been poisoned, and then and there I made up my mind that, although they were perfectly harmless, in the woods discretion is the better part of valor. I could not stop thinking about those wolves. I was nervous. A snap, snap, snap, I heard. Something was trailing me. Chills began chasing up and down my back. I came out on the open bog, and providentially a full moon came up. As I stepped out there was a snort. I admit jumping. Before me were three deer!

I am beginning to feel, like Hank and Bill, that I have some proprietary right to the stream for last spring I carried on my back to the brook ten gallons of trout fry, and the little fellows are doing fine.

Incidentally, while all these things were happening my stomach troubles disappeared. I am practically a rebuilt man.



Our cook and cook's shanty, Serpentine River, June, 1926.

mon when it is difficult to get them elsewhere. One would never imagine that there was a railway nearer than a hundred miles, although it is only three miles as the crow flies.

Seventy salmon have been counted in the Upper Dump; and Lower Dump is famous for its big fish. Crooked Brook pours into the river near the cabin and holds a nice run of trout. This camp is good from June the twentieth onward. Early in the season there was a wonderful run of big salmon.

The scene shifts to Island Camp and through a nice quiet piece of river to Soft-Nose Camp. There is a secluded camp and two good pools at Island Camp. Soft-Nose Pool has a big rock at the upper end, and the big fellows lie in its shade. There are several good pools here; one rod took fifty-five salmon from them in 1925.

pool. It is a pool for big fish and also the best pool on the river for sea trout from about July tenth on. As it is one of the lowest pools on the river, so is it one of the earliest for salmon on Harry's River. The first salmon was caught there this year on June the fifteenth, and it is not unusual for thirty pounders to be taken from this pool. There are of course even earlier pools on other rivers quite close by where similar camps are located.

Then comes tidal water and the smell of the sea in the St. George's River which is that wide estuary formed by the waters of Harry's River, South West Brook, and Bottom Brook. All are good, but Bottom Brook is noted for its wonderful sea trout, in addition to some salmon fishing.

Such then is a canoe trip down Harry's River, the best salmon stream on the west coast of Newfoundland.



JUDGE CHARLES L. FIFIELD, who was one of the organizers and the first president of Janesville Chapter of the Izaak Walton League, died August 28. He was one of the pioneers of the Walton movement in Wisconsin, as Janesville Chapter, was the third to organize in Wisconsin.

Judge Fifield was a great lover of the out-of-doors. He went on canoe trips which took him away from civilization for weeks at a time.

Janesville Chapter and the whole state have lost in his death, an ardent supporter of the Izaak Walton movement who will be hard to replace.

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The Climax holds a long-standing reputation as an ideal all-around load. It is a stalwart, medium-priced shell... and as reliable as an old hunting dog.

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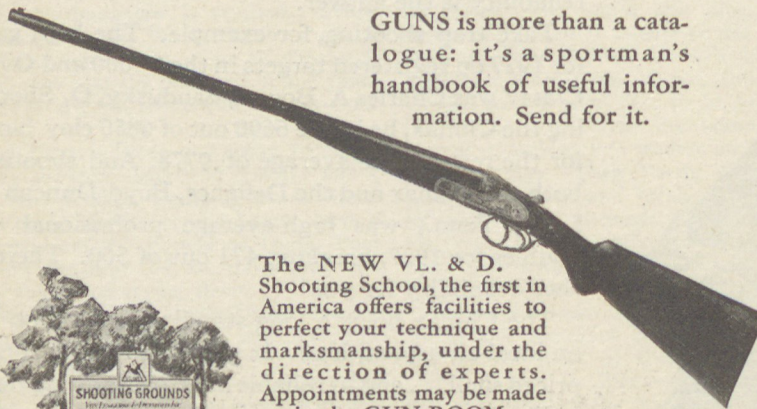
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VON Lengerke & DETMOLD Inc.
HUNTING FISHING CAMPING
349 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK
F.H. SCHAUFFLER, President



Balm (Continued from page 23)

So we went and got our basket out of the car. Julius dressed the fish. Bull-heads you have to skin. You cut them around the head just back of the gills, and then rip them away down the back. Then you strip the skin back over them with the pliers, just like a man pulls a shirt over his head.

Julius dressed all the fish we'd caught. The turtle he threw into the car.

Then Julius made a fire with old limbs of trees, and we fried the fish in a skillet we'd brought. Gee, but that dinner was good! The fish beat any I'd ever had, and I told Julius so.

"I'm some cook, ain't I, Dick?" Julius said.

I told him I thought so.

"If Mag gets mad at us and leaves, we'll get along all right, won't we?"

I didn't say anything, but Mag laughed and then we all laughed.

After we'd got through eating, we went back to the pond. We had good luck right from the start. Mag caught nine bull-heads and Julius and I kept catching them just as fast as we could throw our hooks in.

All at once a she fish duck lit right in the pond and set there for a minute before she saw us. When she spied us, she flew up like a flash and let out a queer little whistle as she went over the trees. She was brown.

"I ought to have had my gun here," Julius said.

"You can't shoot them this time of the year," his wife said.

Julius winked at me when she said that. After he got tired fishing, Julius went

all around the pond with a club and swatted all the bull-frogs he could find. They had been giving out their—cherunks—all afternoon. After a while Julius came back with eleven frogs.

"What did you kill the poor things for?" his wife said.

"They're great eatin'—their legs I mean —" Julius said.

"Ugh! If you eat them things, you'll cook 'em yourself," she said.

"Me and Dick will," Julius said, and winked at me.

A yellow breasted chat lit in a hawthorn bush. After a while he began his crazy sort of laughing song. I listened to him, and had to laugh myself.

A mudhen came out from among the cattails and picked around in the mud, and didn't hardly notice us. Julius threw a stick at her and she went flying across the pond, dragging her queer, paddle-shaped toes in the water.

"What did you want to scare her for?" Mag asked.

Julius didn't answer but took a chew of tobacco from off his plug.

We caught thirty-eight fish altogether. Some of them wasn't big enough to take, so them we put back in the pond.

"We'll get them next summer, Dick," Julius said.

Somehow it made me feel good to hear Julius planning fun for him and me together for next summer. That meant that I could stay with him. I thought of Ma every now and then but, just as I'd get to feeling bad, I'd catch another fish, or Julius would say something funny, or something would happen so I'd forget.

At last we rolled up our lines and Julius said:

"Let's go and look for clams."

"No," Mag said, "let's go home."

"No," said Julius. "Not yet."

"But I'm tired," Mag said, kind of mad. "I'm tired lots of times, but what good does that do me?" said Julius, kind of sharp.

I was afraid they'd get to fighting, for Julius talked cranky and Mag acted sulky, but Julius went right along, and we left Mag setting in the car.

Julius waded into the water and dug the clams out of the sand and tossed them up on the bank. Once he stepped on a clam shell and cut his foot. He swore awful then, and came out on the bank and put a chew of tobacco on the cut and wrapped it up with his handkerchief. Then we opened the clams, looking for pearls. We didn't find any until we opened the last one. He was a big fellow with a big bump on one side. Julius said that probably someone had hit him sometime with a fish spear. He said that clams like that was more likely to have pearls than other kinds.

Sure enough, there was a pear-shaped slug in that clam. Gee, it was pretty.

On the way back we went through a patch of nettles. I complained about them stinging my legs. Julius laughed and said that if we had more time we'd take a mess of nettle greens home. That was the first time I ever heard they could be used for greens.

Julius was limping when we got back to the car, and I told Mag about him cutting his foot. She laughed and Julius acted mad and muttered something about "not getting any sympathy from a woman."

Then we started home. It took us a half hour to get there, and when we drove up the lane the old dog came down to meet us, tickled to death.

Mag hopped right out and went to look after her chickens, and Julius and I started in cleaning the fish.

After we'd got them cleaned, we skinned the frog legs.

That didn't take long, but when we got to the turtle, that was different.

Julius took a chisel and cut the hinges of the turtle's shell. Then he skinned off the bottom shell. After that, he cut loose each leg from the top shell, and then he skinned the neck. The meat of the neck was white.

"There's seven kinds of meat in a turtle this time of the year, includin' chicken," Julius said.

Then we went in for supper. Mag fried some fish and seemed all over her pouty spell. I was glad of that, for it was getting toward night and I was thinking of Ma pretty often again.

"There's great trappin' all along the Wapsie," Julius said. "This fall we'll set out a trap line. Some night we'll go cat-fishing, too. We'll stay out all night. We'll go in the afternoon and seine a pond for mud-puppies and use them for bait."

"And get some sweet anise in the woods and chew it and spit it on your bait," Mag said.

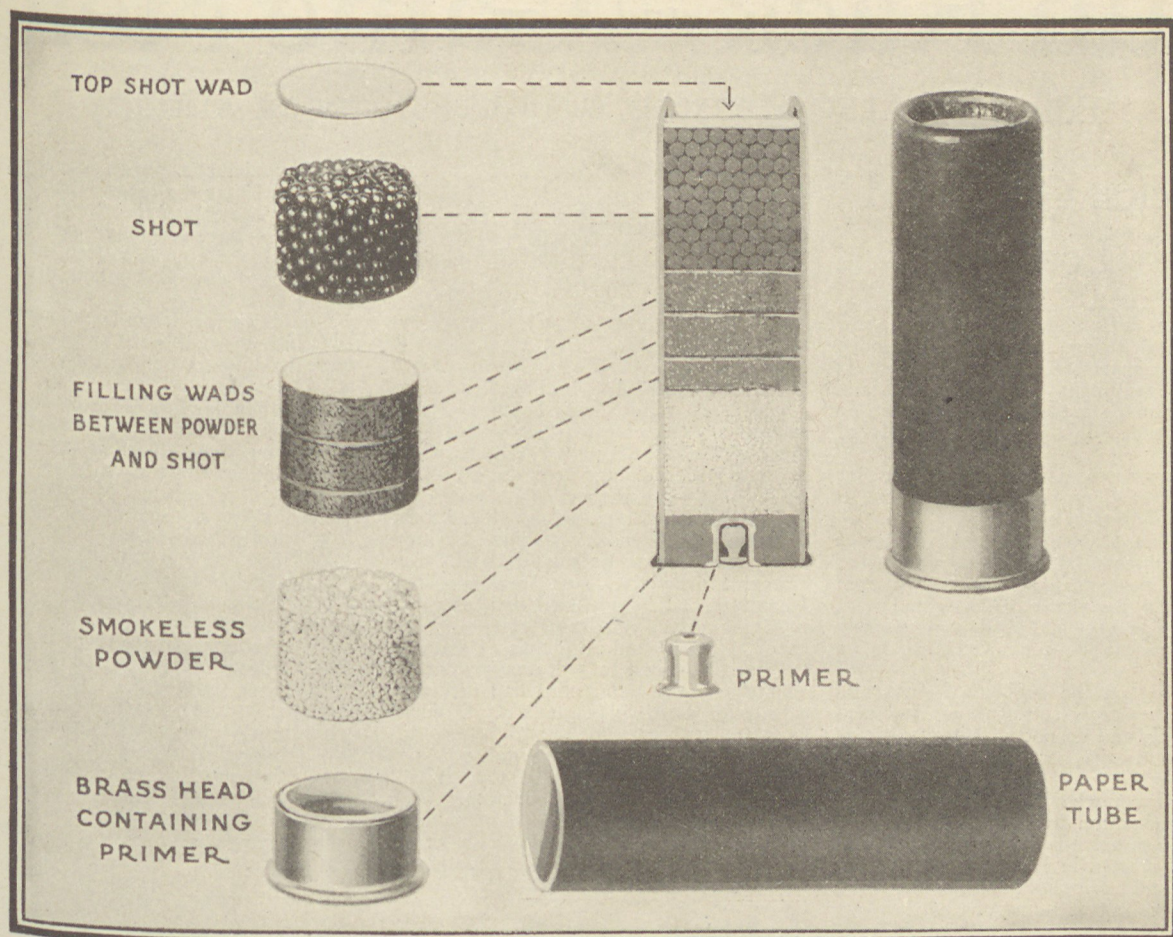
"Oh, there's nothin' to that," Julius growled.

"Well, my father said so," Mag said. After supper I helped Julius with his chores, and then we set around the front room and talked. Julius told me a lot about different baits, and all that. I listened and he kept talking, but by and by I got so sleepy I couldn't hardly hear what he said.

I went sound asleep. How long I slept, I don't know, but at last I woke up, and Julius was shaking my shoulder.

"Go to bed, Dick," Julius said.

NO. 1 OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON AMMUNITION QUALITY



What goes into your shot-shells?

OBVIOUSLY, what goes into your shot-shells determines their performance. The components required to make shotgun shells are by no means merely the tangible materials—shot, wads, powder, percussion cap and case. Even more important than the components are those intangible elements of experience and skill of employees, the knowledge of ballistic engineers, and the integrity and intelligence of the manufacturers.

We propose to outline in a series of advertisements—(this is the first)—the *intangible* but all-important elements determining the quality of the powder in the shells you buy. We shall take you, with the camera's assistance, through the laboratories of the du Pont Company. In these visits you may see how carefully the ultimate performances of du Pont Smokeless Shotgun Powders are definitely insured before they leave our

powder mills, see how uniformity is guaranteed.

Du Pont powders are used by all of the principal ammunition manufacturers. They have selected du Pont powder because its ballistic qualities contribute so largely to the superiority of the ammunition, and the consequent success of its users. To maintain these standards of excellence, the ammunition companies will continue to load those powders ensuring the best ammunition possible for a specified purpose.

The du Pont Company, with its experiences of 126 years and its present resources, can supply to ammunition companies the type and quality of powders required to maintain the reputation of ammunition manufacturers and the confidence of the shooters.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Smokeless Powder Department, Wilmington, Delaware.



SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDERS

Gun Rack and Game Fields

Edited by ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Ducks, Guns and Loads



AS the duck shooting season is now in full swing, there is "much talk" about guns and loads, and there is many an argument around the "Liars' Roost" as to the make, style and gauge of a gun suitable for the different kinds of game.

The discussions also include the proper loads, and whether or not chilled shot is superior to drop or soft shot.

It is seldom that any two men will agree on these subjects, but it is also a fact that neither of these men is far off, for each one will get his share of the game with his particular gun and load, consequently neither one can be convinced that he is wrong.

In writing on the subject of guns and loads, I am simply setting down my personal choice, and do not wish to appear as absolute authority, or to start any controversy.

The beginner who is in doubt may gain a little information from this article which may help him get a running start.

When I started in I had no one to give me any sound advice, and the sporting magazines were not as numerous as they are today, besides my small allowance was barely enough to pay for ammunition, so I simply had to find out by experimenting, and I must admit that it was several years before I came anywhere near finishing my shooting education.

My first real gun was a Belgium 16 gauge pin-fire, and my first day's hunt with this gun is still as fresh in my memory as if it were only last week.

In those days there were no factory loaded shells, so every one "Loaded His Own" and we enjoyed doing this about as much as we did the shooting.

I had saved a little money during the summer, and promised to pay \$20.00 for the gun. After handing out a five dollar bill as a down payment, I had just enough money to buy a hundred empty shells, a box of wads, a pound of powder, and five pounds of shot, ranging from 2's to 8's. I did not have a nickel left toward buying any loading tools (I did not even have a powder and shot charger).

I loaded 50 shells, using a home made rammer with which I pounded down the powder wads with considerable force, as I had been told that was the proper way. As I had no powder measure I guessed at the proper amount, and believe me, I did not underguess, for I wanted to kill anything at which I shot.

While we were going after quail and rabbits, I thought we might run across a turkey, so I loaded a few shells with No. 2 shot, then I wanted some for ducks so a few shells were loaded with No. 4, all the rest were loaded with No. 8, and as I had no crimper I was obliged to turn over the ends of the shells with my fingers, and it was a crude job.

The hunt was a success, as far as having a good time, but we did not kill any game, for none of us could hit a bird on the wing, or a running rabbit, though each and every one of us had a suitable alibi.

While we did kill a few black birds and a couple of kingfishers, I did not shoot enough to determine whether or not I had the right loads, though I did learn that my gun "kicked" a whole lot, so I concluded that my loads were too heavy.

Next week I persuaded my older brother to stake me to enough to buy a crimper and powder measure, and as shells were scarce, I drew the loads from the shells I had left, and found that I had been loading from $2\frac{3}{4}$ to $3\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder, and about an ounce and an eighth of shot.

I cut this down to 3 drams powder and an ounce of shot, but still had too heavy a load for a 16 gauge gun, only I did not know it.

At that time a 16 gauge gun was considered little better than a toy, suitable only for a small boy, for nearly every hunter in my neighborhood who could afford a gun had a 10 gauge, as a 12 was considered too small for duck shooting.

After about a year's experimenting I concluded that the loads I had been using were too heavy, and that No. 4 shot was too large, not having enough pellets nor did the gun make a good pattern, so I reduced the size of the loads, and used nothing larger than 6's.

One day when I had been snipe shooting I found a small pond where the ducks were feeding. I had learned by this time to refrain from shooting into a flock of ducks when feeding, so I chased them up and rigged a blind out of smart weed and waited for those ducks to come back, but as I had nothing larger in the way of a load than $2\frac{1}{4}$ drams of powder and $\frac{7}{8}$ ounce of No. 8 shot, I did not expect to bag many birds, but much to my surprise I had no trouble in getting as many ducks as if I had been shooting a regular duck load, so from that day to this I have favored small shot.

My next gun was a 12 gauge Colt, and while I found that 8's made the best pattern, 6's were next best and it was that size that I used for all my duck shooting, while nearly every other shooter was using No. 4, telling me that I was away off using such small shot. None of these No. 4 men would admit that I had a better gun or that I was a better shot, even though my bag was as good or better than theirs so my success was attributed to LUCK.



Dall DeWeese hunting "ovis dalli" in Alaska.

DALL DEWEESE, Nature Lover and Conservationist, has crossed "The Great Divide," and I mourn the loss of one of my very best friends.

Colorado has lost one of her best citizens, and The Izaak Walton League has lost a staunch supporter.

Space does not permit telling anywhere near all the good and big things that might be said about the man who did so much for the town of his adoption, Canon City, Colorado.

His keen vision of the future, coupled with untiring energy, enabled him to reclaim hundreds of acres of barren land near Canon City, and this project brought into the Arkansas valley several hundred desirable citizens.

In fact, Dall DeWeese did more for his home town than all the rest of the citizens put together, and only a short time since he turned over to the city all of his trophies of the chase, and this collection included some splendid specimens.

Dall DeWeese was one of the "Biggest" men I have ever known. I do not mean that he was a giant in stature, for he was not a tall man, although he was tremendously strong, physically, but he did BIG things in a BIG way.

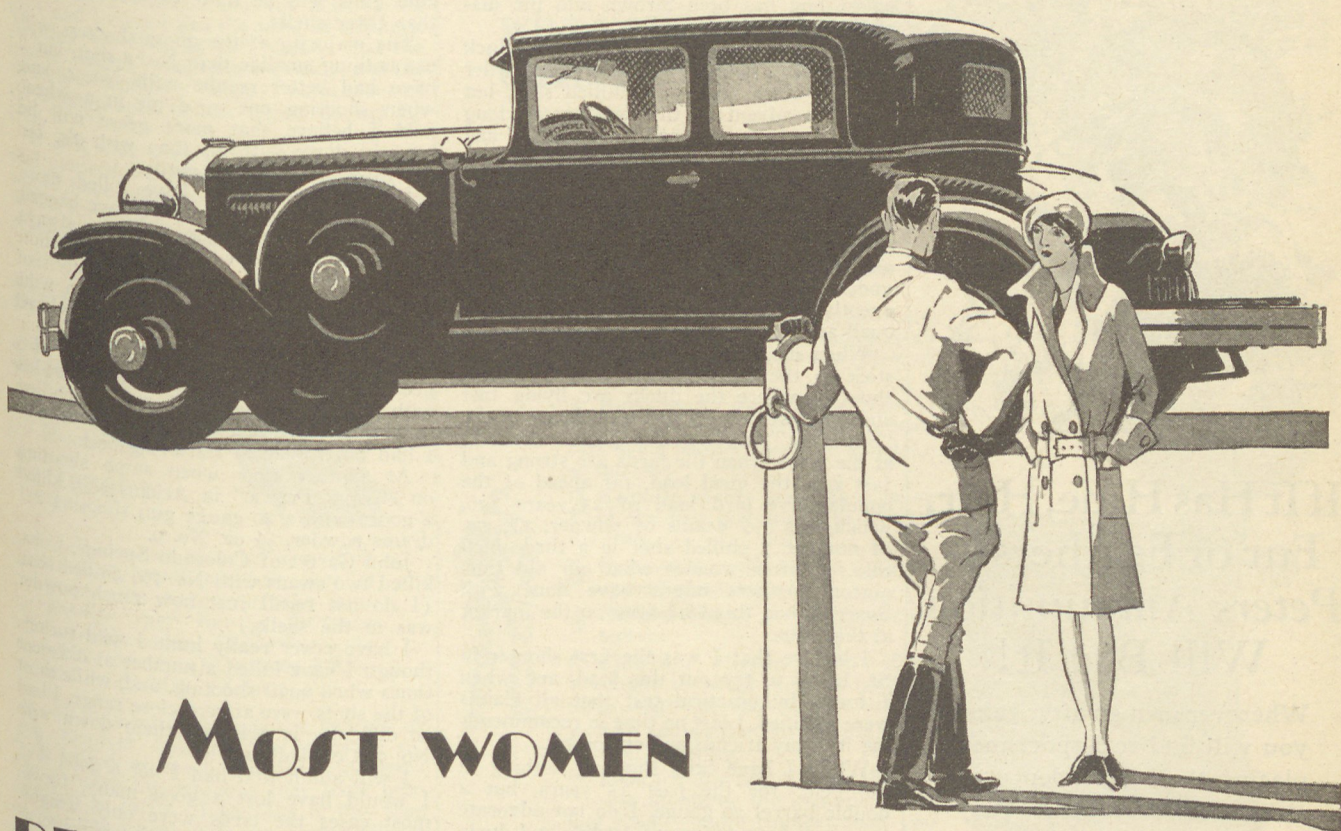
As an example of his strength and endurance I will cite an instance that occurred a good many years ago, when he and I had been tramping through the snow for about eight hours. We were approaching the spot where we had left our horses, and I was really very tired, and about all in, when Dall asked if I thought I could walk another ten miles. My reply was, "I should say not; I am about ready to drop." At that he picked me up and carried me to the top of the slope and then ran down the other side before he put me down, and he did not even draw a long breath.

Dall had the respect of all who knew him, friends and enemies alike, and he had some enemies, as have all big men. One of these was once heard to say: "I don't like Dall DeWeese, but he would go to hell for a friend, and he is absolutely on the square."

He and Theodore Roosevelt were very good friends, and the two were much alike, both "REAL MEN" with the courage of their convictions, and with the brains and energy to carry out their plans.

"GOOD HUNTING," DALL.

A. M.



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Dept. K-42, Cincinnati, Ohio
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PETERS AMMUNITION

My argument was that there were so many more pellets of No. 6 in a load that the chances for a shot in the head or wing were greater than when No. 4 was used.

As a proof that my argument was sane, the duck shooters of today have adopted No. 6 as a standard duck load, and the 10 gauge gun has been thrown into the discard.

For a number of years the popular duck load for a 12 gauge was $3\frac{1}{4}$ drams powder and $1\frac{1}{8}$ ounce of No. 6 chilled shot, but since the advent of the new special long range loads, such as "Super X" and "Heavy Duck," shooters seem to think that they must go back to heavy charges for all sorts of game, and many are demanding a heavy load for quail, which in my opinion is wrong, for there is absolutely no necessity for it, as most of the shots are under 25 yards, and the heavy loads frequently spoil the bird for the table, as the quail are badly mangled.

When shooting ducks over decoys I still stick to the lighter loads, but in "pass" shooting where the ducks are flying fast and high there is no load to compare to the "Super X," and for live pigeon shooting at the traps when the birds are strong and fast it is the ideal load, far ahead of the popular live bird load of 25 years ago, which was $3\frac{1}{2}$ drams of powder, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of number 7 chilled shot in a three inch case. I often wonder what our old time pigeon shooters might have done with Super X had this load been on the market at that time.

I believe that I was the first shooter in St. Louis to try out this load, and when I found by practical test that all claims were justified, I lost no time in recommending it to my friends and customers.

While I have been shooting nothing in the field, for the past 15 years, but a double barrel 20 gauge, I do not advocate the small bore for geese, turkey and duck, for, as a rule, any size larger than 7's does not make a very good pattern.

For trap shooting, there is no question about the superiority of the 12 gauge gun, but I believe the trap shooting game would be much more interesting if the 20 gauge was made the standard size.

The ideal gun for duck shooting is a 12 gauge double, barrels 30 or 32 inch, both full choke. There is no advantage in the 32 inch over the 30, as far as pattern and penetration is concerned. The longer the barrel, the better the alignment, but for field shooting this does not make much difference.

For a man of ordinary strength and long arms, I recommend 32 inch, for it will be better balanced, but for the ordinary shooter, who does not get out very often, the 30 inch will be more satisfactory.

My choice of a gun for all kinds of field shooting is a double barrel of any reputable make, for it is really the sportsmen's gun, and, with very few exceptions, a good shot will bag as much game as he would with a magazine gun, for he will take his time and make each shot count, while the man with a repeating gun is apt to have his mind on the number of shots he can get in before the game is out of sight, and the consequence is that there is many a bird sent away that drops out of sight, and suffers for hours before it dies or until some animal or bird of prey captures it. The beginner will do far better with a double gun than with any of the magazine guns, for the tendency of all new shooters using a repeating gun is to see how many shots he can fire, without any thought of aiming at any particular bird.

Another objection I have to the magazine guns is, that when quail shooting, the continuous bombardment gives the farmer the idea that the hunter is killing all the

birds in the world, and besides the rapid firing tends to confuse the dogs, and makes them very unruly.

If the users of magazine guns would be satisfied to limit themselves to three shots it would not be so bad, and I believe that the time is not far distant when the magazine guns will be built to hold no more than three shells.

The majority of the goose shooters will use nothing smaller than No. 2 shot, but I have had better results with No. 4, and when shooting out of a pit in a wheat field I believe that more geese will be brought down with 4's than with 2's, for the range is under 40 yards.

I won't say that I have killed more geese than the average, but I have bagged a good many in my time, and have always had better success with the smaller shot. I have heard some men claim that any size smaller than No. 2 will not bring a wild goose to grass (and they really believe this to be a fact).

To refute this statement, I killed two geese with two shots, using shells loaded with 3 drams powder, $1\frac{1}{8}$ oz. of $7\frac{1}{2}$ chilled shot, at a distance of about 30 yards, and I had no trouble in retrieving both.

At another time when snipe shooting on "Grand Prairie" in Arkansas, I killed a goose with a 20 gauge gun shooting $2\frac{1}{4}$ drams powder, $\frac{7}{8}$ oz. No. 9.

John Garret of Colorado Springs, Colo., killed two swans with No. $7\frac{1}{2}$ chilled shot. (I do not recall just how much powder was in the shells.)

I have never really hunted wild turkey, though I have killed a number at different times when quail shooting, and, while most of the shots were at very close range, I had no difficulty in bringing them down with No. $7\frac{1}{2}$ chilled shot.

I will admit that had I not a good dog, I would have lost a good many, for in most cases the birds were only winged. However, I am not advocating the use of small shot for turkey, but I prefer No. 4 to No. 2, which size seems to be popular, and even BB is often used.

Up until a few years ago quail shooters seemed to be of one mind as to the proper load, which, for a 12 gauge was 3 drams powder, $1\frac{1}{8}$ No. 8, and the only argument was whether chilled or soft shot should be used, but now the sizes of shot run from 7's to 9's and a number of hunters are using shells loaded with a heavy charge of powder, and No. 9 soft shot, but I think that this is a mistake, for the tendency of this combination is to "ball" the shot, causing a very bad pattern, and at times an unaccountable miss. I saw an example of this a few years ago, when a friend, Harlow Spencer, using 20 gauge shells loaded with No. 9 soft shot, tore a quail to pieces at a distance of 37 measured yards.

The 20 gauge gun has become quite popular during the past ten years, but there are a number of hunters who insist on having a 20 gauge gun weighing as much as 7 pounds, and in shooting a heavy load suitable for a 12 gauge.

I cannot see why these men want to shoot a small bore, when the weight of the gun and the size of the load is about the same as the specifications are for a 12 bore.

I chose a 20 because I wanted a light gun out of which I wished to shoot a light load.

Those who advocate the use of soft shot claim that more birds will be brought to bag than when chilled shot is used, and some of the reasons given are too ridiculous to print. The main argument is that the pellets have lost their spherical shape due to friction, and consequently will tear a jagged hole, similar in effect to a soft point rifle bullet. Another argument is that



these misshapen pellets exert a greater shocking force than do the perfectly round pellets of chilled shot. I am willing to admit the jagged hole argument, but not the other.

My principal objection to the use of soft shot is that these uneven sharp cornered pellets carry feathers into the flesh of the bird, and I do not like the taste of feathers. Another objection to soft shot is that the gun is "leaded" much more quickly, and the pattern is decidedly "sloppy" on account of these misshapen pellets which do not fly true.

If soft shot were more deadly you may rest assured that the live pigeon shooters would have used nothing else, for it is a well known fact that an old tame pigeon is hard to stop within bounds.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT



This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. Mr. Limbert can be addressed care of OUTDOOR AMERICA or Stanley, Idaho.

AMONG outdoor men the subject of revolver holsters has probably received as much thought and attention as have the weapons they have been designed to carry. Especially is this true of the men whose lives are continually in the open or whose duties are those of a peace officer.

For all of that it is next to impossible to step into the average sporting goods store and purchase a suitable revolver holster. By the word suitable, I mean one which will stand the wear and tear of strenuous outdoor service, is balanced correctly, will let the gun slip without sticking or hanging, afford protection to both the hammer and trigger in forcing one's way through dense underbrush and with all this can still be worn in a position where it is instantly available, should the occasion arise.

For a belt gun to be worn either walking or horseback riding nothing equals what is known as the "Mexican Quick Draw Holster." This holster is the evolved product of a land where life often depended upon the fraction of a second and where service and reliability were of paramount importance. A number of saddlery shops and leather manufacturers have tried to place this holster on the market and practically all have failed.

In the first place a holster should be made of extra heavy stiff leather, something almost the weight of sole leather. When made of light weight leather they become flimsy with continued use and oiling and allow the gun to catch or drag, making it impossible to draw the gun rapidly. Especially is this true of a gun which has a high front sight straight on the side facing the shooter.

Outside of exhibition shooters and those few who make revolver shooting a hobby there are few who know what a good holster really is. Properly made, a holster should be designed and fitted for the particular gun it is intended to carry. In other words a holster designed for a Smith and Wesson gun is not correct for a Colt, even if they are of the same caliber.

Here are seven reasons why you should own

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The "OZARK RIPLEY" Model

They're ounces lighter than ordinary boots. Correct design eliminates all excess rubber without sacrifice of long wear.

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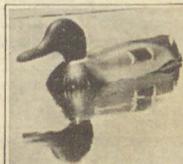
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3 IN



Just Before They Flush

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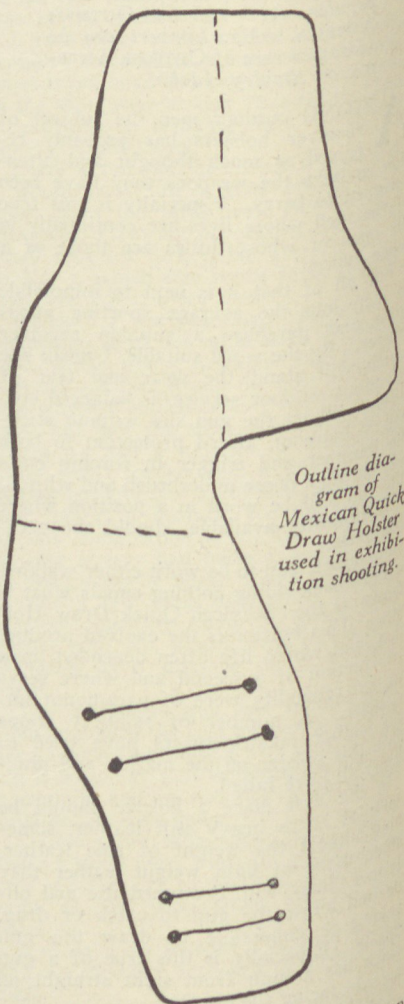
MR007

The revolver holster I am going to describe is, in my estimation, as near perfection for a belt gun as it is possible to attain. They are generally made up with one minor defect and this is that they allow the gun to hang perfectly perpendicular instead of tipping it toward the butt. This I have overcome in the ones I have by sewing a small piece of leather on one side of the inside where it hangs suspended from the belt.

Contrary to the general belief the fastest draw is the one where the gun is worn on the left side of the body slightly to the front. Popular opinion seems to have it that the gun must be worn on the belt and low down on the right hip. It is my opinion that this idea arises from the stories of fiction writers. The gun low swung on the right hip is good, but not nearly so good for all around service, walking, horseback riding and canoeing included, as when carried as I have mentioned. It is not quite so fast, either.

In case you have a piece of heavy leather and decide upon making your own holster I am giving an outline drawing which together with the accompanying instructions will enable you to do so.

The main thing is that the pocket which is to hold your gun fits it perfectly. This is achieved by placing your gun on a piece of heavy paper and then marking around it, then turning the gun over, using the barrel as an axis and marking out the other side.



Outline diagram of Mexican Quick Draw Holster used in exhibition shooting.



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Allow from half to three-quarters of an inch on the marked line and then cut out with a pair of scissors, paste the edges together and see just how it fits your gun. It will probably be necessary to do this several times. When you have it to suit go ahead and work it out according to the following diagram, doing all your experi-



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menting and fitting with heavy paper before you cut your leather. It is far better to do this than to risk spoiling your material.

A piece of leather suitable for a .38 special caliber revolver will measure close to 10 inches wide and 21 inches long. Out of such a piece there will be very little waste. Owing to the fact that you are working with a very heavy and stiff piece of leather after you have it cut to your pattern soak it in water until limp and then lace the edges of the pocket together with a lace whang shoestring, first punching the necessary holes along the edges.

To fit your gun to this holster wrap it in about eight thicknesses of waxed paper and place in the pocket. The purpose of the waxed paper is to prevent the moisture in the leather coming in contact with your gun. The gun should be fitted only after the leather has ceased to drip water. Place the holster with the gun in it in a warm room to dry and while drying mold the leather over the cylinder tops so that it will slightly grip the gun when dry. It goes without saying that the leather in drying should not be subjected to any heat.

When perfectly dry oil with neatsfoot oil. For the woodsman the open topped holster has but one objection and that is it has no flap to protect it from the rain. This I overcome by having a small piece of oilcloth which I wear over the gun when in the woods in rainy weather. So much for belt holsters.

Now we come to holsters suitable for police officers where it is not desirable to advertise the presence of a gun by carrying it in plain sight.

There are a number of shoulder holsters made and in this instance, as in the belt holsters, many of them seem to be designed by men whose only idea was to have something to sell. I have seen many, many holsters which had the spring cylinder clip of such strength that it was almost impossible to draw the gun without giving several hard downward jerks. I am not going to consider the type of shoulder holster in which the gun has to be drawn upward before it comes free.

In my estimation there are but two types of shoulder holsters worth mentioning. Both retain the gun by means of a leather covered spring which curves around the cylinder. One kind has only the leather covered spring about an inch wide to hold the gun and the other, known as the "Hardy Quick Draw Shoulder Holster," has a heavy leather holster wall on the side next the body and a lighter weight cover on the outside and outside of this a leather covered spring. The pocket is slit along the trigger guard side to within an inch of the muzzle allowing the gun to slip free at the slightest pull. Perhaps the most important feature of this holster is the fact that once the gun is free there is very little chance for it to hang up on the clothing.

This holster was designed and is manufactured by Capt. Hardy, the well known marksman and also pistol and revolver instructor of the Los Angeles police force. It is so far ahead of other types of shoulder holsters that there is little comparison.

If it becomes necessary for you to "pack" a gun and you have no holster in which to carry it, pack it, not in your hip pocket, where the hammer would probably catch in your clothing should you attempt to draw it, but in the waist band of your trousers on the left side of your body and slightly to the front. Keep your belt tight enough to keep it from slipping down. Next to the belt and shoulder holster this is the best way of packing a gun and the hip pocket the poorest.



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A Plea for the Pronghorn

By Doctor Earl Acker

*"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget, lest we forget."
"Lord God of Hosts is with us not, For they forgot, for they forgot."*

AND the flash of white on the rumps of the few survivors of a mighty herd that a few years ago was numbered by the thousands and today scarcely numbers forty brings you up short and makes you realize that man is a killer.

It has been only a few short years since the pronghorn would meet you and greet you in ever shortening circles, curiosity being a failing of theirs that caused the near extermination of the breed—and it hurts. By the proper legislation and the backing of the sportsmen of Texas, and through the beneficial influence of our National Protective Association, the Izaak Walton League of America, we will, by the grace of God, save them from extinction. The better element of our sportsmen have realized that their needed co-operation is es-



sential to the preservation of the breed, and I, an old ex-game warden in point of service, am glad to say that through the sincere help of the majority of sportsmen of this big old state, we will foster for the future generations a working unit which in time and by the judicial administration of our paternal Government, will, though it may never reach the magnificent proportions which was attained by the species in the primitive, assure your kid and mine sufficient numbers of the Pronghorn to eventually cause an open season.

Take Pennsylvania, for instance, a state which twenty years ago was completely shot out, the game at the time being practically exterminated. By the proper legislation, restocking, formation of game refuges, and adequate protection in the game fields through re-forestation, they have brought the old state back to be the premier game state of the Union, and such an example shows how proper conservation measures will succeed. I, with countless thousands, believe that when your heart and soul is set upon the goal of attainment, that by the proper sanctuaries, by propagation, and by moving the Pronghorn to the proper areas under protection, they can and will be saved. By promulgating and enforcing laws of such severity that the "smart alec" hunter who is always willing to take a chance will be elim-

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inated; by making it hard on these so called "wolf hunters" who are cruising the prairies and flats in specially built, reinforced spring cars, really hunting the Pronghorn; by making it hard for those who when apprehended are financially able to pay for their pleasure, a punishment, not optional but compulsory, of six months to a year in jail. Then the fatalities in the Antelope tribe will be materially decreased.

Yea, verily, like the nigger who when sentenced to ninety-nine years and asked if he had anything to say, said, "Only this, Judge, you're gettin' mighty careless with another man's time."

There is one herd numbering about two hundred ranging in the Panhandle close to the New Mexico border which is protected. Their range is upon a ranch of over one hundred sections in extent. Upon the entrance there is a courteous sign which says: "You may hunt here, but if a shot is fired even in the direction of an Antelope there is one hundred dollars in each of two banks which will be given the informant, and I have five thousand deposited with which to prosecute you." If we had more officials with such intent and purpose, the path of the Game Department of this state would be made much easier.

The Pronghorn is not extinct, but any conservationist who has lain flat with a powerful pair of binoculars and watched them for a few consecutive days or weeks will realize that they are sadly on the decline, and drastic steps are necessary to bring them back to where at least your kid and mine will see them roaming as in the old days. By the grace of the Red Gods our boys will carry a license which will grant them, through proper administration, the right to hunt Antelope again.

The Last Hunt in Antelope Gulch

(Continued from page 19)

the one Bob had wounded and trailed him down the gulch into the timber. It had quit snowing but the wind was blowing harder than ever, making the snow from the branches of the big trees below timber line as bad or worse than a blizzard.

Trailing was difficult, in places the trails were quite plain but in others where the timber was thick it was necessary to separate and make circles around to find the trail again. I could tell by the deer's trail that he was not badly hurt as he was bleeding very little, only a speck of blood here and there. His leaps were increasing in length, too, which told me he was gaining strength fast. After about three miles of trailing over slide rock, down timber, and through boggy swamps and creeks the buck finally left the timber and started over a stretch of burnt over timber country. Here the wind had drifted the snow so badly that we were forced to give up the trail and start for home which was about eight miles away.

Bob was all out of sorts with himself for not taking more shells with him and shooting for the neck. Neck shooting is all right if you hit them right, but it won't do to gamble on, if you are in real need of meat.

We walked in silence for quite some time when at length Bob said, "The next time I go deer hunting I am going to take along all the shells I got, and I shoot for shoulders from now on."

Remington KLEANBORE Ammunition

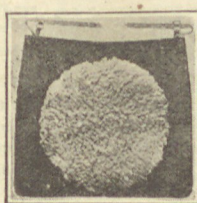
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“Oh, I Thought It Was a Buck”

By J. A. B.

Drawing by Karl Huebner

I WONDER how you would like to be walking through a perfectly peaceable country with your old-time partner and suddenly have to dive behind a rock that was none too large, and lie there while two insanely excited human jackasses empty their automatic, high-power rifles at you? Or to wake up at two of a frosty morning, as a light suddenly shines on a spot of your tan colored tent and a forty-five year old imbecile out hunting at night with a head light, shoots his first deer (?) right through the ridge-pole? Have you ever driven through the big game section of my State, Texas, during the hunting season and noticed the openly suspicious attitude of the natives toward all strangers? Or feel that you were being watched and even spied on by them? Did you stop along the road and have a linerider, or a game warden, or a ranchman stop nearby and watch you—or ask you kindly, but firmly, to drive on? I have.

Every year now for a number of years, as Sam and I make our annual journey to our old country, partly in quest of game, but mostly to live again for a week or two the life we both lived for so many years as we grew up on the old river range. And on one trip the game wardens searched our car three times in as many different towns before we had reached the particular locality where we intended to hunt. And I didn't blame them. Or the natives for their attitude either, because I was born in the big game country and lived there until long after the railroads and automobiles started bringing their flood of all kinds and character of hunters into our country every hunting season. Some of them were honest, considerate and intelligent sportsmen, with or without experience in the woods, but who could be considerate of others no matter where they were or what they were doing. These we were always glad to see and we did our humble best to help them enjoy themselves. But many others were reckless and vicious

vandals, bat-crazy with the lust to kill something! Anything! Anywhere and any way!

They tore down our fences, burned our woods and pastures and killed our stock. Sometimes they accidentally killed one of our citizens or another hunter. They shot at anything that moved in the brush, and if by chance their bullets found a living mark they ran to see whether it was a Buck or a Doe. Perhaps it turned out to be a steer or a horse. Maybe it was just the wind but anyway they had experienced the thrill of shooting at something that

had killed him accidentally (?) and didn't have the brains or the intestinal backbone to even tell about it and had left his body lying in the woods.

One time a number of years ago, four rather distinguished looking men drove out from a large city about three hundred miles away and told us they would like to camp on our ranch and hunt for a week or two, and although our old foreman had been known to act right mean when provoked enough, he was ordinarily a hospitable old cuss and he received these visitors very kindly. He sent one of the hands down the river about three miles to show them where the spring was, and told them to come up and get a saddle horse when they needed it to bring in their game. I remember that we had barbecued a year-



Hunting men or beasts?

“Bullets plunked against the rock and whined through the brush on all sides of us.”

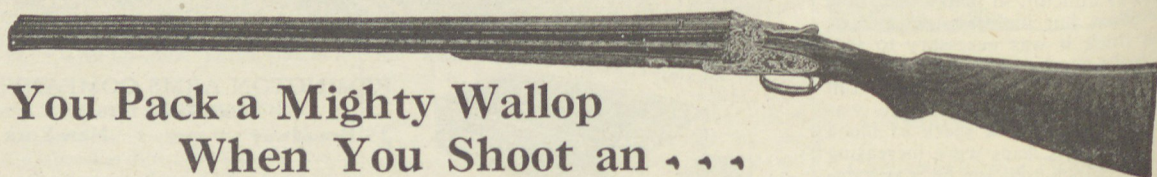
might have been a Buck. They couldn't do that on Main Street—or at “Punkin Center” either.

If they killed a horse or a steer they didn't care. They knew that they would be gone before the owner found it and that he would never know who had killed it. If it was a Doe, they either left it there or sneaked it out to their car—and home if the game wardens didn't catch them with it.

Once in a while a ranchman failed to come home and perhaps after a search he was found where some human snake had fired at “something moving” in the brush,

ling that day and he gave them a bountiful supply of the meat.

Three of them were lawyers, and the other a doctor. None of us had ever seen or heard of them before but in those days hospitality had always been appreciated in our country as much as it had always been a pleasure to extend it and we felt proud to have four such distinguished looking city folks for our guests. The foreman was a regular subscriber to a big daily newspaper published in their city and while he



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did not mention this fact to them, he told us that he "allus liked tuh meet folks from the town whar the 'Post' was edy-tid."

So we turned the ranch over to them and only asked that they be very careful of the stock and that they not hunt at night with lights. One of them said that they didn't have any head lights and that the game was very plentiful anyway and they only wanted to kill one deer apiece—and some turkeys. At that, as they only had one car it would have been difficult for them to haul four deer home in addition to themselves and their camping outfit.

The next day they came up to the house and borrowed two saddle horses. We gave them stake ropes and some feed and told them to keep the horses at their camp until they were ready to go home. We also gave them some potatoes and a large sack of salt to put on their game, as they had failed to bring any with them.

A week passed and we had not seen anything more of them so one day the foreman and I rode over to see how they were getting along and much to our consternation when we arrived at the camp we found that it had been deserted for several days. One of the saddle horses, starving for food and water was tied up to a tree, with the saddle and bridle still on him and his back and mouth very sore.

The other horse had pulled the stake rope loose and gone several times to water, but he seemed to know that his mate was suffering and we found his hoof prints where he had always come back and stood around close to him most of the time.

Hanging in the trees were SEVENTEEN Bucks and there were two more that had fallen on the ground. We found two little piles of used carbide where the men had been emptying head lights. In the rubbish that they left scattered around the camp, we found two unused rolls of camera film and there were lots of scraps of the same newspaper that our foreman read so religiously. They had cut the fence and driven out on the road near the camp. Later, we learned that they had taken three freshly killed deer, which was all they had room for, with them.

A few days later one of the boys found two fine horses that had been recently shot and killed and another with his leg broken by a bullet. It was plainly evident to us that our visitors had been hunting with head lights and that they had shined the horses' eyes and shot into them thinking they were deer. They had then rushed back to camp, packed up and left for home. They didn't even unsaddle the horse that one of them had been riding.

Three lawyers and a doctor from the city!

And we couldn't do a thing about it—we had even forgotten their names!

But, there was a sequel. One day about two weeks after they left, one of the boys rode out from town with the mail, and I, who had received no letters, was looking through the newspapers. I selected a Sunday issue first and while looking through the illustrated section, a picture of a camp and some hunters caught my eye.

Somehow it seemed familiar. There were some cottonwood trees, and four men—and some deer hanging in the trees.

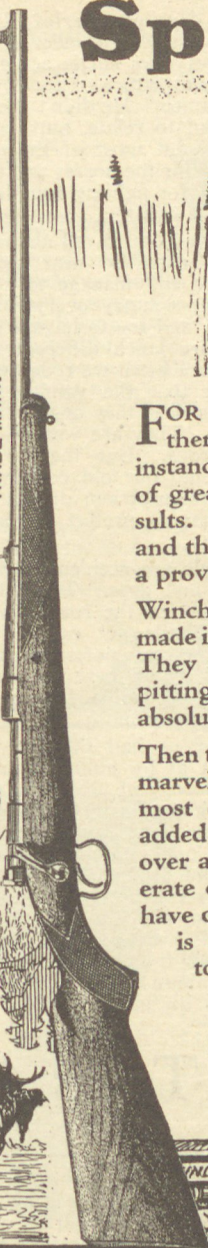
"I never saw so many dead deer. Let's see, one—two—three—four—." In all, nineteen deer and—

"Why—well I'm a son-of-a-gun! Boss!—here's yer four city dudes—an' here's their names too, an' their pictures in the paper."

In some way they had rigged up their camera and had taken a picture of the camp and the deer, with all four of them in it. Not dreaming that we of the sticks

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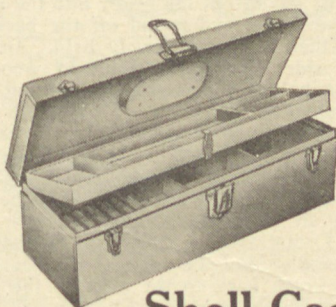
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yet it*
**didn't
break!"**

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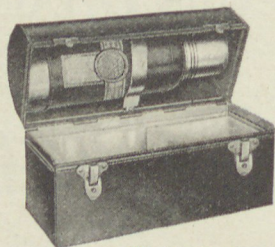
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The Stanley Lunch Kit. Price, \$8.50

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would ever see it, their vanity had made them put that picture in the paper under the caption—"Prominent Local Sportsmen Bag Big Game."

The next day our grizzled old foreman headed for the city. Under his shirt he carried a forty-five single action Colt and in his pocket a picture of four "Prominent Local Sportsmen." He didn't use the forty-five, I'm glad to relate, but I understand that he paid out most of the money collected as pay for the horses and other damages, in fines for fighting four hell-roarin', victorious fist fights.

But I started out to tell about the times Sam and I came so near being killed. Somehow we still manage to go down to the big game country every winter on a hunting trip, and try to have a good time, but things are much different there now than they were when we rode the old river range. Not that the vandals have quit coming in, or that they are less vicious or troublesome. They are worse—and vastly more numerous. But the farmers who have come into our old country, and the ranchmen, are suspicious of them and they work together to protect themselves and their property.

More people are accidentally killed, and more stock and does. The difference is that now most of the rotters who perpetrate these deeds get caught sooner or later. But the real sportsmen have to pay for the misdeeds of these wanton imbeciles and there is not much fun in going out there hunting any more.

Neither of us had thought we would ever be shot at by hunters, until in December of 1926, and again the next year, we came very near being killed by them.

One afternoon we were walking across the bottom of a rather brushy canyon about three hundred yards from where the highway crosses it. Sam was walking on my right and did not notice a car coming down this highway but as it came opposite us I saw the driver as he just barely caught a glimpse of us and grabbed his rifle. I saw his partner, who was riding

in the back seat, grab a rifle also. I knew they thought they had seen a deer! Just as they slammed on their brakes I yelled to Sam and jumped on his neck and bore him down behind the rock!

Then they let us have it!

Bullets plunked against the rock and whined through the brush on all sides. They emptied both their rifles as fast as they could pull the triggers. When they finally stopped firing Sam yelled out, "Waal, aire yuh thru a-shootin'?"

For an instant there was no reply and then in a frightened, but sweet, pink-tea voice came back, "Wh-what-t, wh-who is there-er?"

We got up and started for them, Sam in the lead, and I hate to think what might have happened if we had gotten hold of them. But that particular pair of would-be murderers had business elsewhere "pronto," and they got away.

The high-school principal who shot up our tent last winter was not so lucky. After we realized what had happened and were sure he heard us shouting at him, we crawled out from under our cots and took him and his two confederates to town and turned them over to the game warden. They paid heavy fines for hunting at night with lights.

These tales of mine and Sam's country may not be interesting to other folks but Sam came over here to my hotel room a little while ago and we fell to talking about old times. We are both getting old now and Sam never did learn to read and I read to him a lot. Mostly stories about hunting and ranch life and similar subjects, and just before he left he asked me about like this, "Jim, why in thu H—don't yuh write tuh one er them mag-er-zines and git em tuh tell folks about them low-down skunks er killin cattle en does? En tell em how low-down an ornery ole Sam Lassiter thinks they aire."

But it would be impossible for me to tell you how "ornery" old Sam thinks they are, because Sam is a real sportsman and what he thinks about them ought not to be said aloud and couldn't be published.

Trips Afield with Boys

(Continued from page 35)

both ends. This is the spindle. Make a bow, using some strong flexible wood such as hickory or ash, cutting it about twenty inches long and three-fourths of an inch square. Take a whangleather thong and fasten it at each end of the bow. This thong should be so adjusted that when you have placed the spindle on the thong and twisted it one turn of the thong about the spindle, it will be tight. Take a small piece of wood that fits nicely into the palm of your hand, and round off the back of it so that it may be easily held. In the other side of this small bit of wood, I bore a hole to the depth of half an inch and into this I fit a bit of bone. It may be filed to fit with a rasp. In the center of this bit of bone I start to drill with a steel drill cutting it only deep enough to hold the end of the spindle. In the hearth about an inch and a quarter from the edge I start a depression to fit the end of the spindle. On the edge of the hearth I cut a notch back to the edge of the hole into which the spindle fits. You will now need some tinder with which to start a blaze after you have made a coal with the sticks. Bits of dry grass, the bark of some trees shredded fine make good tinder. Cedar bark is particularly good for this purpose, also the bits of material you find in the nests of field mice.

You are now ready for the actual operation. Place the hearth piece on the

ground and hold it in place with your left foot, your right knee on the ground. Take the bit of wood with the bone inlay in your left hand, twist the thong about the spindle, place the lower end of the spindle in the depression in the hearth, grasp the bow in the right hand and shove it backward, causing the spindle to revolve rapidly. It will take a little time before the spindle works down into the hearth piece so that it is evenly seated. When this is accomplished, increase the speed and press with the left hand. In a little while you will notice smoke, and then a little stream of brown dust will work out of the hearth piece into the cut. Now is the time for great care. If you do not hold the hearth piece perfectly still, you will scatter the little pile of brown dust and destroy your chances of getting a coal. To this end the hearth piece should, at the start, be placed on some substantial footing. If all goes well, this little pile of brown dust will commence to smoke. Stop working the spindle and fan the little coal gently until it is all aglow. On this pile your tinder blowing it very lightly; too strong a breeze will blow it all away. When this begins to blaze, have other heavier material at hand to add to the flames.

Do not become discouraged if you do not make a fire the first time, I tried many times and with many different materials



You are now ready for the actual operation.

before I succeeded in getting a coal. After you have experimented a bit, you will come to know just the sort of wood to use, and to choose it by its weight, texture and color, and you will pick up desirable pieces on your trips. I usually have a few good pieces of wood hanging in my attic where they will become quite dry. Any moisture in the wood will spoil your chance of a fire, but root wood with its larger air chambers dries out quickly.

Making a fire by friction is one of the things a Boy Scout must do to earn a camping merit badge. This merit badge he must have before he may be an Eagle Scout. Making a fire by friction is one of the stumbling blocks in the path of the ambitious scout. I remember a lad who attempted it at camp. It was a hot day and he was sawing the bow back and forth in the broiling sun. The hearth commenced to smoke, the brown dust to run down the cut and all seemed to be going fine. The boy worked harder, when suddenly the perspiration on his brow gathered into a little stream, ran down his nose and dropped on the coal promptly extinguishing it. But nothing daunted, he set his teeth and started over again. Later I had the pleasure of presenting him with his Eagle badge, but I am sure that this boy, now grown, has a full appreciation of the parlor match as a means of fire building.

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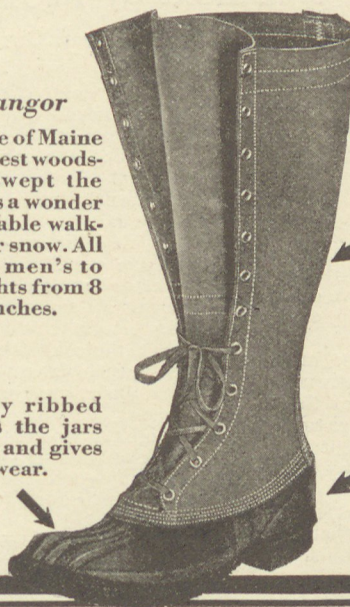
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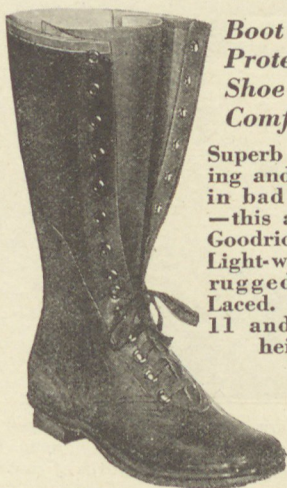
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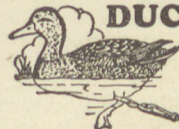
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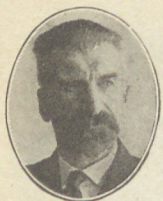
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Camping

Edited by MURDO GIBSON

Camping Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

Nothing gives greater pleasure and health than life in the open

In Camp Black Jack Island

DEAR WALTONIANS:

This day marks the official passing of another northern summer. Although the sun shone brightly and the air was delightfully warm, no boats have come within sight or sound of my camp, since yesterday.

How I pity the unfortunates who must leave this outdoor paradise and return to school, home or business. Many of them would like to remain here until Christmas. Such was my thought when, about five o'clock, I went forth to catch my daily fish.

Fish are plentiful around this island. Always, I am sure of catching whatever kind I happen to want, within a hundred yards of camp. Generally, this means a black bass, or a wall-eye, weighing between two and three pounds. When that is secured, I stop fishing.

The only rod I have here is a cheap, telescopic affair, the sections of which persist in turning. This twists the line so tightly, the reel can hardly take up the slack. With such equipment I find but little sport in fishing, and spend at it only the short time necessary to catch what I want to eat.

This evening, however, I had a good battle with a seven or eight pound "Northern pike." He struck savagely at the surface lure, then raced away with twenty yards of line. At the end of the rush, he rose clear from the water and seemed to balance on the very tip of his tail. This performance was repeated several times and, for quarter of an hour, at least, he fought as aggressively as any maskinonge; (Canadian spelling) fully justifying the praise bestowed on the species by O. W. Smith, in the September number of this magazine.

Mention of that encyclopedia of angling lore calls to mind his remarks about transferring a large fish from water to boat. For this purpose I use neither gaff nor pistol, but a heavy bolo-like knife. When the fish has been played to passivity, I strike it where its head joins its body. If the line is slack, the knife held loosely and the stroke delivered skillfully, the spinal cord is severed and the fish rendered incapable of further movement. But, at the instant of striking, if the line is taut, or the knife gripped tightly, the resulting blow is likely to break the tackle and stimulate the fish to renewed frenzy.

There is a vital difference between a *blow* and a *stroke*. To get maximum efficiency from a golf club, billiard cue, sword, hammer, hatchet or axe, the weapon must, at the moment of percussion, be acting as a free projectile. This effect cannot be obtained unless one's hand grasp is relaxed. "Follow through" is fundamental gospel to nearly every sort of craftsman; only bunglers neglect it.

Although unable to qualify as an expert, either in knowledge or skill, I am an enthusiastic fisherman and have angled much, in many waters. Heretofore, I have been

reluctant to encroach on Mr. Smith's admirably conducted department but the time now seems opportune for expressing a few personal opinions on the ethics of fishing for sport.

I abhor cruelty and despise the wilfully cruel. My favorite definition of immorality is: "The infliction of unnecessary and unproductive pain." Fair fighting, I enjoy, either as spectator or participant, and I am not at all squeamish about shedding or losing blood. But to witness, or even read about, the cold-blooded torture of defenseless worms, grasshoppers, frogs, minnows, crayfish and mice disgusts and angers me.

Last night, I was reading a well advertised book on angling,—written by a modern authority—and the detailed descriptions of methods for preparing and impal-

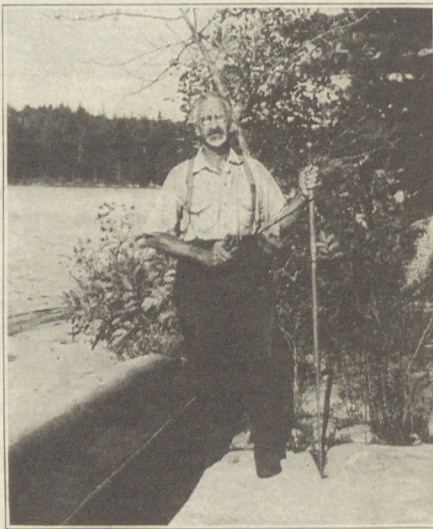
very considerable sum of money. He was not even disputed.

While exploring in the northern wilderness, success in fishing sometimes meant more to me than it ever does to a mere sportsman; yet I was never guilty of putting any living creature on a fish hook. Most of the time I had artificial lures—which I have found far superior to any "live" bait. When, for any reason, it was necessary to use insects, worms, minnows, or frogs, I always killed them, as speedily and as painlessly as I could.

Even as a boy, fishing for trout in Minnesota streams, I avoided that form of cruelty. Before putting a worm on the hook, I would place it on the palm of my left hand and stun it with a smart slap from the fingers of my right. I believed—perhaps rightly—this treatment rendered the worm unconscious until death from the hook-wounds occurred.

Technical arguments regarding the degree of pain an insect, reptile, fish or animal is capable of suffering, are useful as salve for uneasy consciences. Steel-trappers and fur dealers have quite a stock of them. But in my opinion it is not so very difficult to determine whether a wriggling, squirming, struggling creature is being tickled or tortured. When this occurs during the excitement of battle it is scarcely noticed—even by men. Otherwise, or afterward, there must be unutterable anguish and agony. I believe that our basis for assuming that fish and animals of a lower order do not experience suffering is a very slight one.

Waltonism implies a higher standard of



"Fish are plentiful—always, I am sure of catching whatever kind I happen to want, within a hundred yards of camp."

ing live bait literally sickened me. To me, it seemed nothing less than fiendish, although I know quite well the atrocities mentioned are common custom. After reading three chapters, I had to stop. I wouldn't finish it, even for the sake of learning something more about our common fish. It shall be returned to its owner at the first opportunity. That its sheer brutality, even to the conquered fish, never occurred to the author, I feel quite sure but, nevertheless, it showed a callous indifference to suffering, equal to that of medieval cooks, who whipped young pigs to death, because they fancied it made the roasted skin a trifle more toothsome.

How anyone can be happy while torturing a living victim at the end of a fish line is a mystery to me. That it is necessary, I do not believe. Besides my own experience—of forty years—I have the confident assertions of acknowledged leaders in the angling fraternity that they can catch as many fish, with sportsmanlike tackle and lures, as another can with live bait. At a national convention of sportsmen, I heard a recognized expert make a similar statement and offer to back his opinion with a



Murdo Gibson entertaining one of his rare visitors.

sportsmanship than the average yokel can comprehend, so pay no heed to the protests and assertions of the "baser sort." Let us, without being fanatical, dogmatic or supercilious, fish in such manner that others will learn how to get the maximum of clean, innocent sport, while inflicting the minimum of suffering. Angling should be a gentle pastime fit for gentlemen and gentlewomen whose finer sensibilities have not been dulled by long familiarity with cruel practices.



As first steps toward this ideal I suggest: artificial lures only; single, barbless hooks and instant death, or the immediate release, uninjured, of every captured fish.

Triple hooks are not only atrociously cruel; they are a nuisance. When gorged—as they nearly always are by the pikes—it is impossible to free them without fatal injury to the fish. I clip off two hooks and, with pliers, press down the barb of the remaining one. My loss of hooked fish, on this account, is negligible. I don't remember a single one this summer.

Whether any reader of this outburst feels slandered is of little concern to me. If the cap fits, it may be worn. But neither the League, nor any of its officials, should be held responsible for my views and sentiments. No one has opportunity to read these letters before they reach the editor's desk. Then it is too late for revision and the only course open is to print them, as they are, or find other material to fill the space allotted to this department.

At least nine of every ten deer hunters who visit the Lake States do no real camping, but engage board and lodging at settlers' cabins, farm houses, logging camps, club houses, or small-town hotels. By so doing they undoubtedly escape a good deal of hard work, but they also miss a large part of the glamour, without which wilderness life loses much of its appeal.

There must be a great many romantically minded persons who, like myself, would gladly exchange the assured comforts of a permanent dwelling for the delightful uncertainties and possible discomforts of a nomadic camp.

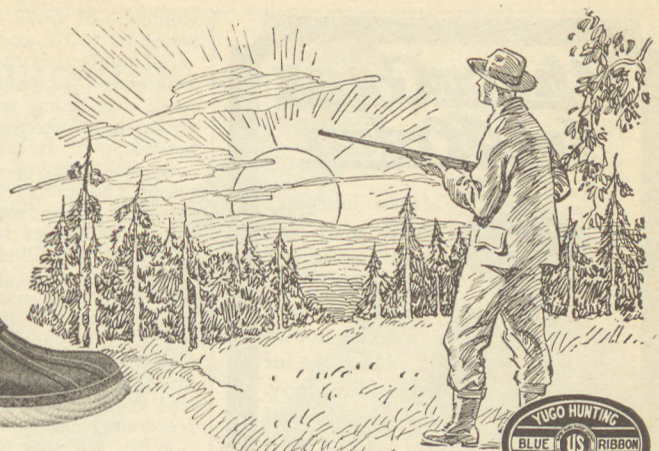
If getting a deer is the only, or even the chief, object of the trip, the probable result does not justify the necessary expense. It has been publicly stated that the average buyer of a Minnesota big-game hunting license spends more than a hundred dollars in the vicinity of his hunting ground. As less than half the license holders succeed in shooting a deer, it is obvious that the actual cost of legally killed venison is absurdly high.

Why, then, do so many sensible persons go deer hunting? There are nearly as many reasons as there are hunters. Perhaps the most common is: the desire to escape, for a time, from the burdens and responsibilities of civilized existence and to revert as completely as conditions permit to the primitive pleasures and excitements of a care-free savage, or an imaginative youth.

To those imaginative youths—of any age—who yearn to emulate the life and exploits of their moccasined heroes, I recommend going after the deer in true frontiersman fashion. In northern Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—to say nothing of Canada—are vast areas of uninhabited forest land, where the camper can spend the hunting season in undisturbed seclusion and feel free to cut whatever firewood, boughs and poles he may need.

It is not difficult to locate such places. A Rand-McNally map of the state will show what districts are most sparsely populated and a letter of inquiry to the leading hardware merchant of the nearest county seat should yield the desired information.

Hardware dealers generally carry a stock of sporting goods and their stores are natural headquarters for local nimrods. It is to their interest to encourage non-resident vacationists, and I have found them more than willing to assist visiting sportsmen. It should occasion no surprise, however, if they disregard a communication unaccompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope. They surmise, shrewdly enough, that the writer is a "short sport" who



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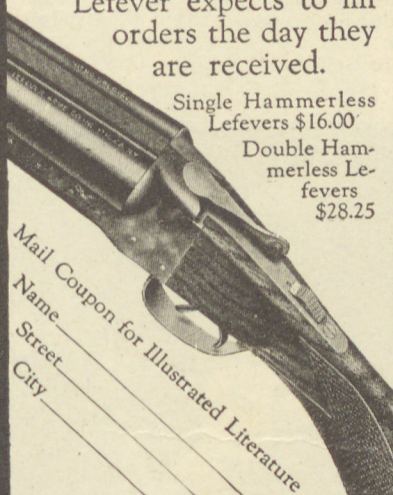
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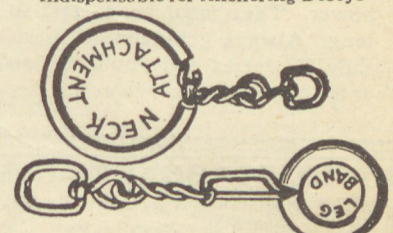
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would be of small benefit, either to themselves or to the community.

Assuming that two men have decided on a suitable "jumping-off place" for a two-week deer hunt, what weather conditions are to be expected and what would be a feasible plan of campaign?

By the opening of the Minnesota deer season (November 10th) temperatures will probably range from the freezing point to about 10 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. There is little likelihood of rain and the chances for snow are about even. Sometimes there is snow in the green timber when the open country is bare.

The outfit should be limited to what the men can pack on their backs for two or three miles. That distance from a traveled road is ample to assure privacy and freedom from wandering live stock.

When selecting the camp site, the prime considerations; nearness to a prominent landmark—such as a stream, railroad grade, range of hills, cleared right-of-way, or any other definite line of sufficient length to preclude any possibility of passing it unnoticed—good water, abundance of firewood, absolute shelter from wind and a level, well-drained plot for the bed and fireplace.

The first day should be spent making a comfortable and convenient camp, and cutting a reserve supply of fuel. Darkness comes early, in November, and no daylight should be wasted in exploring, sight-seeing or hunting. Plans for the morning can be discussed after supper, when an intensive study of the map is in order. Absolute certainty as to exact location of the camp is extremely important and it should be plainly marked on both maps.

To prevent maps from becoming smudged, torn and illegible, they should be protected by a transparent envelope, and carried in a pocket used for nothing else. An even bet-

ter way is to have a leather case that can be strung on the belt or carried on a shoulder strap. Familiarity and facility with maps and compass should be acquired before leaving home.

It is the habit of our northern deer to lie down about the time darkness merges into dawn. In fair weather they are likely to choose an open, sunny spot—often in dead grass—but, when storm threatens, they retire to the shelter of thick timber, or dense stands of young evergreens.

Some time between eleven A. M. and one P. M. they leave these beds and wander about, eating a little and drinking a little. As a rule they travel up wind and seldom go far before lying down again. I never knew one to use the same bed twice. Just before sunset they leave their afternoon beds and start off in search of food, and may often be seen feeding on the tender shoots growing in a recent "chopping" or "burning."

My reason for stating these few facts is to show how unnecessary it is to undergo the discomfort of a too-early breakfast and a chilling vigil in order to get sight of a deer. It is much pleasanter to do the "watchful waiting" at mid-day, when one's chances of seeing a deer are fully as good and conditions that make for accurate shooting much better.

Many hunters nullify their best chances for seeing deer by meeting their companions at noon and lunching together. Far better to forego that social occasion and await the reunion at supper time. Even the fire of a single, and silent hunter is not likely to frighten a deer. In fact, it may attract one within shooting range. But the conversation and general disturbance caused by two or more persons is almost sure to alarm any deer in the vicinity and send it away or into hiding.

A Woman Goes Motor Camping

By Alice W. La Londe

THE camping editor of OUTDOOR AMERICA, Murdo Gibson, has been our near neighbor for many years and OUTDOOR AMERICA has been on our magazine shelf since the first issue. Inspired thusly, by a twofold closeness to nature and the proximity of Minnesota's ten thousand lakes, the spirit moves me toward the pages of your well-loved magazine, trusting that the

powers which decide will let you all read what I am so eager to be telling.

And if some loyal reader feels better and happier not to read this article, I shall not feel hurt nor embarrassed—nay, I shall not even be surprised.

My real purpose in sending you this letter is to acquaint you in as minute and definite fashion as I can with the thrill and



"We have settled down for a week's camping on the shores of Shallow Lake."



joy of camping out, having traveled thither via motor, and then making it into a bed far superior to the berths in the newest model of Pullman sleepers.

We have settled down for a week's camping on the shore of Shallow Lake, a name which is very misleading, because the depth is about 100 feet in many places. On a slight rise of ground overlooking the glistening, bluish water where bass so frequently splash and jump, the car rests serenely and invites us into her comfortable quarters. We seem to be nestled in a group of pine, spruce and balsam, also birch trees, the "white sisters of the woods," which need the companionship and protection of all the others in order to survive. Just as soon as they are isolated they gradually wither and die.

Stretched from the top of the car to the adjoining trees is a canvas fly and under that are the table, bench and gasoline stove. We gaze far and wide and see little but thick foliage dotting the landscape, with now and then a cozy cottage or farm house peeping out. We are in the midst of the big wide spaces and a very deep longing is satisfied. Shall we open the door of our marvelous little car and let you see the cozy bedroom?

The cushion of the back seat has been turned around so that the part toward the front when riding now faces the back. The camper has made two collapsible wooden frames, five and six inches high, respectively. One of these frames is placed in the middle on the floor of the car and the other nearer the front, almost under the steering wheel. The back portion of the two front seats is placed on the frame which lies across the middle of the car and the seat part of the two front seats is reversed and placed across the frame that lies near the steering wheel. Previous to this the backs and seats have been disconnected by the removal of eight bolts fitted with cotter pins. Now the soft spring bed, which is not excelled anywhere, even in the most perfectly equipped home, is ready for the mattress. This is made of non-matting material which can be purchased for about eight dollars and just fits the bed. Then come the sheets of cotton blanketing and a pair of soft green Hudson Bay blankets.

The two back windows are lowered and mosquito netting is pinned over the open space. (Keep this and the pins in one of the pockets of the car.)

Last night a great, gorgeous full moon glided so gracefully into the vast dome of Heaven, and as it peeped through the trees and into the windows, sleep refused to come and I was glad it was so. Because of the brilliant light and the bright shining stars everything was visible and earth and sky proclaimed a Power which is ever with us and over us.

A creeping animal appeared close to our habitation, sliding stealthily along, and immediately both curiosity and fear had a place in one's sensibilities. Was it coyote or bear seeking what it might devour? We never knew.

As I write, the clouds are banking heavily and that means rain. We shall be forced to take to our motor house and lie there and read. As darkness falls we shall turn on the little reading lamp that we placed anywhere we wish, and we shall be grateful for the patter of rain on the roof of the car, and for the odor of spruce and pine, and for the tang of Fall in the air.

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In December

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Handles of brightly colored galalith shaped to fit the hand are practical and fine appearing.



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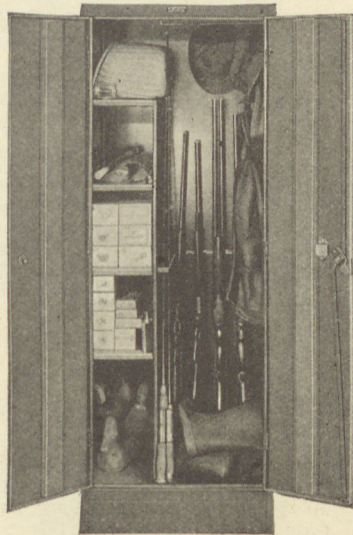
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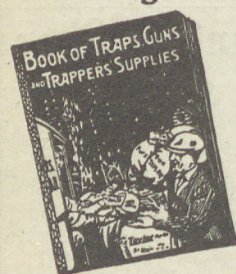
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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

Edited by
PAUL BURRESS

Travis Chestnut, well-known outboard motor race driver of Jacksonville, Florida, tells the editor of this department about some of the thrills and tricks of speeding along at thirty miles an hour in a small outboard motor boat.

CONGRATULATIONS, Travis! Head that old scow in here and tell me how you did it."

It was the annual Florida Yacht Club Regatta participated in by enthusiastic entrants from many of the Northern States, who had been lured by big stakes and the urge to compete their latest creations in boats and doped motors with like craft on the historic St. Johns River at Jacksonville, Florida.

The race had been hotly contested over a stretch of rough water which taxed the nerve and ability of the drivers to the limit. Travis (Speednut) Chestnut, the winner of the class "C" event, was heading his craft towards the dock, his face wreathed in a smile, the first that had broken that serious countenance all that day. He had won the big event, downed friendly competitors whose reputations would have made them a good bet at any odds. Not another dark horse, but the breaking forth of another hitherto nationally good driver who at last had been rewarded for his months of study and hard work in developing skill, nerve and equipment that slightly exceeded that of the other race entrants. Travis depended upon Commodore G. G. Jones for the first cost of his equipment, and they, together, in the rear of the Jacksonville Municipal Garage, had spent weeks in preparation for this race. Travis had furnished most of the ideas and labor under the supervision of Commodore Jones, whose genial nature and love for sport made them an ideal team.

Travis was nearing the dock, running slow, steering with one hand and bailing water with the other. The Commodore

and I understood the reason for the bailing, for the going had been rough and the cockpit of Miss WJAX had caught the business-end of several rooster-tails which competitive boats had sprayed her with during the race.

"We had better haul her out right away," Travis called to the Commodore. "If you thought this hull was bad the race before you should see her now. If I had not kept her on the step I'd never have gotten in with her." As Travis came alongside we understood the real reason for the fast bailing. Several cracks were evident, through which the water was flowing at an alarming rate.

I was as full of curiosity as a six months pointer puppy, and after Travis had completed his official report and had docked his craft, I succeeded in cornering him for a quizz. It was no easy task getting him away from his admiring friends and townspeople, but finally we reached the rather deserted corner of a soft drink stand and there, over the South's most popular drink, Travis consented to answer my questions, for the good of the outboard motoring sport, as I suggested for a promoter.

"Well," remarked Travis as he leaned back trying to make himself comfortable on a three-legged soda table chair, "you probably don't understand how I love that little boat, but, anyway, I do. She is not very old, and, furthermore, she belongs to the Commodore. During the first race I felt a little uneasy about her, for our new motor sure was doing her stuff and I felt that the WJAX hull was a little light for the combination of motor speed and the rough water. During the race I held her down and let one of the heavier boats pass me up because there was danger of losing both boat and motor if I knocked the bottom out of her, and as I said, 'She is my child, spiritually, but materially she belongs to the Commodore.' Well, at the end of that race she was taking a little water



Race driver Travis Chestnut explaining to Commodore Jones and S. Bergman how the outboard editor uses the rubber starting rope.



and I remarked to the Big Boss that I thought that I could have won the race had I let her out, but that I was afraid of losing the outfit. You know the Comodore is a good sport, and just before the big race he signaled me to give her everything. I knew pretty well what would happen, but, Boy, I sure wanted to win and I said to Lady WJAX, 'Stick with me, Baby, for we're going to win. We'll be first over the line if our ribs hold together, or else they will be after us soon with grappling hooks.' I got a good break on the get-away and from then on it was some race, as you probably noticed. I never would have believed that she would have taken such a spanking! Ker-slam, she would meet one of those rollers, shake herself for an instant, and then on to meet the next one. I shut off to make short turns on the first few buoys, but she started to leak so badly that I was forced to keep her full ahead, making wide turns in order to keep her upon the step. As soon as her bow would go down she would take water and you know that then was no time for bailing. Suppose you noticed how DART-ORENO fanned me with her rooster-tail before I got the lead? I can't understand how that fellow did so well with his motor so high. I want to take a look at that outfit before he gets away. What do you say if we run down to the dock and look it over?"

"Nothing doing for a few minutes," I entreated. "I've got to get a story off within the next twenty-four hours, otherwise a calling down from our able editor, and what would be more hazardous? I'd miss a payment on my car, Trav, and only eighteen more payments and she is mine! You wouldn't want to see me lose my automobile, would you?"

"Shoot your questions," condescended Travis. "I feel for you, Boy, as mine isn't paid for either."

Ordering another round of drinks, I opened up in a manner that reminded me of the quizzing my three little daughters gave me on our first trip through the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago.

"Tell me, Solomon Speednut, does turning over in a race damage the motor? I'm not much interested in the driver."

"Yea, verily I say it does. If the motor is equipped with steel connecting rods, they usually push a cylinder off. This is caused by the cylinder filling with water which cannot be compressed. This damage usually will not occur if the muffler is attached to the motor. Bronze rods will only bend. In most instances the coil is drowned out and must be replaced."

"What should be done to a motor after a 'turn-over'?"

"The motor will be seriously damaged by rust if it is not given immediate attention. The motor head should be torn down, thoroughly dried out, soaked in oil and carefully checked for misalignment before assembly."

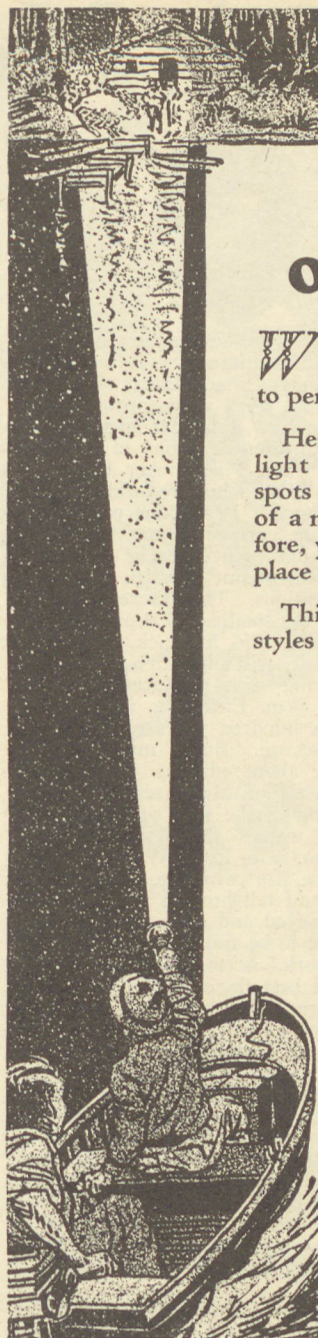
"Do you consider motor speed more essential than boat design?"

"I would rather have a slow motor in a fast boat than a fast motor in a slow boat, especially if I have rough water. This is, of course, from the standpoint of safety, for I've never seen a fellow win a race upside down."

"How do racing motors differ from standard motors?"

"They can not differ very much because racing rules prescribe that the motors be stock excepting the removal of the muffler, replacing work wheel with racing wheel (propeller), draining grease out of gear housing and filling it with medium cylinder oil, which reduces friction of the heavy grease. Grease changing should,

(Continued on page 69)



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Written at
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By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Some Angling Books

PRELIMINARY CAST

Short, gray days: long, cold evenings. Pile the grate with wood, and when the sparks mount upward, settle down with a heap of old books by your side, and go afishing.

THE secret is out. Yes, I am a bookish angler. In this strenuous America of ours, radiant, rushing, resonant: we have neither leisure nor liking for the calm, introspective type of life that so intrigued Izaak Walton. Oh, we can name the greatest Outdoor organization of all time after him, but as for following in his footsteps, we will none of it. To "moon" over flowers, to cast a mental line into old books, here and there, while the first snow-storm rages outside, that is a variety of fishing for which we have little use. You notice I said "old books," for our modern angling literature smacks too much of the spirit of the times to be good reading. I mean just that. I had just about as soon read a treatise upon modern dentistry as the average fishing book. I know, for I write 'em. Our editors of outdoor magazines are sinners too. I have a letter from one of them, saying, "Cut the flowers if you want to have us consider articles." There will be plenty of "cut flowers" for that type of editor and angling writer. So, for heart-filling entertainment I must needs go to old books.

Lifting my eyes, there smiles down upon a thin volume, a re-print of course but which only 400 copies were issued and deem myself fortunate to possess one. It bears the title: "Treatyse of Fysshynge Wyth an Angle" and is attributed to Dame Juliana Barnes, who was reputed to have been a prioress of St. Albans, which may or may not have been true; some critics going so far as to say the "Treatyse" was the work of a man. (That, I presume, was a man's opinion!) We have this early work, which was produced in 1496, and when we remember that Chaucer flourished 1350, the age of our beloved "Treatyse" is fairly well established. One will not spend hours over the work, though he will enjoy dipping into it here and there, culling bits to his soul's good. By the way, it comes as a sort of surprise to read her remarks upon the carp: "There ben but fewe in Englande, therefore I wryte the lasse of hym. . . . As Touchynge his baytes I haue but lytyll knowledge of it. . . . but well I wote that the redde worme and the menow ben good batys for hym at all tymes as I haue herde saye of persones credyble & also founde wryten in books of credence." But enough, it gives the reader a sample of her style, and again I am thankful that a dealer in England made it possible for me to secure my "Demy Octavo."

Next of course, we come to our well beloved "Compleat Angler," than which no Leaguer knows a book more precious. I am passing over several works which ap-

peared between the "Treatyse" and Izaak Walton's highly satisfactory volume. The bibliophile finds the collecting of various editions of this work very entrancing and withal, expensive. I have something like twenty-five different editions in my little library, but when I remember that there are upwards of two hundred extant, I am fair discouraged. I am the proud possessor of some early editions, that of Sir John Hawkins, Knt., being especially prized, for its quaint English and more quaint illustrations. Then there is my tiny "Pickering," the smallest Walton, being but 2 in. x 2½ and a ½ in. thick, weighing 2 oz., and actually will slip into a vest-pocket. The "Pickering" was produced under the direction of Wm. Pickering, in 1825, and while only a hundred years old, is rather difficult to secure. But I must not continue talking about editions, for an ordinary copy, the John Major text, will do as much for you in the way of leading you where still waters flow, and beautiful flowers bloom. Oh, Izaak Walton was the ideal cicerone, for while not uninterested in tackle, could tell how to use it, he was always open-eyed and open-eared towards Nature. Not to be familiar with Walton's immortal work, is to miss one of the sweetest and best flavored things in English literature. To enjoy and appreciate him it is unnecessary to own an expensive copy, or an old edition, but there is real pleasure in possessing both. But every Walton Leaguer should know the work of his patron saint. I am unacquainted with any book in our language that will so nestle down beside the reader, so to speak, as he sits by the fireside these long evenings, and become part and parcel of his thought life. "And God's blessing upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his providence, and be quiet, and go a Angling."

As a rule I like English angling books, for while our cousins take themselves and their pleasures very seriously indeed, still they all have time to appreciate, to wander

far afield with some other object than a mere full creel. I glance over the well-filled shelves, and many a thumb volume speaks audibly of my preference, even their modern writers are more leisurely than ours. By the way, among my fly-tying books, of which I have quite a complete collection, is "Blacker's Art Of Fly Making," published in 1855, and illustrated in oil. Mine is a beautiful copy, bound in crushed levant, slightly worn 'tis true, but still in a fairly good state of preservation. I also possess a copy of "Angler's Souvenir," by P. Fisher, beautifully bound and illustrated with engravings, published in 1835. On his dedicatory page: "To all that love us, and the honest are of Angling," we find this fine quotation: "As inward lore breeds outward talk, The Hound some praise and some the Hawk,

Some better pleased with private sport;

But those delights I neither wish
Nor envy while I freely fish."

Speaking of fly-tying books, I have a copy of Keene's "Fly Fishing and Fly Making," published by the O. Judd Co., in 1887, and while not rare nor unique, it is interesting because illustrated with glued-in materials. It is a rich little book, modern to a degree, and highly satisfactory as a guide. But I did not purpose to speak of such modern American books, being entirely "sold" on older ones. We have no writer today producing angling literature worth while, I mean in the leisurely, Nature-enjoying class. As I have complained again and again, all must be "how-to," too blamed practical for enjoyment. I can't believe but what there are anglers still who enjoy leisurely angling literature, like Dr. van Dyke's inimitable stories. Can you conceive of Dr. van Dyke writing "practical stuff" to the exclusion of the beauties of Nature: but then, did you know it, he is not counted an angling writer?

As I glance along my shelves I am puzzled which to pull down, though perhaps W. C. Prime's "I Go A-Fishing," is about the



When "O. W." is not at home writing or reading books on angling, he is pretty sure to be found on the banks of a stream.



best. If you didn't know it, you might suspect from the first chapter, "Why Peter Went A-Fishing," that the author was a minister. Fact is, I know of no other American book on our beloved pastime quite so understanding and altogether enjoyable, suited to the desultory reader, such as the angler is at this season of the year. The book was published by "Harper's" in 1873, therefore is not so old, but away out of date, judged by the criterion of modern editors. By the way, Prime's "Old House by the River" was published in 1854, while his "Later Years," bearing the same publication date, is equally satisfactory. If you do not know Prime intimately, I envy you the experience of getting acquainted. But, as one second-hand dealer and friend, who has "stuck me" many times, says: "You will find Prime's books hard to come at for they have gone out." The mere fact they are hard to procure would seem to me to indicate that there is a fair demand for them still, that poesy will not die out of the hearts of anglers in spite of this utilitarian age in which we live. Give me Prime, and you can have my "Casting Tackle and Methods," even if I did try to bring some of the outdoors in in that volume.

Another author of that "far-off" day I love is W. H. H. Murray, "Adirondack Murray," also a preacher, and a "heretic" in his time, of course. For years I hunted for his scattered books, picking up one here and there, dog-eared and aged; then, attending a convention in Springfield, Mass., I happened on that great second-hand book-store, and am afraid that thereafter the book-store saw more of me than did the convention. Can you imagine my delight when I found a complete set of the "Adirondack Tales," in five volumes, for \$5.00. They had several sets, and I promptly ordered one sent to Wisconsin. Why, I had that immortal tale, "The Man Who Didn't Know Much," a story which somehow slips into your inner consciousness and "gets you" right. They are all there in that five volume set, those books of pre-Civil war days, with the flavor and tang of God's out-o'-doors. You know, it was "Adirondack Murray" who introduced Eastern United States to their own mountains. We need someone today who will introduce the out-o'-doors to our people so that power-interests and money-grubbing speculators will be compelled to stay their desecrating hands. If we had more writers like Murray, Prime, Mather, and the like, instead of the "practical" fellows, we long ago would have stopped the rape of the wilderness.

From time to time, folks from all over the country have sent me old volumes, because "my folks don't care for the things." There lies on my desk now a volume, worn and ancient, a first edition of "The American Angler's Book," by Thad Norris, published in 1864. I already possessed a copy of the second edition, but you can imagine the delight with which I received a first. The same man sent me a beautiful copy of F. G. Aflalo's "Book of Fishing Stories," published in England in 1913, illustrated with beautiful photogravures, which alone are enough to endear the volume to an angler born and bred. (By the way, the gentleman who sent it from far-off California, included a photograph of the country along the Peshtigo River at High Falls, Wisconsin, before the axe had destroyed, or the builders desecrated, the ribbon of water showing from High Falls down through the heavy timber.) Aflalo knows how to produce an intriguing volume, whether he acts as author or mere compiler; but, then, he is English, and leisurely.

Speaking of sumptuous books, I was fortunate enough to secure a set of that demi



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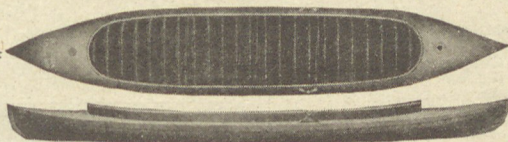
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Quarto Edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," gotten out by R. B. Marston, then editor of "The Fishing Gazette," London, and signed by him. It is simply too beautiful for words to describe, the photo-gravures with which it is illustrated being actual works of art. To mis-quote Walton, "It is too good for all save anglers or honest men." Just the same, I prize more the little copy of Walton Mr. Marston sent me shortly before he crossed to the fishing on the other side, for it is duly inscribed and all, which renders it invaluable. Here I am, talking of the "Compleat Angler" again, for somehow I swing back to that wonderful work, willy nilly, and no wonder, when you consider its beauty and spiritual understanding.

Speaking of autographed books, of course I have several, given me by friendly writers, and I don't know why. Among my most prized is a copy of Larry St.

Johns' "Practical Fly Fishing," and indeed a "practical" book, not one to moon and dream over.

There are other books, many books, modern books too, which I love. Take Paine's "Tent Dwellers," Foote's "A Wedding Gift," Annie Trumbull Slosson's "Fishin' Jimmy," and Bliss Perry's "Fishing with a Worm." If they are not worth a dozen "how-to" books at this season of the year then I don't know what constitutes a good book. Chas. E. Bradford, the author of "The Brook Trout and the Determined Angler," and "The Angler's Secret," wrote real literature. I have no room to mention scores and scores of books which have become part and parcel of my ichthyic life. However, I have said enough to convince you that to my understanding it is not all of reading just to read, any more than it is all of fishing just to catch fish.

Scientific Angling

Edited by **FREDERICK J. LANE**

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine



The National Tournament

THE Columbus Casting Club was host to all nationally known casters at Columbus, Ohio, August 30-31 and September 1-2-3. For the second time the scores and results show Eddie Braddon, the Cleveland star, at the top of the sheet as he won first place in three events and second in two. Peters of Buffalo was the runner-up and gave the champion a good race. No new records were made and the casting, except in the Distance Bait Events, did not seem up to standard. The general average of scores was not as high as in other recent tournaments.

George Chatt, the veteran distance fly caster, won his event easily with an average of 121 2/3 feet. His nearest competitors were Braddon with 107 1/3 and Behnen who averaged 106 2/3 feet. Reese, Connelly and Olsen were right behind them. Braddon beat Stanley by 6 feet in the Salmon Fly, averaging almost 139 feet to Bill's 132 feet. Chatt cast an average of 1/3 of a foot less than Stanley, winning third place from Behnen, Trimble and Schwinn, each of whom made 127 1/3.

The Accuracy Bait Events were a disappointment from the standpoint of good scores. All seemed to be affected by the changing lights and shadows, for in the 1/2 and 1/4 oz. events there were but nine casters with a score of 99 or better. Brad-don, scoring 99.4, won the 1/4 Accuracy



National Tournament Winners 1928. Standing, left to right—Art Neu, winner of the 5/8 ounce Accuracy Bait; G. G. Chatt, winner of the Distance Fly; Connelly, winner of the Deshler-Wallick Trophy; Mrs. Hurst, winner of the Ladies' Event; Otto Peters, winner of the 1/4 ounce Accuracy Bait; Eddie Braddon, 1928 All-Round Champion. Seated, left to right—Jack Schwinn, winner of the Dry Fly Accuracy; A. A. Trimble, winner of the 5/8 ounce Distance and National President for 1929; R. P. Merrill, winner of the Dry Fly Accuracy; Fred N. White, 1927 and 1928 Champion 1/2 ounce Distance.



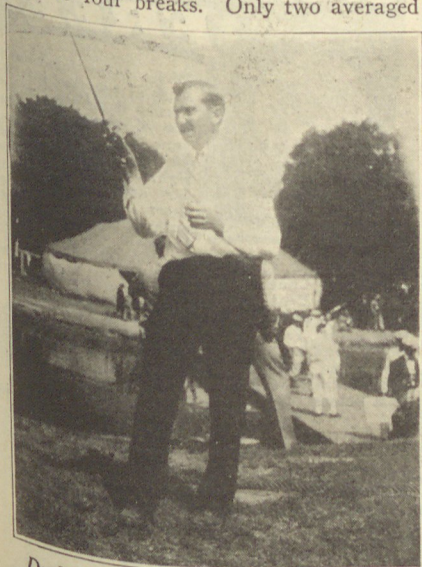
Newark's Famous Casters
Left—John S. Schwinn, winner of the Dry Fly Accuracy. Right—Arthur F. Neu, winner of the 1/2 ounce Accuracy Bail.

from Stanley by a point margin, while third place went to Tom Monger who made a 99. All others were below that mark. In the 1/2 oz. Accuracy, Arthur Neu won the event with a score of 99.3. Sutter and Reese tied for second place with a score of 99.1. Newcomb, Behnen and Frank Leach came next with scores of 99 each. The winner in the 5/8 oz. Accuracy was all guesswork until the last few casts when it became apparent that Otto Peters was going to win with three off. The nearest to him were Chatt and Fogel with 99.6.

All the Accuracy Fly Events resulted in ties. Braddon, Herrett of Lima, and Merrill, of the local club, each cast three off in the Accuracy Fly but Braddon beat the other Ohio men in the cast off and thus secured first place.

The Dry Fly was won by a score of 99-5/15 with four casters disputing first place honors, which finally went to Jack Schwinn with Stanley, Mathie and Newcomb in the order named. Again in the Dry Fly-Unknown—Merrill, Neu and Sutter tied with 99, but Merrill cast better than the others on the second try and won the medal. Hurst and Connelly came close.

Conditions were against most of the casters in the 1/4 oz. distance, some having three to four breaks. Only two averaged



Dr. R. P. Merrill, Secretary and Treasurer of the Columbus Casting Club, winner of the Dry Fly Accuracy at unknown distances.



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"I mean they slay the fish!" writes W. H. Flake, Memphis, Tenn.

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George G. Chatt, retiring President of the
N. A. S. A. C., casting a 1/2 ounce
weight at Washington Park.

better than 200 and of these Peters won with 207.4, and Mathie with 205.4 was placed second, ahead of Stanley who finished with a 196. Peters made the long cast of 232 feet. The experts must have been able to solve their difficulties in the 1/2 oz. Distance for six of them secured over 230 feet for an average. Fred White duplicated his performance of last year and won this event with an average of 281.4 and a long cast of 290 feet. Fred cast easily and carefully and demonstrated that he was master of the situation at all times. Newcomb, the record holder, averaged 273 while his clubmate, Peters, was somewhat below him, making 253.6 feet. Braddon helped his all round score by taking fourth place and Curley Moulton showed how good they are at Geneva by casting a 242.6. Chatt was sixth in this event but he had the longest cast of the tournament, making 297 feet. Cleveland must make a specialty of the 5/8 oz. Distance for its representatives took the first three places, Trimble winning with an excellent and well-earned score of 243.8, Braddon making 228 for second and Al Foss coming in third with 216. Buffalo's two casters came fourth and fifth while Olsen of Chicago was right next to them. Braddon won his second All Round by careful casting when the breaks seemed against him, but when he was in form his work was brilliant. Connelly was the lucky winner of the Deshler-Wallick Clock for best work in the Fly games, leaving out the Salmon.

The association departed from an established custom and chose a president not from Chicago, for the first time since 1915.

The following were elected to serve as officers for 1929:

President, A. A. Trimble, Cleveland.
First Vice-President, Carl Kinnear, Geneva.

Second Vice-President, Edwin F. Sutter, Chicago.

Third Vice-President, Otto Peters, Buffalo.

Fourth Vice-President, Harry H. Unger, San Francisco.

Secretary, Frank S. Leach, Chicago.
Treasurer, Frederick J. Lane, Chicago.

A. A. U. Representative, John S. Schwinn, Newark.

It was unanimously voted to award the 1929 Tournament to Cleveland.



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Outboard Motors and Small Boats

(Continued from page 63)

however, be practiced only by the experienced driver, otherwise there is a danger of injury to the motor. The first thing to do to a new racing motor is to line it up."

"What is lining up?"
"Seeing that pistons are not binding, connecting rods lined up and the gears meshing properly. After that we run a motor in on the boat not over three-quarters open for at least forty hours."

"What is one of the most essential things in racing?"

"Your boat and motor must be suited to each other. Furthermore, the boat must be a seaworthy and fast type to make a showing in rough water, which is generally encountered."

"Then, I suppose the boat must be of heavy construction to withstand rough water at top speed; and, if so, would not this weight be a handicap on smooth water?"

"Yes, a boat must be well built and rugged to stand rough water; but the weight is so balanced under headway in a properly designed boat that the smooth water speed is often equal and sometimes greater than with the lighter smooth water 'paper-shell' craft. For example, the world's record for 'B' class boats was recently established at St. Louis by a much heavier type of boat than is usually used in this class. Some light-weight boats with wide beam have proved successful in rough waters."

"Do you use any different mixture of gas and oil while working in a motor?"

"I use the same mixture for breaking in as in racing, always using plenty of oil and straight or undoped gasoline. I find that doped gasoline cuts into the lubrication."

"What gasoline and oil proportions do you use?"

"For a 'C' motor we use five quarts of the best medium lubricating oil to four gallons of gasoline. In the 'B' class we use a quart of oil to each gallon of gasoline."

"Well, what do you mean by the 'B' and 'C' classes?"

"The 'B' class motors are anything under twenty cubic inches displacement, and the 'C' class under thirty cubic inches."

"Getting back to racing, what are the dangers, if any, in outboard racing?"

"From a physical standpoint, there is little danger. Perhaps the greatest being in turning over or some one running you down from the rear."

"What causes turning over?"

"Many causes. Turning too quickly, losing your balance, shearing a propeller pin at full speed, or having your steering rig too loose are the principal causes of turn-overs."

"Is there any general rule to be followed in mounting motor to obtain greatest speed?"

"Yes, the propeller should be as near the surface as possible while under way and still have sufficient solid water to attain high speed. On the start there will be some cavitation until the boat gets under way or on the step. The motor should be tilted so that the cavitation plate is on a line with the front step."

"What general rules should be followed in driving a race?"

"To cross the starting line at full speed, and taking advantage of your opponent on the turns. For example, going into a turn behind another boat you are sometimes able to shut off your motor and cut sharp, gaining ground while he is running at top speed and making a wide turn. It is usually good practice to keep clear of the other fellow's wash for safety and better speed. How-

ever, in rough water the lead boat will smooth the waves and if your craft is not as seaworthy, this is sometimes an advantage."

"Who, in your opinion, are the best outboard drivers in the field today?"

"Those with whom I have competed and have great respect for their ability are: Julius Herbst of Wilmington, N. C.; Matt Waller of Norfolk, Va.; H. E. Becker of Savannah, Ga.; Cal Malone of Pinecastle, Fla.; Malcom Pope of Winter Haven; Ed. Davis of St. Petersburg, Fla.; Mrs. Geneva Atwood of Lakeland, Fla., and W. R. Frazier of Auburndale, Fla. These drivers are clean players and hold their own, as evidenced by their success during the past racing season in the North."

"Does the consistent winning by any particular design of motor prove the general utility value of that brand or type of motors?"

"Yes, because it is a pretty safe bet that a motor which will stand up under grueling racing conditions and win must necessarily be well designed and made of good materials. While the average user of motors may not be interested in excessive speed, he realizes that a brand of motors must possess quality of workmanship and material in order to hold speed records."

"Well, that is all for this time, Trav, old speed demon. There are several more points about outboard racing that I would like to get your opinion on, but I'll not take any more of your time. Of course, you understand that I am an authority on outboard motor racing to the same extent that Donald Hough is an authority on deep-sea fishing, and I was, ah—rather checking you up, Trav, to determine whether you knew much about the game or not."

"Quite well spoken and possibly partially true," answered Travis. "You fellows are not suffering from an inferiority complex, are you? Come on down to the dock and I'll rig up Miss JAX II with the same motor I used today and let me see you open her up on the straightaway, not the turns, for we, the Commodore and I, don't want to lose the outfit."

"Oh—ah—oh! Water's too rough for one who is not dressed for racing, and, furthermore, while I appreciate your offer, I must excuse you from going to all of that trouble, as you have had a hard day and I must get down to the hotel. By the way, Trav, meet me at six and we will have a bite to eat together."

"Ah, what a balcony treader you turn out to be," returned Travis. "Sure, will see you this evening if it means a free meal. One thing more, and that is: if you really talk in print, don't mention my name."

"Don't worry," I countered. "Your name is your failure. Whoever heard of the name Chestnut in connection with anything movable but a horse?"

"You win the rubber starting rope and—" continued Travis, "I hope that the editor causes you to lose your damned automobile."

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Your Dog And Mine

Edited by OZARK RIPLEY



Dog Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA

Random Notes on the Quality of Points

WHEN patience is the directing force in the art of training, everything then trends towards the development of the highest type dogs, as, naturally, the best is brought out in each individual. This is extremely pertinent when the matter of a point is considered, for the act usually is the mirroring of the quality of the dog on birds. It is the exalted culmination of bird sense; and, too often while dwelling on the subject of pointing, we apparently are altogether too unconcerned through the spectacular side of the point to observe its vital correlation with the very important matter of handling game well.

Style on point has a great ocular value insofar as it attracts the eyes of the beholder. Yet, it can mean very little, though the dog assumes the most beautiful pose, if, at the same time, the animal is not handling game in the most skillful manner. Some exceedingly stylish points are repeatedly executed by dogs on larks, crouching rabbits, sparrows and, very frequently, when false pointing. The same can be said of the dog that comes up with a theatrical rush, stops suddenly, and permits the bevy of birds to run. And the handler, like the dog, for a bit is uncertain where the birds are. Such points can not be classed as great, even in style, though the act trends to it, simply because the most necessary part of proper handling is not managed at the same time.

Nothing makes a momentary thrill subside more quickly into a sickening after-sensation than for a dog to come up with a dash, high headed against wind and point like the ideal statue; then for the owner to discover it is false. It conveys the impression of a beautiful rose suddenly blooming before a spectator and immediately dropping its petals.

Getting real quality into a point usually is neglected by stopping a dog to point before its natural instincts have arrived, letting it point when it begins to point naturally on foot or sight scent, no matter whether the advances on game are in the right manner or not.

This thing of latent pointing instinct in modern, high-grade setters and pointers has developed from the perpetuation of modern field trials, though don't forget that it often occurred in years back with the same breeds, though, in those halcyon days we merely discarded the dogs and said they were no good; while now we know better and are willing to exercise a little more patience.

An old-time trainer and I were discussing the subject a few months ago in Alabama, and he promptly stated that the only difference between a capable amateur and professional trainer is that the former seldom learns to wait and goes right along steadying a dog to wing and subsequently to point before its time has arrived, and that is the reason that true quality is so

often lacking in the performance of the amateur trainer's dog.

In a backward look at the dogs which during the last thirty years I have seen perform in field trials and in actual hunting, I have to confess to myself that the ten I list as the greatest I have ever seen on birds were not well broken dogs. Six of them were known as great shooting dogs; four of them were unquestionably great trial dogs performing equally well on birds. They were great because they had certain liberties and really developed themselves; they knew how to develop their surpassing gifts better than their handlers. And their handlers were admittedly great, too, in realizing this. The Lord only knows how few handlers exist that will permit dog instinct to follow to its own destined greatness!

Let us take, for example, a great bird handling, characteristically high class pointing dog, Alford's John. The writer never saw this dog previous to his appearance in field trials, nor knew who handled him in his youth. His first glimpse of him was on the northern prairies, in territory and on game of which doubtless he had little previous knowledge. Still, that campaigner handled because the art of handling game was in him and when a young dog he was never cramped down to steadying to wing on every song and game bird that got up before him. No dog that had been harassed and cramped when a youngster could have developed such a bird brain. Perhaps contradictions will be expressed concerning my opinion of Alford's John as an example, for I saw none of his early career in Ohio and much of it was unknown to me until after it was written history.

There were faster and some more spectacular pointers than John, but none with more outstanding quality on game than he. He handled ostensibly without trainer interference and all those quality points he made on game, which other dogs passed by, were not the result of accident, but the schooling of himself until he was a competent field general who could cope easily with every possible emergency.

Today the puppy stakes in so many amateur field trials, unless they are run to the extreme, will have ultimately beneficial effects on young trainers, for they will inculcate patience in amateurs and show them, as nothing else can, what will bring

about classy points and more than anything else the unwisdom of forcing a youngster to stop rigidly on game before his natural time has come.

With some dogs, waiting for the coming of the pointing instinct is a trying task for the handler, unless his aptitude is built to order in this direction. Yet, to detect the occasion is not hard, nor the symptoms the least negligible. Constantly working the dog on game is sure to bring these symptoms into being more quickly than months of exercise in country where game birds are scarce or none exist. The latter places are good only for teaching commands which later are to be obeyed on game far better than when they were taught in the kennel yard.

To the fast, big going, high strung young dog which, day after day, has been bursting into the birds, chasing them with abandon will come all of a sudden, for a period of ten or fifteen days, the greatest desire to point. The trainer will observe it instantly. There will be no sacrifice at the time of the other qualities. The dog will go as fast as ever, range just as widely, but suddenly the exhibition of the divine pointing gift is disclosed. The dog will come up with a rush, against wind, on body scent only, suddenly stopping rigid almost on top of the game. Perhaps the dog does this only for a fraction of a second; perhaps, a little longer, and then perhaps he will break into his erstwhile racing gait, flushing the game and chasing it.

When such is observed, then, and then only, is the time to stop a big going, classy dog into pointing staunchly. If you have waited for this opportunity patiently, you may rest assured that your big reward will be in seldom developing a false pointer, footscenter or one of those incorrigible roaders who are exasperatingly making game for such a long time before they are able to force it to lie.

Personally, I have an abiding fondness for the dog that is made to find his point quality himself and stops on game without a being taught through forcing him with a lead to learn the art behind an older dog or achieving it through sheer imitateness. There is just this much against training a dog to point behind an experienced old timer, the simian-like qualities of most young dogs. The steady old dog might be a footscenting pointer, false point, stop on larks and other game, and, if he is held as



A remarkably fine octette owned by Colyer, Binghamton, N. Y.



the model to follow the young dog will do the same. Furthermore, if the old dog, while staunch as the proverbial rock of Gibraltar, is one of those chaps that is not always positive about the exact whereabouts of his game and doesn't know how to slam into point and keep his birds from running at the same time, the more you keep him away from the young dog, the better off in working ability in the end will that precious canine be.

So many late works on training are particularly confusing to the amateur or lead him into the rut of certain conventions of the well-meaning authors who show every way their lack of experience. Their methods will apply to the average dog, but the out-of-the-ordinary will eventuate into a flop. In other words, twenty dogs in succession will proceed nicely according to their plans, but let the next five hell cats that enter the program be trained according to those systems and they will become either simple automatons or worthless.

Every beginner, with his first twenty smooth sailing dogs thinks he has an infallible system for the amateur. Possibly he has trained thirty, all of singularly like temperament, and he foresees nothing distressing will ever follow if his directions are meticulously pursued. I was, for a time, in this class, when I first trained bird dogs professionally, until the late celebrated trainer, Dave Rose, sent me a string of pointers and setters to get down to bird work at a period when he was too busy to give them his personal attention. Some of them already had participated in

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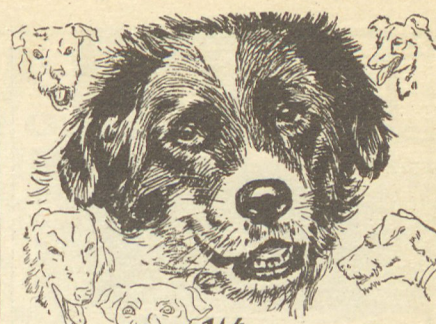


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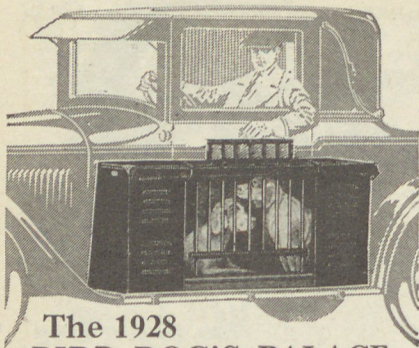
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Everything in wild animals, game, fancy birds for parks, menageries, private preserves and collections of fancy fowl.

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RING NECK PHEASANTS at Montcalm Game Farm have done remarkably well this year. We have a large supply of early hatched, well-grown, strong, vigorous birds. Exceptional quality of pheasants for stocking estates, private gun-club shooting or bird-dog trials.

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R. F. D. No. 3

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All eggs from hardy northern grown Wild Trapped birds, from our 4500 acre game farms and shooting preserve. Also supply breeders or birds for liberating and restocking game preserves and dead birds for table use during Fall and Winter shootings. All live birds shipped are Wild Trapped on order.

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Box 0 LUPTON, MICHIGAN

WM. MATTISON, Manager

S. W. LONG, Gamekeeper

**Dog-Gone Good Advice:—
RUN YOUR AD HERE—
CHRISTMAS ISSUE**

vers. He was all the worse for my cautioning "steady." It seemed instantly to create nervousness and made him worse than ever. He finally burst the bevy wide open and ended with a gallant chase.

At this juncture came into my possession a little well-bred saddle horse that had no more patience in his make-up than I had in mine. I handled that string of dogs from David Rose, from a saddle horse, and, while I was mounted I realized it was the only way I could keep within respectable distance of this big setter, King. My horse had never previously been in the dog-handling game. The instant I started to hold him on a dog's point, he started jumping and usually succeeded in flushing the bevy and going forty or fifty yards before I got him under control.

The first day I used him with King, the horse was very restless. Apparently he anticipated King's breaking in on his final point, and, under a devilish urge, was most uncontrollable and managed to flush every bevy ahead of King before that competent rascal had the slightest opportunity. The next day a thought struck me so, refraining from saying a single cautioning word to the big dog as he began to make game, I rushed with the horse into every bevy King started to draw on, then flushed the birds purposely, encouraging the setter to chase. By the time we got home, King was a very tired dog. I had ridden hard and hunted him to the limit and actually fatigued him at his own game of flushing.

Next day I followed King afoot. Obviously, he had slowed up a bit, but his pointing was staunch, accurate, right up to his birds, though I thought once in a while he looked my way to see if I was going to flush his birds or meddle with unnerving commands.

King always made his birds lie properly after that, and, in time, I told David Rose of how I had achieved my success with him and how King handled well, whether going big in the open or working close in cover on scattered birds.

The approbation I expected was not forthcoming from the veteran; on the contrary, he curtly announced that youngsters like myself ruined a good dog by talking too much, and, if they did not make blinkers, they made heaps of sloppy bird workers of most good prospects by frightening birds.

I could not help thinking of this last winter when I was watching a certain dog in a stake that had been handled according to the theory that constantly cautioning or approving words are an absolute essential to all dogs while breaking or working them. The dog's performance was actually a refutation of it. One outstanding reason that it had never attained real greatness in the trial game was that it was not altogether too certain while on game and depended on the advice of the master, also that the ceaseless chatter of the owner caused the birds to run.

This recital is not intended to deter amateurs from maintaining an amiable companionship between themselves and their charges. On the contrary, vocal coaching is very helpful in many instances. Nevertheless, it is best to be on your guard when a dog comes into your hands that may be only badly affected by it. Success with all dogs handled in the same manner, does not invariably result. Versatility is what makes great professional handlers, and the same goes for the achievements of amateurs.

**Announcements of Bench Shows
and Field Trials will be published
in this department if in our hands
two months ahead.**

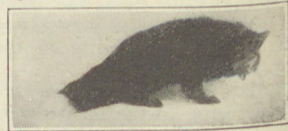
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HOUNDS and HUNTING, Decatur, Illinois



TRAINING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

We have a bird dog field trial here at Miami every year about November 15th, and I have a string of pointers which I enter each year. I do my own training and am anxious to have your opinion on certain points of the preparation for the field trial.

Assuming that the dog is down near the proper weight and has been getting only moderate exercise, how many weeks in advance of the trial would you start intensive training?

And how many hours a day would you work the dog? And after he has become pretty well hardened to the work, would you work him each day until he is pretty well tired?

How many days' rest, if any, would you give him prior to the day of the trial?

What should be the diet of a dog during this period of intensive training, generally speaking?

What would you feed the day before and the day of the trial?

Assuring you of my high regard for your opinions, I am

Yours very truly,

Ray M. Watson,
Miami, Fla.

Dear Mr. Watson:

You do not state whether your prospects are for derby or all-age stakes. However, you can modify or augment the following information:

In the first place, you know best, by this time, on what food, etc., your dogs thrive best. Work at least six weeks on your dogs, prior to the running. Run them an hour each day, until fifteen days before the trials, and then cut down to a half hour each day. The day previous to the trial, except for a romp of a few minutes, do not give them any exercise, but wrestle around with them and massage them thoroughly.

You want to keep up a wire edge and you will note that, with some dogs, daily work will begin to hack them. With others, the reverse is the case. So you will have to exercise your own judgment in the matter. Also, a few days before the running, feed substantial foods, such as meat, eggs and milk, but no sloppy foods made of corn meal or cereals. The morning of the trials, feed nothing except a couple of hard boiled eggs at least four hours before the event.

Sincerely yours,

Ozark Ripley.

HOOK WORM CURE

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Under date of July 8th you wrote regarding a cure for hook worm. You recommended carbon tetrachloride, at the same time stating the directions were given on the package.

I obtained a small can of this preparation, and the only directions I could see on the can was that it was an article used for cleaning all kinds of material. Can it be possible that this is correct?

Yours very truly,

R. K. Malcolm,
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Mr. Malcolm:

The tetrachloride used for cleaning, such as has been sold to you, I do not regard as sufficiently pure to use on your dog.

The best quality is put up in capsules containing the exact amount for your dog, which is about one-half minim to a pound weight of the dog. You ought to be able to get it in San Francisco at a reliable sporting goods store or a local veterinary ought to be able to obtain it in pure form and in doses exactly right for your dog.

Very truly yours,

Ozark Ripley.

LEG ATROPHY

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an English setter five years old that has been lame about three or four months. I have had his leg X-rayed and find no broken bones. Could this be rheumatism? The X-ray showed there were no foreign bodies in foot or leg. Will appreciate any advice you can give me.

Yours respectfully,

N. E. Berry,
Versailles, Ky.

Dear Dr. Berry:

There is a condition of atrophy existing in your dog's leg. Doubtless some time was in the foot for a long time, and no broken bones. Could this be rheumatism? The dog at the time got to saving himself, and thus the atrophied condition. I feel sure you can get him back in good shape by a continued treatment, massaging daily after bathing with hot water and absorbine.

Very truly yours,

Ozark Ripley.

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These handsome and exclusive marks are cherished as priceless by all, regardless of caste or class, wealth or poverty, to whom they have been awarded. From these marks the wearer gains distinction and honor. They will always be the mark of "Better Americans."

The very fact that you read "Outdoor America"—support Waltonism in its great work of rebuilding those natural assets which produce national wealth and individual prosperity and comfort—of improving and making more of those places and things which assure sport and pleasure afield and astream—of insuring moral, mental and physical welfare for young and old by inspiring a national "outdoor play" habit, proves you are a "Better American."

Help this League grow so it may work harder and more efficiently to produce greater recreational, financial and personal welfare advantages for you, yours and every American.

Thousands of other Americans have responded to the call. If you are a Chapter member, make all your friends members—if you are not a member, become one now—if your community has no Chapter, ask us to tell you how to start one.

Waltonism is the challenge—test and proof of manhood and patriotism.

Get and wear your merit mark. Simply fill in the reservation blank below and mail it.

RESERVATION BLANK

Izaak Walton League,
549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Please reserve for me the merit mark checked below and help me earn it.

The following answers will help you to help me.

1. Have you a local Chapter? Are you a member of the League?
2. Check which mark you wish to reserve and receive.
A—Bronze merit fob for five members.
B—Silver merit fob for ten members.
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Please send me instructions and materials to earn above mark.

Yours for more and better outdoors,

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



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Small and Big Game
Hunting and Winter
Sports This Year!

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OUTDOOR AMERICA'S
FREE
Resort, Camp and
Land Service Bureau

WHERE TO GO
WHEN AND HOW
WHAT TO TAKE WITH YOU
and Whatever Else You Want to
Know

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OUTDOOR AMERICA offers you FREE
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partment

AT THE LOWEST RATE per inch per
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PLUS SPECIAL REDUCTION on adver-
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day Season by

REACHING MORE THAN 125,000 Sports-
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Families

Through Outdoor America's
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Complete accommodations—including
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Big mouth bass, lots of 'em, in our two spring-
fed rapid rivers. Trout, sheephead, mackerel,
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Drink Hampton Springs Sulphur-Magnesia
Water for your health! Recommended for
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This is the place to play or rest

Write for information and booklet

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Golf convenient. Fine mineral spring. Hotel specially for
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12,300 acres, with 50 miles of shore line, best
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coast. Big Game, Bear and Deer in surprising
quantity. Myriads of Shore Birds, some Turkeys
and Quail. The GAMUEST acres in America.
Selling to close partnership. Location, Pamlico
Sound, mouth of Neuse River. Wire or write
WALDRON BAILY Morehead City, N. C.

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All districts except Cassiar available by motor
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"For variety and abundance of game, for
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centers of population, I am sure that there is no
State east of the Mississippi River or, with the
exception of Arkansas and Louisiana, east of the
Rocky Mountains, which can in any way compare
with North Carolina." Sportsmen took 4,529,590
pieces of game last year in North Carolina, accord-
ing to reports made at the end of the season. Your
fondest desire for sport is met in this State.

Write the Department of Conservation and Development
RALEIGH, N. C.

IN NORTH CAROLINA!

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Classified for the Convenience of our Readers.

November, 1928, Issue Outdoor America

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Advertisements from reputable people will be inserted in this department for 15c a word per insertion, cash with order, or 10c a word per insertion for three consecutive insertions, cash with order. Abbreviations, initials and letters will be counted as words. Name and address must be given as advertisements will not be inserted in this department with only a box number. Investment advertisements will not be accepted. Cuts and black face type not accepted. No ad will be run for less than \$1. All copy, accompanied by check, money order or cash, must be received by us not later than the 25th of the second month preceding date of issue to be used.

Address: Classified
Advertising Department

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE OF AMERICA

549 W. RANDOLPH ST.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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MAKE \$15.00 a day selling the Original Patented Phone Memo Recorder. Sells itself. No competition. Golden opportunity. Write for territories. Rudley Mfg. Co., 52 S. 60th, Phila., Pa. (3-11)

\$31.00 PROFITS—with \$1.50 outfit—big money—easy work. Selling gold monograms for auto-biles, luggage. No experience. No license. Send \$1.50 for outfit. NuLife Monograms, Hartford, Conn. (7x28)

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BOWS-ARROWS, and all raw materials. Send for complete catalog. Stemmler Co., Queens Village, N. Y. (2-12)

SPEEDY Bows, perfect arrows, complete Archery equipment. Catalog free. Perkins Archery Shoppe, Grand Rapids, Michigan. (3-11)

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SPINNING, red, white and blue auto light. Spins with wind. Everybody notices. Nothing like it—most beautiful light—used anywhere on auto, motorcycle, airplane, radiator, mudguards, latched any auto. Great mail-order article. Trade discounts. Address Go Light Company, 76 Milford Ave., Newark, N. J. Pay mailman \$1.50 plus postage for sample. (6x28)

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USED Field Glasses, \$3 to \$27. J. A. Loring, Dept. K, Owego, N. Y. (6-1)

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BOATS more popular than ever. Be up to date; build your own boat during your spare time this winter, using our knock-down materials and save money. 55 new designs. Send 25c for 1929 catalog. Brooks Boat Co., Inc., Box 307, Saginaw West Side, Michigan. (3-12)

THREE new 14 ft. Manitoba cedar and white-pine duck-boats, never uncrated. Factory price, \$55; sell at \$25 each or accept new guns. A. A. Walker, Walker, Minn. (3-11)

USED Johnson, Elto, Evinrude, all sizes. Priced right. Write for further particulars. Spavinaw Sport Shop, Spavinaw, Okla. (3-1)

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GUN LOVERS—Attention! A free sample copy of "The American Rifleman" will be sent to you in response to a postal card request. This magazine is the official publication of the National Rifle Association and is the only magazine in America devoted exclusively to firearms. Its staff of experts who will give you personal answers to your questions include such men as Whelen, Hatcher, and Askins. You are under no obligation in asking for your free copy. The American Rifleman, Dept. S, 816 Barr Bldg., Washington, D. C. (3-11)

INSTRUCTION book on pen breeding Muskrats, showing how to breed, tame, etc. Also sketch of a all home made automatic trap. Both ends are always open and will catch any number alive. Approved by U. S. A. Department of Agriculture, American Humane Society and other leading authorities. Price for all \$1.50. A. McKimley, Amherst, N. S. Canada. (2-11)

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THE Wilds. Cottages furnished and screened. Boats and bathing. Enjoy outdoors on Lake Katherine, seventeen miles from Medford, Wis. Ten lakes, river and trout stream within seven miles. Hunt big game, catch large and small fish. Reserve early. Kletts Cozy Cottages, Perkinstown, Wis. (3-11)

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WILL sell membership in Henry Hunting Club, Henry, Illinois. Owns his shooting grounds and club house on Illinois River. 3½ hours from Chicago by railroad. Hard road all the way. Twenty members, some active. Low annual dues. A convenient, inexpensive place for ducks, quail, rabbits. Forbrich, 1308 Lunt Ave., Chicago. (3-11)

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\$2 TO \$500 each paid for hundreds of old or odd Coins. Keep all old money—it may be very valuable. Send 10 cents for illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. Guaranteed prices. Get posted. We pay cash. Clarke Coin Company, Desk 20, LeRoy, N. Y. (11x26)

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LIVE Decoys. Small Eng. Calls, \$2.50 each. Mallards pair \$3.00, Trio \$4.50. Trained with flyers and to answer artificial call. Will ship C. O. D. C. G. Coffman, R. 6, Carthage, Ill. (3-12)

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SALE: English Grey Callers, also Mallard Decoys. Dr. Hedges, Cynthia, Ky. (3-12)

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SEND 10 cents silver or stamps for sample package 20 finest quality mild cigarettes. Large tin special smoking tobacco sent for 10c. Direct-to-smoker. French Tobacco Company, Dept. 58, Statesville, North Carolina. (3-12)

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BOORANG Airedale and Lingorue hunting dogs, watch-dogs, and trained companions. Trained dogs \$50.00 to \$200.00. Pedigreed puppies \$25.00 to \$50.00. We solicit correspondence from sportsmen who are interested in the better class of dogs. Please state your wants clearly so we may give you an intelligent answer. Lingorue Kennels, Box 7, La Rue, Ohio.

CLASSY, pedigree, Airedale male puppies, \$15. Prompt service, safe delivery guaranteed. Guy Dille, Ridgway, Ohio. (3-11)

Dogs

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BEAGLE puppies from good hunting and field trial bloodlines. Eligible for registration. \$12.50 each. Alfred Greuel, Effingham, Illinois. (3-11)

BLOODED Sady Shores Beagles. Highly trained and young stock cheap. Vernon Hershey, Orrville, Ohio. (3-1)

CH. BRED field broke and show beagles. All ages. Lloyd Wampfler, 2189 Goodrich Stat., Akron, Ohio. (3-11)

TRAINED beagles of most popular blood lines at thirty to fifty dollars. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-1)

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THOROUGHbred female beagle pups only \$7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-1)

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CAT, Coon, Lion Hounds. Bear dogs. Fully trained Western tree dogs that tree and stay. A. Essex, Victoryway at 130th., Seattle, Washington. (3-12)

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BEAUTIFUL Registered Bull Pups, \$15. Bull-dogs, 501 Rockwood, Dallas, Texas. (12-8)

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CHESAPEAKE Bay Bitch registered, not broke. Fifty takes her. Light brown dog, pup, nine months old. Just right for fall shooting. Registration papers. Fifty takes him. Yellow Lake Lodge, Webster, Wis. (3-11)

CHESAPEAKE Females 10 mo. Puppies 4 mo. Price \$25. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-12)

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COLLIE Puppies that must please. With grit and quality. Honest prices. Floyd Hale, Farmersville, Ohio. (3-11)

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DALMATIANS. Guard home and automobile with a coach dog. Choice puppies for sale. Price reasonable. Regal Dalmatian Kennels, Nevada, Ohio. (3-12)

Hounds

ARKANSAS best hunting hounds. Extra high class coon hounds \$75.00 and \$100.00. Extra high class coon, skunk, and opossum hounds \$75.00. High class combination tree hounds \$50.00. Good average tree hounds \$30.00 and \$40.00. Old coon hounds that will tree \$20.00. Young partly trained coon hounds \$20.00. Coon hound pups \$10.00. Champion Rabbit Hounds \$20.00. Cat-Fox-Wolf-Bear hounds \$30.00 and \$40.00. Trial allowed. References your state. Henry Fort, Fort Smith, Arkansas. (3-1)

COON Hunters who are interested in a better class of Coonhounds, carefully trained and classified on wild game by expert handlers, should investigate our \$200.00 dogs that are the kind of Coonhounds you often hear about, but seldom see. We also have good Coonhounds at \$150.00 and \$100.00 each, and we frankly admit that we cannot produce quality Coonhounds any cheaper. Lingorue Kennels, Box 7B, LaKue, Ohio.

FRYE'S Kennels, Finger, Tenn., offers for sale thoroughly broken coonhounds, \$50.00 and up; rabbit hounds, \$25.00; setters and pointers. Try the best first. Get catalog and how I pay express. (3-12)

PURE-BRED American Foxhounds, suitable for coon, opossum, skunk, mink, fox, wolves and rabbits. Trained and untrained. Price list free. J. E. Adams, New Florence, Missouri. (3-12)

A FEW choice coon, skunk and possum hounds. Also Walker Fox Hounds. Trial. A. F. Sampey, Springfield, Mo. (4-1)



Dogs

Hounds—Continued

ARKANSAS Hounds—hunted and trained in Ozark Mountains of Arkansas. Extra high class straight coonhounds \$75.00; No. 1 Coonhounds \$50.00. Extra high class combination tree hounds \$40.00. No. 1 combination tree hounds \$30.00. Extra high class foxhounds \$75.00. No. 1 foxhounds \$50.00. High class Deer Hounds \$50.00 and \$75.00. Average deer hounds \$30.00. Mixed breed hounds \$25.00 and \$35.00. Old tree hounds \$25.00. Champion rabbit hounds \$15.00. Youngster any breed \$10.00 each. Allowed 10 day trial. Reference and list free. T. J. Bradley, Alma, Arkansas. (3-12)

RABBIT Hunters who are interested in a better class of rabbit hounds, carefully trained and classified by expert handlers, should investigate our \$75.00 dogs that are the kind of rabbit hounds you often hear about, but seldom see. We also have good rabbit hounds at \$50.00 each, and we frankly admit that we cannot produce quality rabbit hounds any cheaper. Lingorue Kennels, Box 7C, La Rue, Ohio.

COONHUNTERS: Thirty bluetick cooners, extra water and swamp hunters. Fifty Redbone, black tan combination fur hunters, tree and den barkers. Old cooners. Started hounds barking treed. All dogs tested before shipping. Catalogue, photos free. Trial. L. J. Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

FOR Sale: We have a good lot gunning dogs on rabbits: some well broken, others partly broken. All broken in Blue Ridge Mountains. Some with papers. Write your address plainly. Stamp for reply. Blue Hill Kennels, W. J. Shatzer, Owner, Waynesboro, Pa. Bell 'phone 216-J. (3-11)

COON hunters, Queen is 2½ years old. Good size open trailer, treeing fine, good voice, clear of disease blemishes. Helped tree and catch 11 coon and 30 opossum. Stock broken. Black, tan and English coon hound breed. First \$18.00 order buys her. B. W. Miller, Lynn Grove, Ky. (2-12)

FOR Sale: Trailer, one of Tennessee's best four year old coonhounds, wide hunter, open trailer, water worker and true tree barker. The kind that trees them before they den. If you buy him, I pay express. Shipped on trial at \$50.00. L. B. Beadles, S521, Dyersburg, Tenn.

LOOK. Look. I offer you my pair of 2½ year old Rabbit Hounds, male and female, medium size. OK in every respect. Breeding Ky. English strain. All day hunters neither man nor gun shy. \$17.50 either or \$30.00 pair. COD. Fifteen days trial. I. W. Wilson, Murray, Ky. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Arkansas high class coon, opossum, skunk dogs. Raised and trained in the Ozark Mts. High class fox, wolf, deer hound. Youngster just started. Price list furnished. B. M. Meadors, Alma, Arkansas.

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ARKANSAS best coon, skunk, opossum, fox, cat, rabbit hounds. Also partly trained hounds. 15 days' trial. Edd. Ferguson, Booneville, Ark. (3-11)

RABBIT hounds: Gun and field broken, long eared type, beagle and fox hound breeding, routers and stayers, \$25.00 each. Ten days' trial. Catalogue, photos free. L. J. Adams, Ramsey, Ill.

COONHUNTERS: Try my first class four year old Coonhound Lake. He gets the game anywhere. I pay express. Jean Vaughn, D91, Mayfield, Ky.

MANY Fox, Coon, Possum, Rabbit, Skunk Hounds. Reasonable. Trial. Riverside Kennels, Decatur, Ill. (3-12)

TRAINED coon, fox and rabbit hounds and pups for sale. C. E. Chandler, Sharon Center, Ohio. (3-1)

COONHOUNDS: Four well trained. Ernest O'Hara, Princeton, Ky.

PUREBRED high class Borzoi \$20.00 up. Geo. Snyder, Bismarck, N. D.

RUSSIAN Wolfhounds, eligible, \$25.00 and up. Dr. J. D. Paquette, Cuba City, Wisconsin.

TRAINED rabbit and beagle hounds. Ed Leichte, Cold Spring, Kentucky. (3-1)

Miscellaneous Dogs

OAK Grove Kennels, Ina, Illinois. Offers for sale extra good coon, skunk and opossum hounds; fox, wolf and coyote hounds; Cracker Jack rabbit hounds; high-class pointers and setters. Young dogs nicely started on game at \$15.00 each. All dogs shipped on trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

ESKIMO Spitz Pups \$5.00 to \$10.00. C. L. Buckingham, Ridgeway, Wisconsin. (3-11)

Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

THE Blue Grass Farm Kennels, Berry, Kentucky offer for sale: Setters and Pointers, Fox and Cat Hounds, Wolf and Deer Hounds, Coon and Opossum hounds, Bear and Lion hounds, Varmint and Rabbit hounds. Shipped for trial. Catalogue ten cents. (10x28)

THOROUGHbred Eskimo Puppies. Males \$15.00. Females \$10.00. Satisfaction. Safe delivery guaranteed. Esther Shelton, Morristown, Indiana. (3-12)

ST. BERNARD male pup, Newfoundland male pup, Newfoundland brood bitch, all eligible to register. Thomas Rochford, Earlville, Illinois.

BEAGLES, Rabbit hounds, fox terrier puppies, C.O.D. Trial. Plowman, Lakewood, Ill. (3-1)

FOR Sale: Broken shooting dogs. McGovney's Kennels, Washington C. H., Ohio.

GREAT Danes, registerable. Tanana Kennels, Steamboat Springs, Colorado. (3-1)

PUPPIES—18 breeds. Descriptive circular free. Fairview Farm, Elmore, Minn. (14-12-9)

SPITZ puppies, \$10.00 and up. A. M. Long, Marshall, Mo.

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BROKEN Pointer dog 3 years old. Staunch on points. Retriever. Good nose. White and liver spotted. \$50.00, broken setter dog. 3 year old. Staunch on points. Retriever. White and black spotted. \$50.00. Will ship C.O.D. on 5 days' trial. You pay express charges if returned. We have others. Murray Kennels, Brighton, Tenn. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Four beautiful male pointer pups, whelped July 10th. Three liver, one lemon and white. By imported Skogis Trick from Dough-boy's Quincy Jewel. Registered—\$35.00 each. Chas. Hollender, 601 South Fifth St., Quincy, Illinois.

THOROUGHbred Llewellyn, Irish, English, Gordon setters. Pointers, Irish Spaniels, Chesapeake Retrievers, pups, trained dogs; describe kind wanted. Inclose 6 cents descriptive lists. Thoroughbred Kennels, Atlantic, Iowa. (1x25)

BLUE Belton Setter Puppies, 100% Llewellyn, the old fashioned early bird-finding strain. All papers to register; \$15.00 to \$25.00 each. Michael Bros., Victor, Iowa. (3-1)

SETTERS, Setters, Setters. Young stock, Brood Matrons, Trained Dogs, January Futurities, bred in the purple, \$30.00 to \$350.00. Dr. Charles Thornton, Missoula, Montana. (3-11)

BUY your bird dog from hunters. We ship on trial. Write us your wants, enclosing stamps. McLister Bros., Brighton, Tennessee. (3-12)

AMERICA's best Irish Setters. Finest puppies. Write for pedigree, photo, description, prices. Earl Askins, Lakewood, Illinois. (3-1)

ENGLISH Pointer Puppies for sale. Prices reasonable. Sire—Rex Kenebeck. Dam—Dream's White Lily. A. E. Pike, Marysville, Kansas.

POINTER Pups, fifth generation own proven hunting blood. Registered, \$25.00 up. C. Ansley, Worcester, Mass. (3-12)

REGISTERED English Setter dogs, highly bred, farm raised. We guarantee Satisfaction. Willis A. White, Geneva, New York. (3-11)

WIREHAired Pointing Griffons, finest all-around bird and duck dog. Eligible youngsters at \$60. Dr. Dratz, Missoula, Montana. (2x28)

DARK red Irish Setters, age 9 mo. \$25. Papers. Alva Smith, Clearwater, Nebr. (3-12)

FOR Sale: A few choice registered bird dogs. Rufus Bennett, Clearwater, Neb. (3-11)

REGISTERED English Setter pups, 7 mos. Dwight Woolridge, Normal, Illinois. (3-1)

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60 POLICE puppies, papers to register, imported and domestic breeding. Sired by nephew of Strongheart. None better bred, all colors. Females \$15.00. Males \$25.00. Open and bred females. Shipped anywhere C. O. D. on approval. Thomas Dailey, Hannaford, North Dakota. (3-11)

50 ALL white police pups. All ages. \$25.00 up. Express prepaid. Gulden's Kennels, Englewood, N. D. (3-12)

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed police pups. Grown dogs. Bred and open females. Write, Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-1)

Spaniels

BEAUTIFUL registered Springers. Sell cheap or trade for anything. Lakeland Kennels, Olivia, Minn. (3-12)

SPRINGERS, best blood, working parents. Inquire T. W. Stillwell, Wentworth, S. D. (3-11)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER Spaniels—trained, two males, show winners, a wonderful brace by International Champion L'lie Messenger Boy and Champion Coronation of Avandale, the last word in Springers, price \$200.00 each. Also other high class dogs for sale. G. H. Thorsby, St. Charles, Mich.

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FOR Sale: Twenty Springer Spaniel Puppies. Youngsters and grown dogs. Ready for work. Book on Spaniel training. Price 50 cents. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-11)

FOR Sale: Pure bred brown spaniel pups, rat tail curly coated type. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price \$15.00. E. T. Hall, Sterling, Colorado. (3-12)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Pups, bred bitches and trained dogs. Avandale and Horsford breeding. Quality highest. Prices lowest. Kesterson's Kennels, Skamokawa, Wash. (3-11)

SPRINGER Spaniels. Two imported champions at stud. For sale, puppies, youngsters and bred bitches. Avalon Kennels (Reg.), Canal Fulton, Ohio. (3-12)

SPRINGERS. Sire International Champion "Downtown Bob." Dam imported "Horsford Gem." Reasonable. A. C. Johnson, Windrop, Minn. (3-12)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males \$15.00. Females \$12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-11)

BEAUTIFUL, pedigreed Cocker Spaniel Pups and grown stock. Write, Karnak Kennels, Cooperstown, N. Dak. (3-1)

COCKER Spaniels. Beautiful youngsters from hunting parents, registered. \$25.00. Pellor Farm, Northeast, Pa. (3-11)

IRISH Water Spaniels for sale. All ages. Working stock. Eligible. M. M. Oliphant, Missoula, Mont. (3-1)

IRISH Spaniels Thorobred—imported sire, Country bred—10 weeks. Females \$30—Dogs \$50. No. 4204 Greenview Ave., Chicago.

REGISTERED Springers and Irish Water Spaniels, 2 months old and up. Pryor and Dossall, Red Wing, Minn.

SPRINGERS: One trained female, one proven bitch, also ten months old Blue Roan pup. Priced to sell. Leon Cherny, Rogers, Nebr. (3-1)

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SPRINGER Spaniels with papers. Three months old. Ready for delivery. Harry Brenner, Eau Claire, Wis.

SPRINGER Spaniels eight months old, beautiful, cheap. Geo. Clarke, 4458 Jason Street, Denver, Colo.

SPRINGER Spaniels—world's leading strains. Prices reasonable. Siemers Resort, Aitkin, Minnesota.

FINELY bred Springers. Need good shotgun, heavy rifle. Hanks, Ellensburg, Washington. (7x26)

SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies sired by Brand of Avondale. Dr. Wm. Blymire, Dallastown, Pa.

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NICELY bred Irish terrier pups, six to eight months old, either sex, at twenty-five to forty dollars. Ellsmere Kennels, Macksburg, Iowa. (3-12)

BEAUTIFUL pedigreed Boston terrier puppies, brood matrons, bred and open; studs and stud prospects. V. Winsor, Excelsior, Minn. (3-1)

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness, companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terrier Puppies, all ages. Reduced prices on females. Altura Kennels, Route 1, Paso, Texas. (3-11)

IRISH Terriers Pedigreed. Best blood lines, type, etc. Satisfaction Guaranteed, A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana. (6-12)

FOX Terriers, Rat Terriers, lists 10c. Slater, Box OA, Pana, Ill.



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LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-11)

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and found as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. \$1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size \$1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

RUNNING-BARKING fits. Safe, guaranteed cure \$2.00. Money back quickly if it fails. A. F. Stegenga, Portland, Michigan. (3-12)

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ARE you a rotten shot? Hunting season should find you prepared to fill the bag. Our new shot-good shot. \$2.50 postpaid, will make you a good shot. Booklet "Wing Shooting Made Easy," description and testimonials on request. Wilbur Gun Sight, P. O. Box 185, Times Square, New York City.

NEW guns at wholesale. All makes. Winchester Pump model 1912, \$39.40. 22 Colt's Automatic Pistol \$26.10. Remington Model 30 Express Rifle \$38.35. We take your old gun in part payment. Catalogue free. Everton & Sons Co., Logan, Utah. (3-12)

CLOSING out entire stock of genuine Mauser and Mannlicher rifles. Sauer shotguns. Lowest prices in United States. Send stamp for list. Baker & Kimball, 38A South Street, Boston, Mass. (4-1)

HICKORY cleaning rods, not jointed, head for patch instead of slot, checked walnut handle. Shotguns 50c; rifles 40c; pistols 25c, boxed, postpaid. Give length, size. Charles Rickard, Interlaken, N. Y. (3-11)

OLD English Bluing, recommended and used by Griffin & Howe, Inc., New York City. 4 oz. bottle, \$1.75. Sufficient for 6 barrels. P. D. Johnson, 128 East 66th Street, New York City.

EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, New Prague, Minn. (3-1)

THE Ovr Unda Gun for trap or field. The greatest improvement in a sporting gun in a generation. Circular on request. Baker & Kimball, 38A South St., Boston, Mass. (4-1)

GUN Cabinets, direct from factory. Save all commissions. Send stamp for folder. Kane Cabinet Company, Kane, Pa. (3-11)

MILLER single trigger selective \$17.50, non-selective \$14.00. Miller Single Trigger Mfrs., Millersburg, Pa. (3-1)

RIFLE Telescopes for hunting and target. Send for catalog. Malcolm Rifle Telescope Co., Auburn, New York. (3-11)

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WILD rice! Wild celery! Muskgrass! make marshes and ponds attractive to ducks, fish and waterfowl. Sure-growing seed for fall planting. Discount this month. Free planting advice. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 83 L. Bk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-11)

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WILD Rice seed from Land of Lakes. Ask for circulars and special fall discounts. Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota. (3-11)

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CHI-MONG (Chinese Mongolian) Ringneck Pheasants are a cross between the tenacious and cunning Chinese and the large, vigorous and colorful Mongolian, resulting in a perfect game pheasant. Reared in the ideal upland game country of central Wisconsin. We offer for sale a limited number of first cross breeders, also pure-bred Chinese and Mongolian Ringnecks. Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wisconsin. (3-11)

MOUNTAIN silver fox rabbits in great demand. Now is the time to start. A few breeding trios available now. Do not delay. Also Chinchillas, American Whites, Silver Fox, Blues, Havana Mink. Eligible for registration. Satisfaction guaranteed. Ten Thousand Lakes Fur Farms Corporation, P. O. Lake Elmo, Minn. (Highway No. 12, near St. Paul). Licensed breeders of Muskrat, Beaver, Mink, Raccoon. (11x28)

SPECIAL prices on Silver Foxes, \$500 to \$800 per pair. Prize winning blood; all stock registered; we were offered and received up to \$400 for raw pelts this season. Also other fur animals. If you want stock that has fur value, write us. Huber's Silver Fox and Game Farm, Long High Street, Fostoria, Ohio. (10x28)

LIVE muskrats, immediate delivery, extra large, very dark. Ranch and pen raised. Live delivery and sex guaranteed. Prices on application. References, City National Bank, Staples, Minn. Banks in Motley, Minn. Thompson Fur Farms, Motley, Minn. (3-12)

ALASKA Minks, Super-quality Northern Minnesota minks, Blue Foxes, Alaskan Silvers, finest quality. Booking orders for spring and fall delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

LIVE Muskrats. Delivery beginning in October. Black, \$25.00 per pair. Extra males \$7.50 each. Brown, \$15.00 per pair. Extra males \$5.00 each. Live delivery at destination, and sex guaranteed. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. B-18, Chester, Pa. (3-12)

PHEASANTS—Ringnecks, Goldens, Silvers, Amherst, Reeves, Melanotos, Versicolor, Mongolians, Swinhoe, Manchurians. Finest quality—Reasonable prices. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-1)

LIVE Muskrats. Ranch run, priced right. Booklet on pen and ranch raising, one dollar. Just out. Columbine Muskrat Farm Co., Denver, Colo. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (5-1)

MINK, Interior Alaska and Northern. Pen raised. Blues and Silver Foxes. Finest quality. Booking orders for Spring delivery. Herculean Fur Farms, Comfrey, Minn. (8x28)

FERRETS for driving rats and other vermin from their dens. White or brown. Males \$4.50. Females \$5.00. Pair \$9.00. Will ship C. O. D. J. E. Younger, Newton Falls, Ohio. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Genuine English call ducks. Small type. Old and young. Canada Geese, Pheasants and Jap Silkie Bantams. Earl Haswell, Tekamah, Nebr. (3-12)

LIVE wild rabbits for sale. Ozark Cotton-tails, any number up to several thousand. Also beagle training. For descriptive folder write H. S. Ferrell, Zig-zag Heights, Neosho, Mo. (3-1)

MUSKRATS for sale—pen and marsh raised. Write for literature on free trial offer of our live catch trap. Lawrence Lake Fur Farm, Staples, Minnesota. (3-1)

PARTRIDGES, Hares. All game order now. Winter delivery. Rare pheasants, waterfowl. Woolmont Game Farm, 20 Avenue Montjole, Brussels. (3-12)

REGISTERED Silver Foxes. Choice acclimated breeding stock from South Dakota's pioneer ranch. Priced reasonable. James Valley Fur Farm, Huron, S. Dak. (4-11)

WISCONSIN Muskrats—mated pairs, trios, any quantity. Use Wisconsin males to breed up your quality. Prices on application. Wisconsin Fur Farms, Inc., Wausau, Wisconsin. (3-1)

FUR rabbits. Bred Chinchilla does \$10.00 each. Also Havanas, Silver Black Fox. Literature 4c. Ransom Rabbitry, Geneva, Ohio. (3-12)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

FOR Sale: Wisconsin Muskrats and Minks. Excellent Breeders, young or old. The Maples, Rib Lake, Wisconsin, Taylor Co. (3-12)

FOR Sale: Limited number ranch raised Mink, immediate shipment. A. M. Peterson, Hanover, Montana. (3-12)

FOR Sale: California Valley Quail, Doves and rare pheasants. J. V. Patton, Hollister, California. (6-3)

MINK: Dark Alaskan and Northern ranch raised. Ready for delivery. Case & Taylor, Tomah, Wis. (3-12)

MINK, Muskrat, Badger. Pen raised. Write for prices. Lakeland Fur Farms, Kerkhoven, Minn. (3-12)

PHEASANTS, Golden and Amherst, also Japanese Silkie Bantams and Peafowl. S. M. Snyder, Metamora, Ill. (3-11)

PAPPIO Mink—product of seven generations of careful, scientific breeding of best parentage possible to obtain. Dr. Warta, Omaha, Nebr. (3-12)

PHEASANT breeding stock for sale. Goldens, Mongolians and Chinese Ringneck. Bracher Game Farm, Pilot Rock, Oregon. (3-12)

SALE: Jacks and Cottontail Rabbits. Mink, Muskrats, Racing Turtles. Webb, Protection, Kansas. (4-2)

SILVER black foxes. Twenty pair good pups. \$500.00 a pair. Bred on this ranch since 1916. Pine Tree Fox Ranch, Augusta, Maine. (3-11)

CAL. Valley Quail, Doves and Rare Pheasant. J. V. Patton, Hollister, Cal. (6-11)

CANADIAN Geese, young and mated pairs. William Harberts, Chickasha, Okla. (3-1)

PIGEONS: Beautiful list free. Day Pigeon Farm, Port Huron, Mich. (3-11)

Game Preserves for Sale

FOR Sale: 700 acre game preserve, location Pike and Calhoun Counties, Illinois; three miles railroad station. Large, nearly new modern clubhouse, bath, two rivers, two islands, three lakes. Income from cultivated land will pay taxes and interest on purchase price. Plat furnished. Terms. O. D. Leach, owner, Majestic Building, Columbus, Ohio. (3-12)

Help Wanted, Instructions

RAILWAY Mail Clerks, City and Rural Carriers and Border Patrol Guards needed often. \$140-\$225 Mo. Particulars Free. Write, Instruction Bureau, 119, St. Louis, Mo., immediately. (11x28)

FOREST Ranger positions pay \$125-\$200 month. Nice cabin. Hunt, trap, patrol. Get free list Nat'l Forests immediately. Rayson Inst., Dept. A-12, Denver, Colo. (6-12)

MEN, get Forest Ranger job; \$125-\$200 mo. and home furnished; hunt, fish, trap. For details, write Norton Inst., 249 Temple Court, Denver Colo. (3-11)

Indian Goods

BOW, Arrows, \$1.60; watchfobs, \$1.00; Moccasins, belts, warclubs, \$5.00. Beaded bathbands, headbands, necklaces, \$3.00. Dozen selected arrowheads, \$2.75. Everything Indian. Catalogue and Navajo blankets. Silverwork. Prehistoric relics. Catalogue and Birchbark canoe, 25c. Chief Flying Cloud, Dept. O.A. Harbor Springs, Michigan. (11x28)

OLD Arms, Indian Relics, Miscellaneous curios, illustrated lists, ten cents. N. Carter, Elkhorn, Wis. (3-1)

Manufacturers

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GIBBS makes Hawk traps, live Muskrat Traps, Two trigger Traps, Single Grip coil spring traps in all sizes. Humane traps that kill any fur animal from a weasel to a bear. One size fur stretchers that will take any hide from a weasel to a wolf. Trap tags. Send for free catalogue. W. A. Gibbs & Son, Dept. E-24, Chester, Pa.

IZAAK Walton Chapters: Pep up your meetings. Have large assortment colored bird and animal slides by Bruce Horsfall and others. Will rent reasonable. Hugh Worcester, St. Maries, Idaho. (3-11)

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SILVER Fox Fur Rabbits. Edward Toll, Ripon, Wisconsin. (3-11)

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LAKE and river front lands at \$5 to \$50 an acre, and islands at \$100 each, and up, in the playground of Northern Minnesota. Write for list. Church Land Co., Duluth, Minnesota. (5x28)

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FREE 50 British Colonials, if approvals requested. Postage 4c. Berkeley Stamp Co., South Berkeley, Calif. (3-12)

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BARGAINS 3/4c up. High quality. Babcock, 405 E. Fort, Detroit, Mich. (3-1)

FINEST one cent approvals in America. Elvin Stanton, Niantic, Conn. (3-11)

LINDBERGH Cuba airmail stamp unused, only 10c. Skillman, Titusville, N. J.

PENNY Approvals that satisfy. N. Gronberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa. (3-12)

300 DIFFERENT, 20c; 600, 50c; 1,100, \$1; 2,000, \$3.50. Fred Onken, 630 79th St., Brooklyn.

Taxidermy

NOTICE: Taxidermists, Furriers, Fox Fur Farms, Rabbit Fur Farms. Save money. Write for free catalogue of supplies, tools, best books ever printed on taxidermy, tanning, trapping, fur farming and fur trade. Manufacturers of glass eyes for mounted birds, animals, wooden decoys, ducks, human beings, etc. Glass Indian decoys (sample card) 25c. F. Schumacher and Sons, 285 Halladay St., Jersey City, N. J. (3-11)

TAXIDERMISTS—Mount your specimen right. We manufacture genuine quartered Oak, Mahogany and Walnut panels for fish, dead game and heads. Lacquer finish. Catalog new designs and circular of supplies 10c. Nippon Panel Co., No. 4, Williamsport, Penna. (3-12)

FUR business with taxidermy at sacrifice. Established over 25 years. Must retire for health and old age. Terms accepted from reliable party. Address, H. H. Hindry, Foster Bld., Denver, Colo. (3-1)

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TAXIDERMY and fur work. Latest methods, lowest prices. Fred Stevenson, Taxidermist, Caro, Michigan.

Wanted

WANTED: To buy Frogs, Helgramites, Insects, Worms, etc. Day Fish Co., Port Huron, Mich. (3-11)

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REAL Harris Tweed. The Cream of Scotch Homespuns. Direct from the Makers. Best quality only. Suit-lengths available in a large variety of lovely colors. Samples Free on stationery shades desired. Newall, 162 Stornoway, Scotland. (12-12)

MR. COX TAKES A PICTURE!

Why did Mr. Cox, in his best Sunday suit, climb to the top of the highest hill and take a picture of the river? This mystery, and others, are unravelled here.



IT was a hot day in August, yet Mr. Cox climbed steadily toward the top of the bluff. . . .

* * *
The picture that Mr. Cox took was of a section of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge. He wanted to take a picture of all of it, but the big refuge and recreation area, 300 miles long, touching four states (Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Wisconsin) easily eluded the viewfinder of his camera. But he took a picture of a small slice of the refuge. . . .

* * *
Mr. Cox—William T. Cox in full—is superintendent of the Refuge, which is administered by the U. S. Departments of Agriculture and Commerce. He wears store clothes, takes pictures, only on Sundays; the rest of the time he is too busy to tie a tie, snap a shutter. Former state forester of Minnesota, he has driven many a dog sled, portaged many a canoe, lifted many a snowshoe, ridden many a horse, groaned under many a pack. . . .

It takes a good man, and a busy one, to administer this great outdoor area, where millions of fish, mostly bass, are annually bred, seined from the backwaters, shipped to lakes in many states—where countless flocks of wildfowl rest during migrations,—where muskrats, beaver, raccoons, foxes, and other small fur bearers swim the marshes, roam the woods—where millions of great trees harbor millions of forest birds and where men, women and children from many states play, fish, shoot, swim, dash hither and yon in trim craft to the tune of fresh breezes. . . .

* * *
Something new in the way of federally administered outdoor areas, the Upper Mississippi—the whole 300 miles of it—naturally has captured the imagination of Mr. Cox, just as it has captured the imagination of the people of the United States.

* * *
The creation of the big refuge was the first major, national con-

servation project undertaken by the Izaak Walton League of America.

* * *
In 1922 the League, young but robust, lusty and growing rapidly, boldly set out to accomplish something entirely new in the outdoor recreation history of the United States. Such a refuge never had been established before. It was said to be impossible of accomplishment. But the League did it. . . .

* * *
The refuge is yours. It belongs to the people of the nation. And the Izaak Walton League, growing more powerful, greater in membership, is doing other things just as important. This wonderful outdoor playground, the first step, paved the way. . . .

* * *
There are other things to be done. Other fish, fowl, forests, to be saved for you, for your children, for others—in your community, in your state, in your nation.

* * *
Will you help?



Izaak Walton League of America

INCORPORATED

Clinton and Randolph Sts.

Chicago, Ill.



What Would YOU Do?

LOST IN THE WILDS-- NO FOOD-- A RISING FEVER--



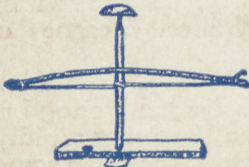
For Food

No one acquainted with Ernest Thompson Seton ever starves to death in the wilds. He tells you about dozens of emergency foods. Roots, berries, mushrooms, lichen growths, etc., etc.



For Medicine

The woods are a regular drug store for those who know the medicinal value of the various leaves, barks and roots. One of the forest remedies which Ernest Thompson Seton suggests for a cold or fever is the flowering dogwood. He tells you how to identify the remedies he recommends.



For a Fire

If your matches get wet and you are cold it is well to know the several ways of starting a fire without matches. Above is a drawing by Seton which shows the use of drill, block, tinder, bow and socket, all made from materials you will find in the woods.



I am lost. Help!

If you should break a leg in the wilds, if you were sick and were becoming worse every moment, you should use the S. O. S. of the forest—two fires about fifty feet apart which will send up two columns of smoke. Other means of bringing aid from considerable distance are also suggested by Mr. Seton.



The Library of Pioneering & Woodcraft will tell you what you should do and entertain you too!

If your strength was failing—your head full of tortured thoughts of starvation—your throat parched for water—what would you do? A seasoned woodsman would not get in such a position. He would know how to avoid it. Even in a strange country, he would know how to locate water, how to keep his bearings, what roots, berries and other wild foods would sustain him in time of need. But do you know how to avoid it? Do you know how to "carry on" if it does ever happen to you? Food is at your feet if you can but recognize it. Medicine is on a nearby bush but you must know which one. Help will come if you know how to signal for it.

Prepare now for this emergency. Prepare now to avoid any of the hardships of the wilds. Prepare to enjoy your outing or hunting trip as you never have enjoyed one before! Learn every secret of nature from Ernest Thompson Seton's **Library of Pioneering and Woodcraft**.

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